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THE NEW YORKER

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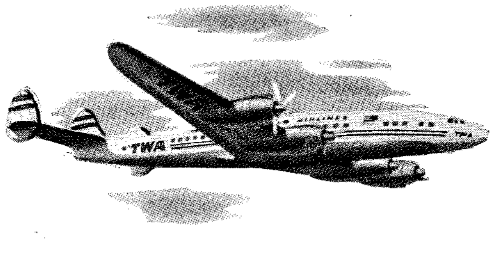

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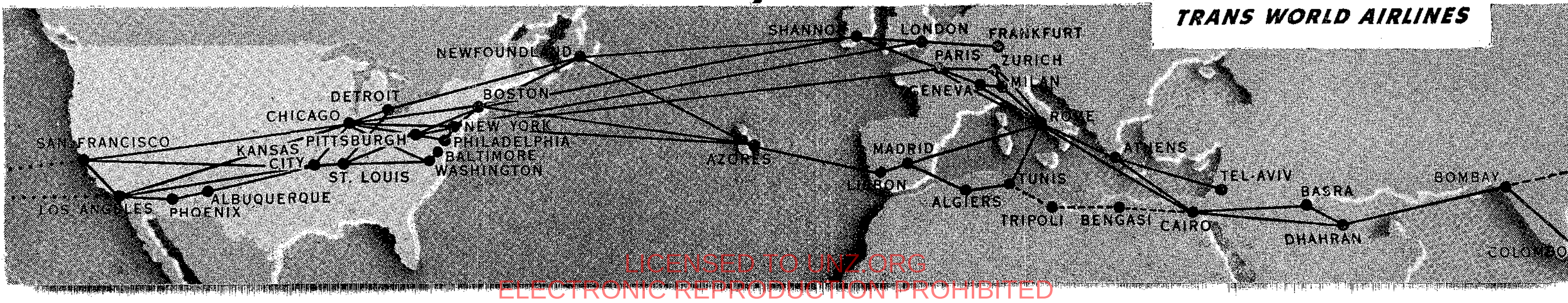
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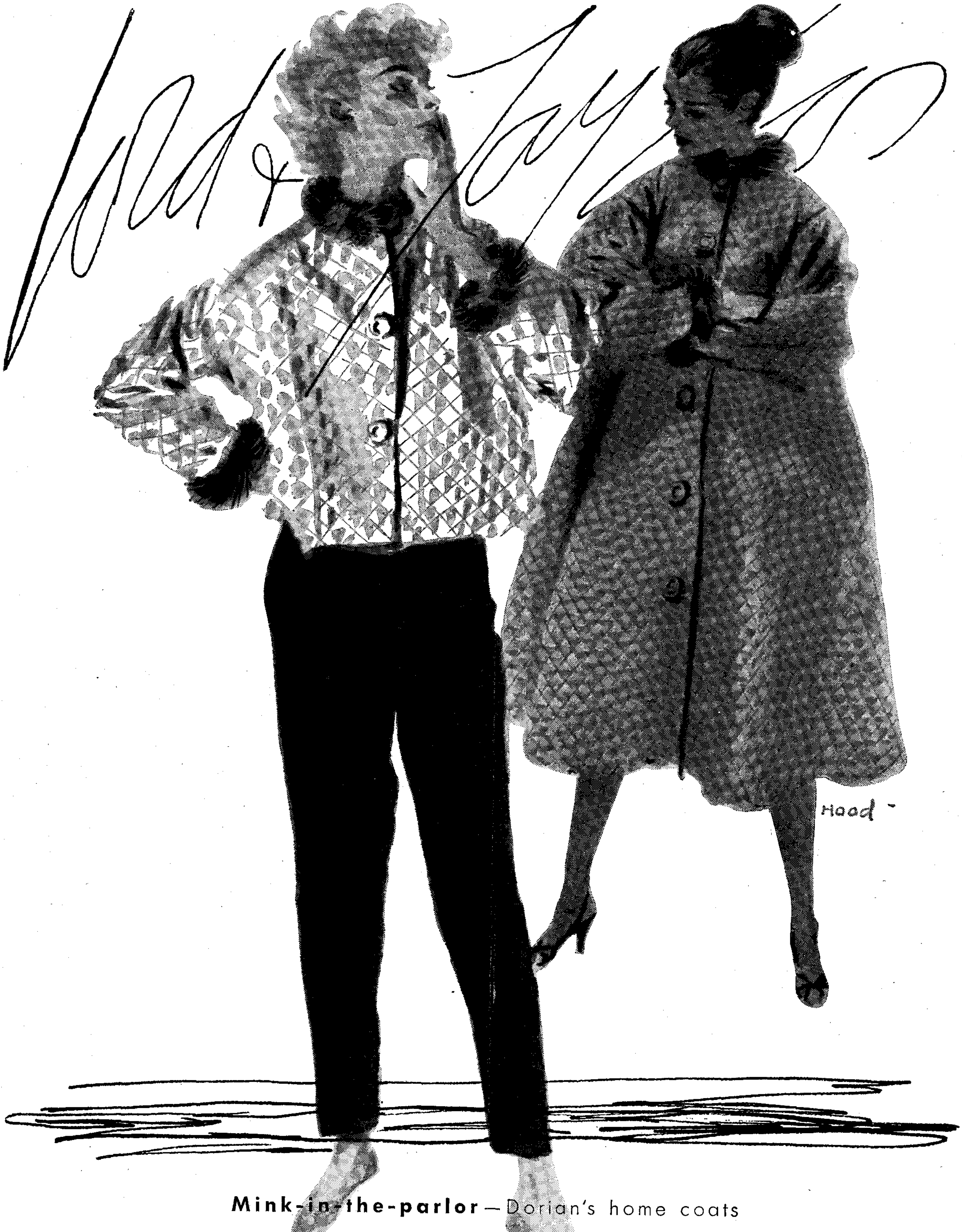

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

End As a Man—A report on life in a Southern military college that is a little overwrought and rather shocking but certainly worth seeing. Ben Gazzara and Frank M. Thomas are featured in an altogether first-rate cast. (Vanderbilt, 48th St., E. CI 5-7175. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Late Love—For some reason, John C. Wilson chose to direct this soap opera about two tangled love affairs and a bossy old lady. Lucile Watson, Arlene Francis, and Neil Hamilton are heavily involved. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Little Hut—This comedy about a trio of Mayfair scamps transported to a tropical island was a great success in London, but the present version seems little more than watered-down Noel Coward. Roland Culver, Anne Vernon, and Colin Gordon form the triangle. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

My 3 Angels—A nice humorous item, adapted from a French play by Sam and Bella Spewack. It's about three convicts in Cayenne who have their own ideas about justice. Walter Slezak, Jerome Cowan, Carmen Mathews, Henry Daniell, and Joan Chandler are especially praiseworthy in the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

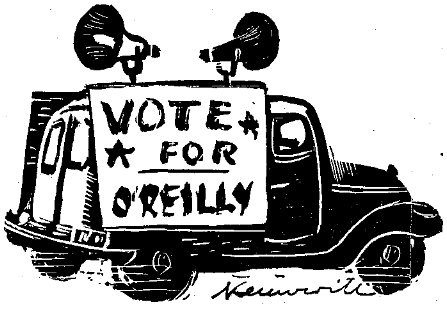
Picnic—All the ladies of a small Kansas town are comparatively placid until sex turns up in the shape of a prepossessing young bum. William Inge's superior play, directed by Joshua Logan, has a talented cast that includes Janice Rule, Ralph Meeker, and Peggy Conklin. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Take a Giant Step—This first play by Louis Peterson is about a young Negro and his struggle with adolescence and race prejudice. It has its funny and touching moments, but its total effect is a little inconclusive. Louis Gossett and Frederick O'Neal head the generally excellent cast. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tea and Sympathy—As written by Robert Anderson, this play about the woes of an adolescent suspected of homosexuality while in residence at a prep school has the advantage of compelling performances by John Kerr, who plays the youth in question, and Deborah Kerr, who is cast as a sympathetic older woman. However, the drama, which was directed by Elia Kazan, is not too long on plausibility. Leif Erickson, Richard York, and John McGovern are among the others in the cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Teahouse of the August Moon—John Patrick's adaptation of Vern Sneider's novel about the Americanization of Okinawa is done with great skill and grace, and the production is admirable in every respect. David Wayne and John Forsythe are splendid as representatives of the warring cultures, and they are ably supported by Paul Ford, Larry Gates, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**DIAL "M" FOR MURDER:** A British mystery, by Frederick Knott, in which Maurice Evans figures as a gentleman who wants his wife out of the way. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE FIFTH SEASON:** Menasha Skulnik has the leading role in this comedy about the garment industry. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH:** George Axelrod's comedy about a man who gets into the usual difficulties with sex when his wife goes away for the summer. Tom Ewell plays the hero, and the ladies in his life are Vanessa Brown and Neva Patterson. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Frogs of Spring—A comedy by Nathaniel Benchley, derived from his stories in *The New Yorker*, with Anthony Ross, Hiram Sherman, Haila Stoddard, and Barbara Baxley. Staged by Burgess Meredith and produced by Lyn Austin and Thomas Noyes in association with Robert Radnitz and Robert Sagalyn. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Ladies of the Corridor—Edna Best and Betty Field in a play by Dorothy Parker and Arnaud d'Usseau. The producer is Walter Fried, the director Harold Clurman. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Can-Can—The dashing choreography of Michael Kidd and the ingenious sets of Jo Mielziner are the chief assets of this glimpse of Montmartre in the good old days, and Motley's costumes are a help, too, but the book by Abe Burrows and the music of Cole Porter are below scratch. With Lilo, Gwen Verdon, and Peter Cookson. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Comedy in Music—Victor Borge in a one-man show presented by Harry D. Squires. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Me and Juliet—Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers love the theatre, as well they might, but in this tribute to their love, done in the form of a play within a play, the partners are hardly at the top of their game. Fortunately, though, the dances arranged by Robert Alton are consistently diverting, and the sets of Jo Mielziner are marvels of intricacy. Isabel Bigley and Joan McCracken head the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Porgy and Bess—This third appearance of the Gershwin-Heyward classic is even better than its predecessors. LeVern Hutcherson, Leslie Scott, and Irving Barnes alternate in the role of Porgy; Bess is played by Leontyne Price and Urylee Leonardos; Cab Calloway is Sportin' Life; and John McCurry takes the part of Crown. Robert Breen is the director, and Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra, as he did both times before. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2:40.)

Wonderful Town—Rosalind Russell shows that she is an astonishingly gifted comedienne, if not a spectacular singer and dancer, in this revival of "My Sister Eileen." Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov again handled the book, Leonard Bernstein composed the music, and Betty Comden and Adolph Green wrote the lyrics. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**GUYS AND DOLLS:** A dash of Damon Runyon, with music and lyrics by Frank Loesser and a cast that includes Julie Oshins, Iva Withers, and Susan Hight. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **THE KING AND I:** A royal Siamese (Yul Brynner) and his court, taken in hand by a strong-willed English teacher, played by Constance Carpenter. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Will probably last forever, if the birth rate holds up. George Britton and Martha Wright play the leads. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **WISH YOU WERE HERE:** Arthur Kober's comedy "Having Wonderful Time," fitted up for the musical stage. With Sheila Bond, Jack Cassidy, and Patricia Marand. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Gently Does It—An English play by Janet Green, imported from London, with Anthony Oliver, Brenda Bruce, and Phyllis Povah. Directed by Bretaigne Windust and produced by Edward Choate and George Ross. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 28. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

A Girl Can Tell—Janet Blair in a comedy written and staged by F. Hugh Herbert. Presented by Richard Aldrich and Richard Myers in association with Julius Fleischmann. Opens Thursday, Oct. 29. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXIX, No. 36, October 24, 1953. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1953, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

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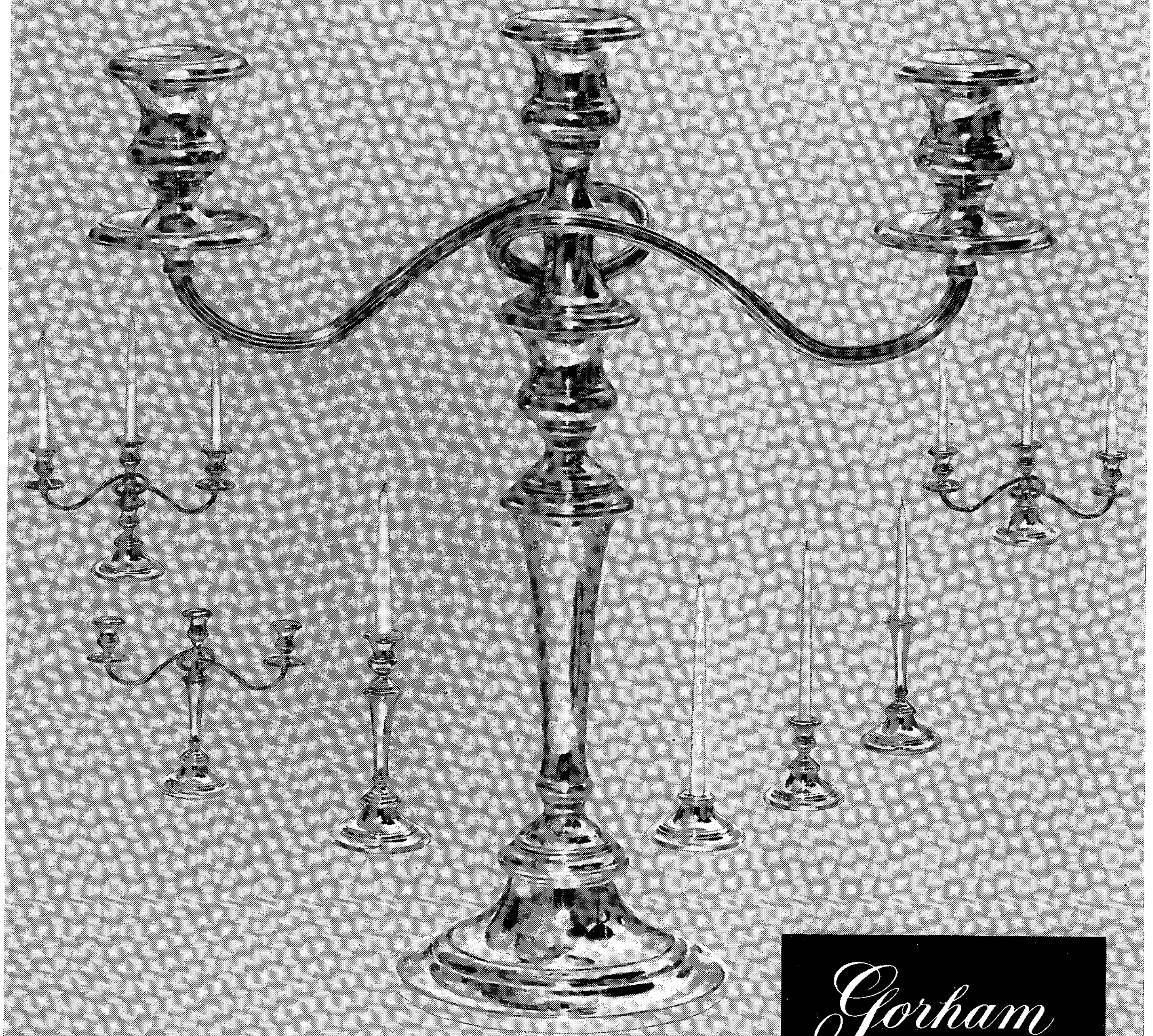

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sherlock Holmes—A new play by Ouida Rathbone, starring Basil Rathbone and Jarmila Novotna. The producer is Bill Doll, the director Reginald Denham. Opens Friday, Oct. 30. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—Starting Friday, Oct. 23: "Don Giovanni." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:30. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Circle in the Square—Truman Capote's "The Grass Harp," with Clarice Blackburn and Ray Stricklyn. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Oct. 25.)

Theatre de Lys—A repertory of plays to be presented by Miranda d'Ancona and Audrey Hilliard—"The Knight of the Burning Pestle," by Francis Beaumont, with Robert Emmett: Friday through Sunday, Oct. 23-25, and Friday, Oct. 30.... ¶ "Moon in Capricorn," by James Leo Herlihy: Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 27-29, and Saturday, Oct. 31. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45; opening-night curtains at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE RECITAL

José Limón—With his company. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Vaudeville—Betty Hutton, Los Chavales de España, Trini Reyes, the Trio Charlivel, and others. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Albert Dekker—In a program of readings and dramatizations. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.... ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Oct. 30, at 8:15.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' band for dancing at dinner and supper in the Trianon Room. In the adjoining Rotunda, William Adler's violin accompanies the cocktail hour. Utter silence on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin's music is back in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour every day but Sunday, and in the Madison Room from seven to nine Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—If only there were a ticker in the lobby, most of the inmates would never even have to go to the office. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—Arnold Shoda, whose nimble skates could carve the Gettysburg Address on an ice cube, is the principal athlete in the Terrace Room's new show, the perkiest to come along here in some years. There's also dancing to Ernie Rudy's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, there is Hildegarde, a remarkably active charmer still up to her old tricks, and old is the word for some of them. Stanley Melba's orchestra, now augmented by a string section, and Chico-Relli's band play for dancing. On Sundays, only a dinner show, and on Mondays, the room is closed.... ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, turns out music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre.

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Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Fiesta is the order of the night in the Persian Room, where Celeste Holm, the world's best-dressed comedienne, and Ted Straeter, the world's best-dressed pianist, are in charge. Miss H.'s wits were never sharper, Mr. S.'s dance music was never more seductive. Mark Monte's quintet fills in any chinks. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, which is devoted to preserving the traditional amenities of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty.... ¶ Except Mondays, Leo LeFleur's group plays for cocktails in the Palm Court. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, there's Guy Lombardo's orchestra, meandering at a leisurely, or out-of-town, pace. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Constance Moore zooms through an armful of presentable songs at dinner and supper in the sumptuous Maisonette, where there's perpetual motion by Milt Shaw's band and the St. Regis Ensemble. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra plays in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, warm, cozy, and pretty as a picture, offers dance music all evening long, plus a dinner-and-supper stint of songs by Marina Koshetz. Closed Sundays.

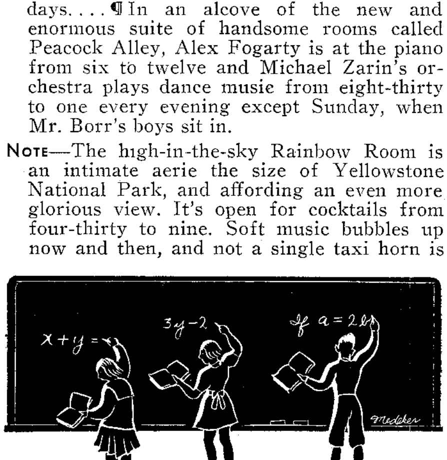
Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Russ Morgan's orchestra looks after the dancing in the Café Rouge at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—An endless outpouring of those who are never going to let go of their first childhood and those who are deeply entangled in their second or third. Some of Hugo Pedell's best musicians and a rumba band clamor away until all hours.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Fay DeWitt, a girl to remember, is turning the miniature musical comedy that holds the floor here into a boisterous coming-out party for herself and her friends, such as Lou Nelson and Georgie Kaye, who are very funny, too, and Margie Duncan and Linda Lombard, who definitely improve the décor. The plot is largely graham crackers. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioè's orchestra for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Patachou, who's getting to be quite the minx, is having a jolly old time with her songs in the Empire Room. Nat Brandwynne's and Mischa Borr's orchestras tinkle sweetly between her carollings. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In an alcove of the new and enormous suite of handsome rooms called Peacock Alley, Alex Fogarty is at the piano from six to twelve and Michael Zarin's orchestra plays dance music from eight-thirty to one every evening except Sunday, when Mr. Borr's boys sit in.

Note—The high-in-the-sky Rainbow Room is an intimate aerie the size of Yellowstone National Park, and affording an even more glorious view. It's open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Soft music bubbles up now and then, and not a single taxi horn is heard. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.



SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, who once through Tara's halls, now makes débutante-style dance music here after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A bustling oasis symbolically situated east of Broadway and west of Park. The piano of Johnny Mehegan, a Juilliard *cum laude*, is in the brisk vernacular of today, but its flavor is distinctly individual. He's on during dinner and supper. Ernie Warren is the other supper pianist. They rest on Sundays.... **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): There's a piano-and-violin obbligato, after nine-thirty, to a spate of conversation by old settlers. Closed Sundays.... **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Except Mondays, Jim Mahoney, who arrives at the coffee-and-brandy hour, does quiet but elegant études at the pianoforte.... **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey devises bland piano in this thoroughly upholstered manse at dinner and after the theatre. Sundays, the instrument is in the hands of Harold Cooke.... **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): All Latins appear to be lively lovers of music, which gushes forth without cease in this Spanish restaurant. Dancing. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Surrounded by the outpourings of some fancy-free decorators, Herman Arminski plays piano at cocktails and Rudy Timfield does the same at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.... **WEYLIN ROOM,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): A neat, polite, well-stocked butler's pantry, equipped to provide light-hearted piano by José Poniera after nine every night but Sunday. On Monday, Oct. 26, Cy Walter will take over the Steinway, at which he will preside from six to eight and from ten to two.... **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Lou Wertz is at the piano from cocktails through supper except Sundays, when there's dancing to Ira Brant's quintet from one in the afternoon until nine.... **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Anyone not out in the kitchen making fudge in this homestead of gregarious youth is apt to bob up onstage singing along with the pianist.... **THE EMPRESS,** 340 E. 79th St. (RE 4-2626): Admirers of Norbert Faconi, a fashionable exemplar of the strolling violinist, will probably like to know that he is now in this Viennese restaurant at dinner and supper every night. Odette Athos is by far the best of the incumbent songbirds.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis is a comedian with a welcome twist—he regards the customers not as a captive audience but as his fellow two-dollar horseplayers. Georgia Gibbs, who can belt a song into the left-field stands with great ease, is another cheery note. The Copa dancing girls, gaily accoutred in plenty of nothing, toil not, though they do spin once in a while.... **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Sophie Tucker, a career girl for whom "rough and ready" is the phrase, is on the homeward leg of her first hundred years in show business.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Pat Carroll, a bright particular star of the Ah, Youth! division, sings her songs and tells her stories with a skill far beyond her meagre years. The songs and stories of Dwight Fiske, that wicked worldling, are much more robust. The three fledgling Jackson sisters do jump tunes with innocent charm, and Harry Snow, who has an excellent voice, sings ditties occasionally trimmed with an awful lot of mannerisms. The background is Bart Howard's piano and Jimmy Lyons' trio.... **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The senior class—the Three Riffs and their modern Bab ballads; Bud McCreery, whose lyrics have an urbane attitude toward life, love, and the pursuit of happiness; Julius Monk, pianist and conférencier; and the

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Norman Paris trio, whose music is in a class by itself—is in good form. The freshman class is all enrolled in the awkward squad. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): This small hotbed of talent has its best foot forward again. Sylvia Syms' lyrics, whether salty or sombre, are often laced with flashes of a wild and errant humor; Orson Bean's comedy is dry, deliberate, and wholly delectable; André Phillipe's ballads, whether French or English, are all delicate invitations to romance. There's also fine dance music of Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, and a felicitous new décor. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville play industrious double piano, and Hazel Webster (who else?) is the solo pianist. Antique movies on Sundays; amateurs on Mondays. Marion Harris, Jr., sings her last song on Saturday, Oct. 24. On Monday, Oct. 26, there'll be a new show. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8319): Almost the last of the late-night but literate hideaways. The words and music are by such belletrists as Alec Wilder and Bart Howard; their sounding board, cool and persuasive, is Mabel Mercer. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Closed Sundays. The place is above the often raucous ground-floor Show Spot Lounge. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Such a riding to hounds as is seldom heard anywhere. The contributors are Mae Barnes, celebrated for her ability to take a song by both horns; Charlotte Rae, a parodist with a double-edged blade; Kirkwood and Goodman, whose riotous stuff and nonsense put them in line for the title of Village idiots; Jimmie Daniels, whose ditties are man-of-the-world romantic; the Three Flames, whose jive tunes, especially when Tiger Haines garnishes them with words, are complete existentialism; Norene Tate, whose voice and piano are nostalgic; and Bruce Kirby, the room's comic utility outfielder. Closed every Monday for repairs.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open until late, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): In this hallowed landmark, Wild Bill Davison's trumpet, the original breaker of the sound barrier, sets a hot pace for Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, and sometimes even Mr. Condon. In between, Ralph Sutton knocks out some of the hottest piano in town. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the fracture. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): After nine, Artie Shaw goes to work with his virtuoso new Gramercy Five—Tal Farlow, Hank Jones, Denzil Best, Tommy Potter, and Joe Roland—whose several talents often magically break loose from the present tight-reined Shavian pattern. Ralph Sharon's solid trio plays, too. For cocktails and dinner, there's bright piano by Don Abney. Sunday nights, Barbara Carroll, a delight to the eye as well as to the ear and the mind, plays hooky from "Me and Juliet" to take over the piano. She and her trio (Joe Shulman and Herb Wasserman) operate from dinner to dawn. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): In the small and handsome dining room of this brand-new venture, there's piano all evening by Albert Nicholace. In the barroom, there's a Vieux Carré sort of ruckus, involving the music of Phil Napoleon's Memphis Five, the dances of the Four Step Brothers, the songs of Jana Mason (more beauty than voice), and the complex but somehow innocent gyrations of Lilly Christine, the proud possessor of an interesting framework. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Jimmy McPartland is the ringleader of the clutch of diehard Dixiecrats who are sounding off here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons; closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris's band, which includes Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, and Zutty Singleton, all good men and true, are right off the boat—the New Orleans sternwheeler, that is. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Through Wednesday, Oct. 28, Stan Kenton's orchestra will be roaring away. Next evening, Milt Jackson's quartet and Art Blakey's quintet are planning to move in. Jam sessions Mondays, when Mr. Kenton's aggregation is off. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Conrad Janis and his tailgaters huff and puff in admirable fashion in the grill Tuesdays through Saturdays until after midnight, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. On Sunday, Oct. 25, from five-thirty to nine, the Janis boys and a group headed by Joe Thomas will bay at the moon. Dancing. . . . **BAND BOX,** 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (CI 5-5970): This outsize project for bringing music to the millions reopens on Friday, Oct. 23, with one of those Lenox Avenue reviews. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **JACK DEMPSEY'S,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (CO 5-7875): Jazz, which has all but gone underground in the Broadway cellars, is getting back on the main floor here. George Wettling, Pee Wee Russell, and other right-minded men commence their seminar on Early Americana at eleven every night but Sunday. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Except Mondays, after nine-thirty, Marian McPartland and her progressive trio are at work inside the circular bar. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Friday and Saturday, Oct. 23-24, it is reliably reported, local thunderstorms by Max Kaminsky, Tyree Glenn, Eddie Barefield, Willie the Lion Smith, and Red Allen can be expected. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AFRICAN SCULPTURE—Figures, masks, and other objects carved from wood by natives before the European colonization, which point up the difference between their religious ceremonies and magical rituals; through Nov. 14. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

STEFANO CUSUMANO—"Young Woman Resting," "Dog with Fleas," "Man Playing Cello," and eleven other recent oils; through Oct. 31. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

RAOUL DUFY—A loan show of twenty paintings in a small survey of the late artist's work; through Oct. 31. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.)

KARL FORTESS—Fourteen new canvases of rural life and landscapes; through Oct. 31. (Ganso, 125 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM GETMAN—His first one-man showing of oils and collages, both strongly poetic in expression; through Oct. 24. (Jackson, 22 E. 66th St.)

PAUL KLEE—A retrospective (1908-1940) of around sixty paintings; through Oct. 24. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

FERNAND LÉGER—Oils and other works, dating from 1913 to the near present, with particular emphasis on his earlier periods; through Nov. 18. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.) The Léger exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art may be of interest in this connection, too.

JOHN MCCOY—Water colors, depicting the region around Spruce Head, Maine, where the artist spent last summer; through Oct. 31. (Babcock, 38 E. 57th St.)

TAD MIYASHITA—Abstract paintings, boldly calligraphic in manner, by a Japanese artist now living in this country; through Oct. 31. (Hacker, 24 W. 58th St.)

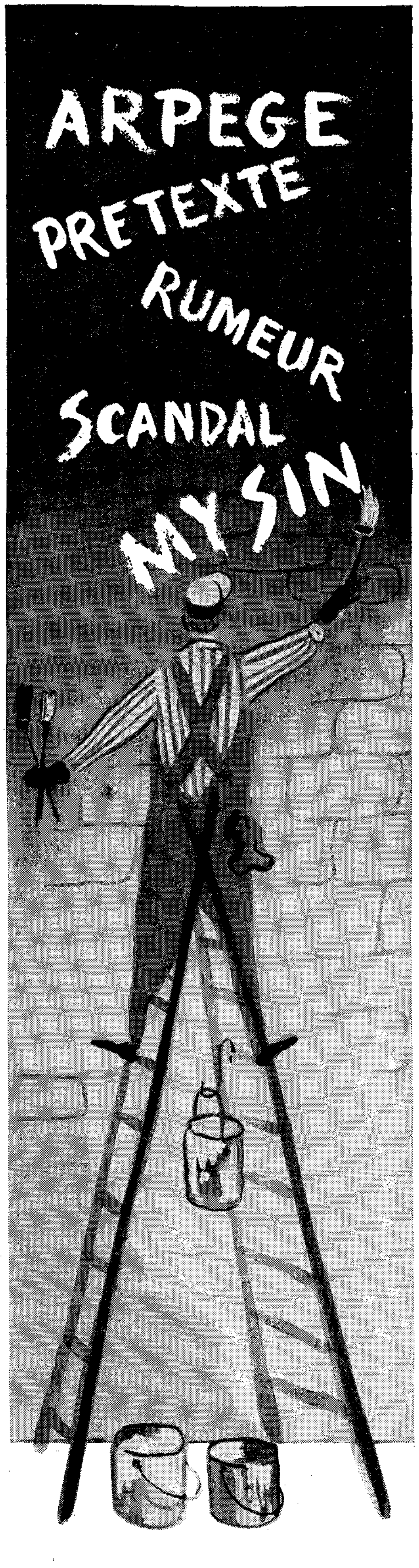
KENZO OKADA—The first one-man exhibition in America of paintings by one of the leading Japanese abstractionists; through Oct. 24. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

PAINTINGS FROM PARIS—Twenty-five oils and other works by as many young French artists, most of them new to this country; through Oct. 24. (Grand Central Moderns, 130 E. 56th St.)

RALPH M. ROSENBORG—Seventeen Expressionist paintings of nude figures; through Oct. 31. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

ATTILIO SALEMME—Twelve abstractions with such names as "Grand Interior and Separation," "Caught in the Equinox," and "Doubts of the Afternoon;" through Oct. 31. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

THE SPORTS PAGE—Paintings, by Fletcher Mar-



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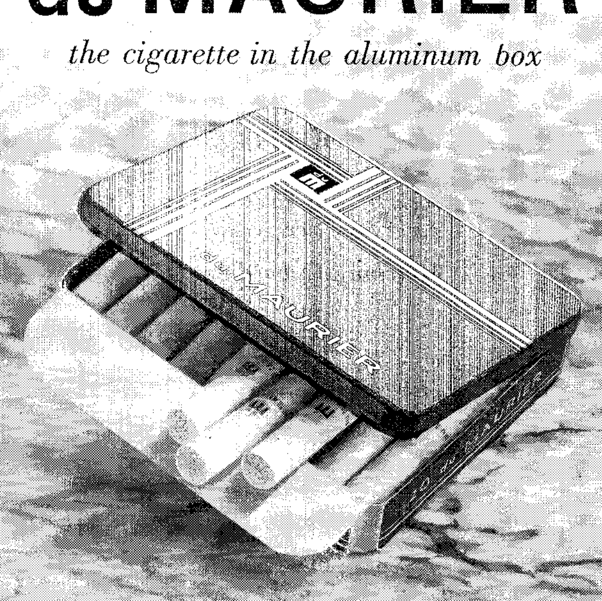

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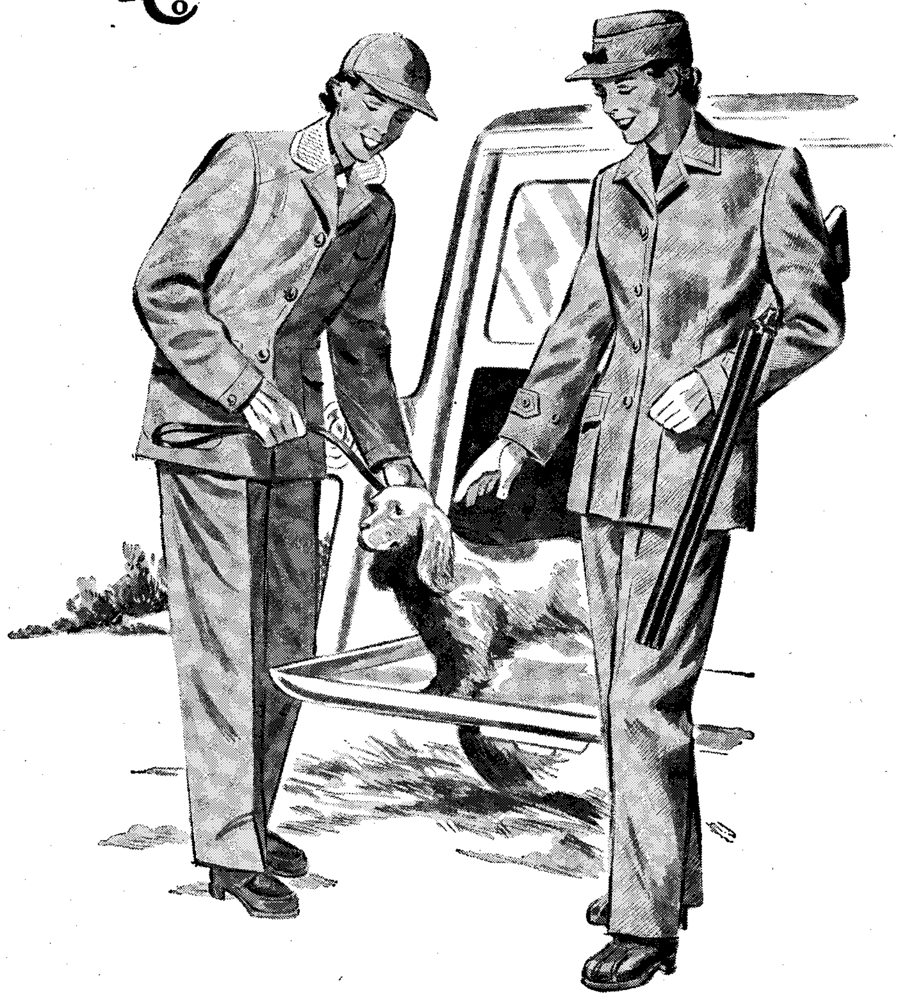

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tin, Paul Sample, and William Gropper, of boxing, baseball, horse racing, wrestling, and other sports; through Oct. 29. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 32 E. 65th St.: This new gallery, a sort of offshoot of the Downtown, is showing works by Julian Levi, Jack Levine, Jacob Lawrence, and others formerly in the Downtown's domain; through Oct. 24. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: The Thirty-first Annual Founders' Exhibition, with over a hundred paintings and sculptures by William R. Leigh, Jean Bowman, Roy Mason, and many others; through Nov. 5. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: The fifth anniversary of the gallery, commemorated by a showing of thirty oils by Picasso, Mondrian, a group of the Fauves, and others—all of which were sold here over the years; through Oct. 31. . . . **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: John Twachtman, Childe Hassam, Hobson Pittman, and others represented by forty oils and water colors; through Oct. 24. . . . **NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY**, 131 W. 55th St.: The opening exhibition here is made up of about fifty contemporary oils chosen by a jury composed of Louis Bouché, Sidney Laufman, and Henry Varnum Poor; through Oct. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: A varied group of eight large paintings by as many artists, among them Joseph Glasco, Carlyle Brown, and Kay Sage; through Oct. 31.

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **A.C.A.**, 63 E. 57th St.: Lena Gurr; through Nov. 7. . . . **ARGENT**, 67 E. 59th St.: Rose Kuper; through Nov. 7. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Yasuo Kuniyoshi; through Nov. 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Francis Bacon; through Nov. 14. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Y. Edward Soderberg; through Oct. 30. . . . **KOOTZ**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: David Hare; through Nov. 14. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: E. Powis Jones; through Nov. 7. . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: Spiral Group; through Oct. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8:30.) . . . **WALKER**, 117 E. 57th St.: Winslow Homer; through Nov. 7.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—If the Museum's labor difficulties are solved, a show of English, Italian, and French prints, dating from the fifteenth century to the present, will be continued. (With luck, weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective show of over a hundred graphics by Jacques Villon, some of them dating back to the eighteen-nineties; through Nov. 15. . . . ¶ An extensive survey of Fernand Léger's career, ranging from drawings to oils and from a stained-glass fragment to a tapestry; through Jan. 3. A good complement to the exhibition is the Léger show at the Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Recent work in ceramics, wood, metals, leather, glass, and other mediums by American craftsmen throughout the country; through Dec. 27. . . . ¶ Jacques Villon, Henry Moore, and Marino Marini are among the modern Europeans who will be represented here in an exhibit of woodcuts, engravings, lithographs, and other prints; starting Oct. 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Fifty color photographs by Eliot Porter of birds in Maine, Illinois, New Mexico, Arizona, Texas, and Florida; through Oct. 22. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Frank Lloyd Wright's exhibition "Sixty Years of Living Architecture," which has travelled all through Europe, includes a full-scale, completely furnished two-bedroom house; twenty-seven models of the architect's buildings; and quantities of photographs, sketches, and drawings. Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Part of the Muse-

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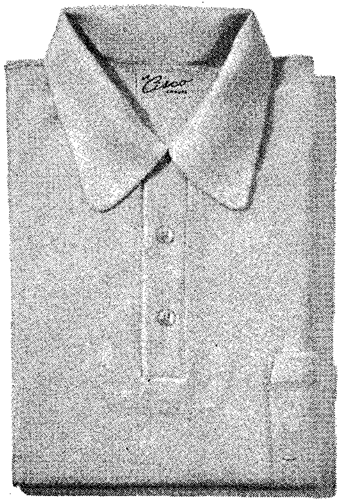

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um's collection of oils by modern Europeans is also on display through Nov. 15. (Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Wednesdays and Saturdays, 10 to 10; and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The annual show of contemporary American paintings, with one oil apiece chosen for exhibition by each of the hundred and fifty-odd participating artists; through Dec. 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Thursday evening, Oct. 22: The American première of "The Trial," by Gottfried von Einem, with an English translation by Ruth and Thomas Martin. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 23: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 24: "Hansel and Gretel," in English. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 24: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 25: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 25: "La Cenerentola." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Oct. 27-28: "Madame Butterfly" (with a Japanese and American cast). . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 29: "La Cenerentola." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 30: "Rigoletto." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 31: "Madame Butterfly" (with a Japanese and American cast). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 31: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Nov. 8.)

ORCHESTRAS

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 23, at 2:30 (no soloists); Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:45, and Sunday, Oct. 25, at 2:30 (both with Whittemore and Lowe, duo piano); Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 30, at 2:30 (both with Robert Casadesus, piano); and Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8:45 (with Jean Casadesus, piano).

Saidenberg Little Symphony—Daniel Saidenberg conducting the second of two programs presenting Bach's six "Brandenburg" concertos. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Oct. 25, at 8:40.)

Czechoslovakian Music—Rafael Kubelik conducting an orchestra composed of members of the Philharmonic-Symphony. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Aurora Mauro-Cottone—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

Loewenguth String Quartet—The first two in a series of five programs presenting a cycle of Beethoven's sixteen quartets. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, Oct. 22, and Monday, Oct. 26, at 8:40.)

Rolf Persinger—Viola. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—The second and third in a series of seven programs presenting a cycle of Beethoven's thirty-two piano sonatas. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 24, and Saturday, Oct. 31, at 3.)

Pro Musica Antiqua—A group of singers and instrumentalists from Brussels, under the direction of Safford Cape, in a program of medieval and Renaissance music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Mildah Polia—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

Concert Society of New York—A lieder recital by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, who will be making her American début; the opening program in a new series of sixteen concerts. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 25, at 5:30.)

Anatole and Roberto Kitain—Piano and vio-

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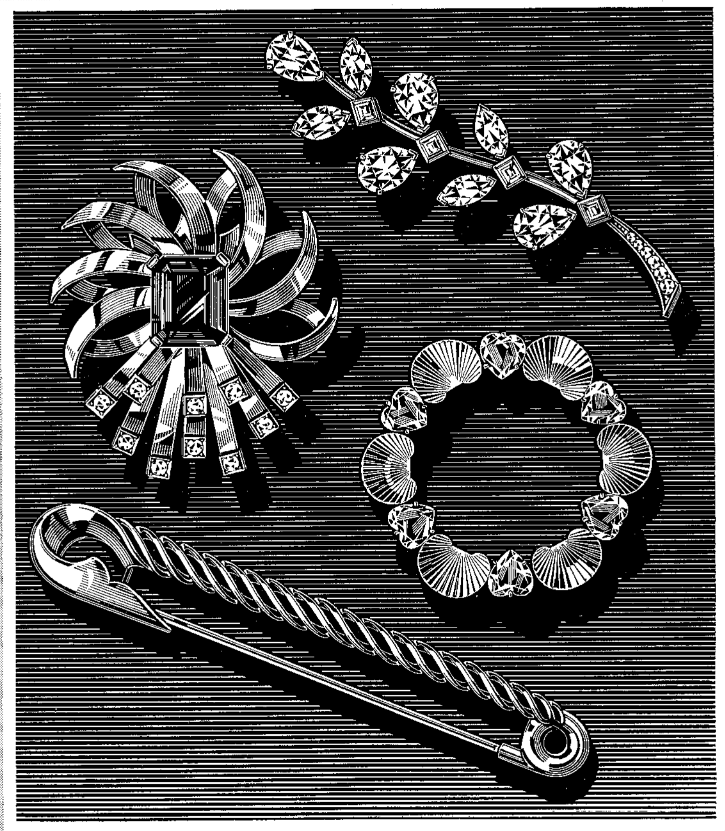

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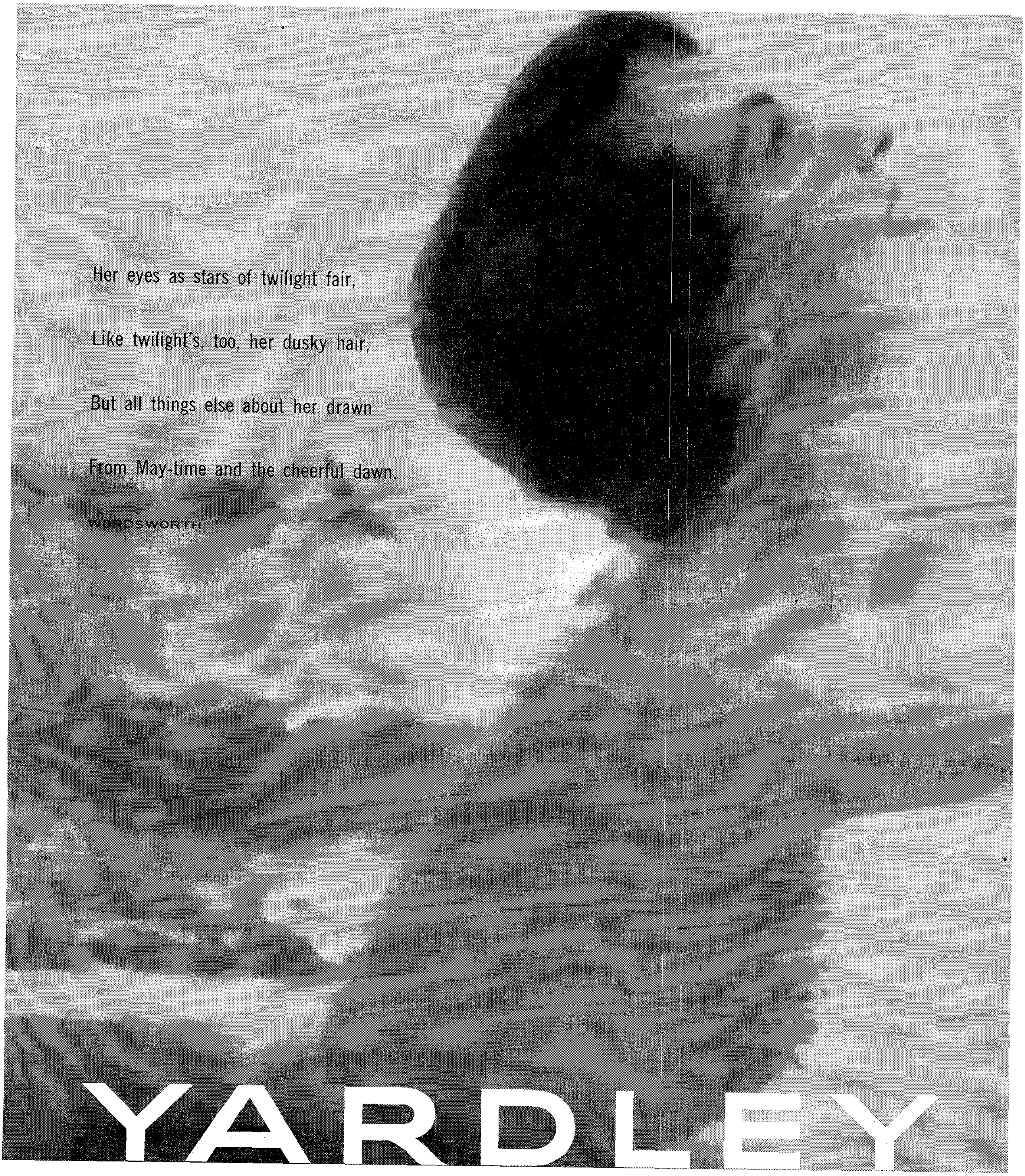
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair,
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn.
WORDSWORTH
YARDLEY

lin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 25, at 5:30.)

Jan Smeterlin—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

Herta Glaz—Mezzo-soprano, in the first of three recitals. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Tuesday, Oct. 27, at 8:40.)

Jussi Bjoerling—Tenor. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Oct. 23: Pierre Langlois, of France, vs. Garth Panter, middleweights, 10 rounds.... ¶ Friday, Oct. 30: George Araujo vs. Teddy Davis, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Football—**saturday, oct. 24** (all at 2): Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst.... ¶ Army vs. Columbia, at West Point. ... ¶ Brown vs. Holy Cross, at Providence.... ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge. ... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia.... ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton.... ¶ Rutgers vs. Fordham, at New Brunswick.... ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven.... **saturday, oct. 31**: Cornell vs. Columbia, at Ithaca, at 2.... ¶ Fordham vs. University of Miami, at the Polo Grounds, at 2.... ¶ Harvard vs. Davidson, at Cambridge, at 2.... ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 2.... ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick, at 2.... ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Cleveland Browns. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Oct. 25, at 2:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Oct. 22: Rangers vs. Boston.... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 25: Rangers vs. Canadiens.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 28: Rangers vs. Chicago. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Horse Show—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 24, and Monday through Saturday, Oct. 26-31.)

Hunt Racing—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 24.)

Polo—Blind Brook Polo Club. (Purchase. Sunday, Oct. 25, at 3.)

Racing—**empire city at jamaica**: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Nov. 14. The Westchester Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 24; the Demoiselle, Wednesday, Oct. 28; and the Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 31. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) ... **garden state park**, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1; last day, Wednesday, Nov. 11. The Garden State, Saturday, Oct. 31; post time for this day only will be 12:45. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.) ... **laurel park**, Laurel, Md. Weekdays at 1, from Monday, Oct. 26, through Tuesday, Nov. 17.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Opening children's concert of the season by the Little Orchestra Society, Thomas Scherman conducting, with Lisl Weil, illustrator; Anita Katchen, piano; and Robert Nagel, trumpet. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159.)

Plays—By the **playmart children's theatre**: "Sleeping Beauty." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1 and 2:45 and Sundays at 2:45. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) ... **clare tree major children's theatre**: "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 24, at 3.)

Miscellany—"Three Little Pigs" by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a magician. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 31, at 3.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively

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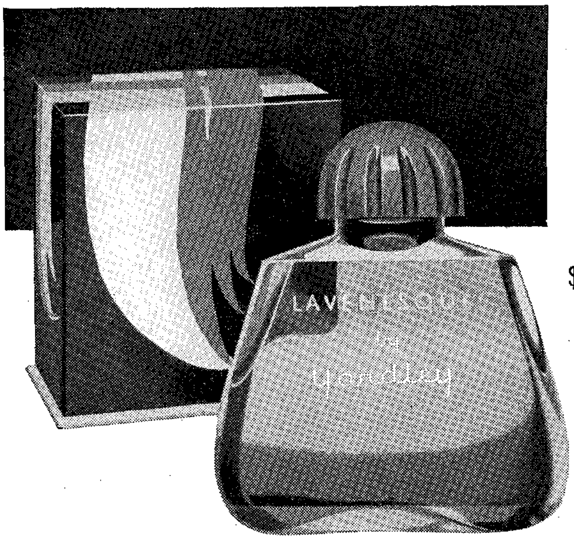

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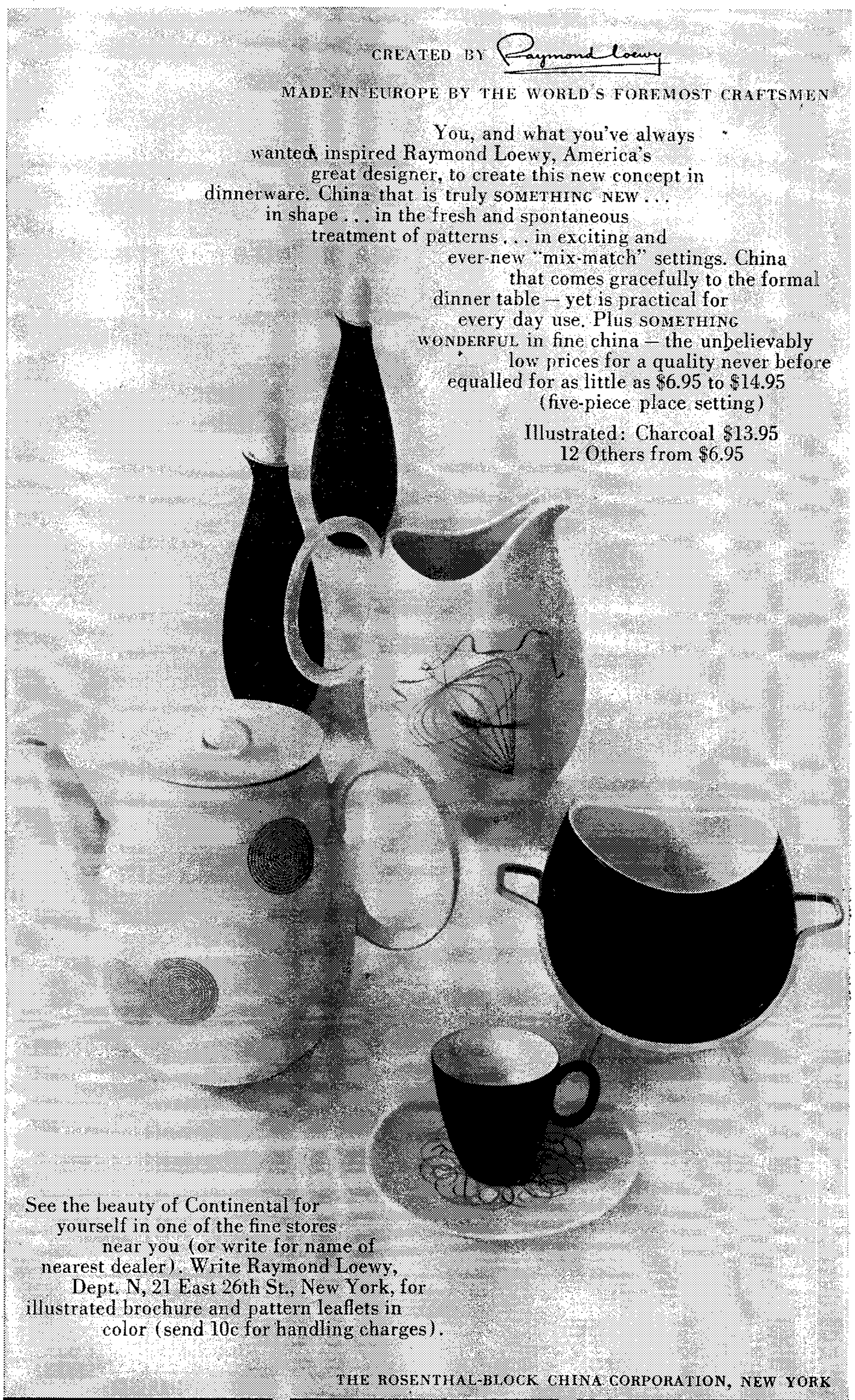

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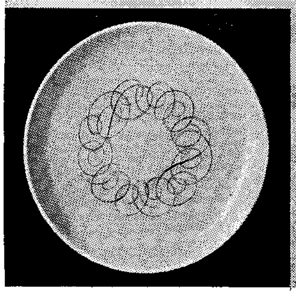

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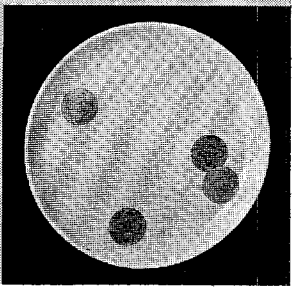

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

to ice skaters of fourteen and under on Saturdays from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—On Saturday, Oct. 24, in commemoration of United Nations Day, there will be a forty-five-minute ceremony at noon on the General Assembly Building Plaza, with speeches by all sorts of dignitaries and notables, among them Dag Hammarskjöld, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Fredric March, and Deborah Kerr. . . . ¶ Visitors are admitted every weekday, except Saturday, Oct. 24, to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St. For tickets, call PL 4-1234, Ext. 634, on the day you want to go, or write to Admissions Office, United Nations, New York, at least ten days in advance.) . . . ¶ United Nations meetings are shown Mondays through Fridays, from 4:30 to 5, on WCBS-TV. In addition, on Saturday, Oct. 24, from 1:30 to 2:30, the station will cover an all-inclusive tour of the United Nations Headquarters, with Mme. Pandit, Mr. Hammarskjöld, Henry Cabot Lodge, and other officials. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building about every ten minutes daily from 9:30 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

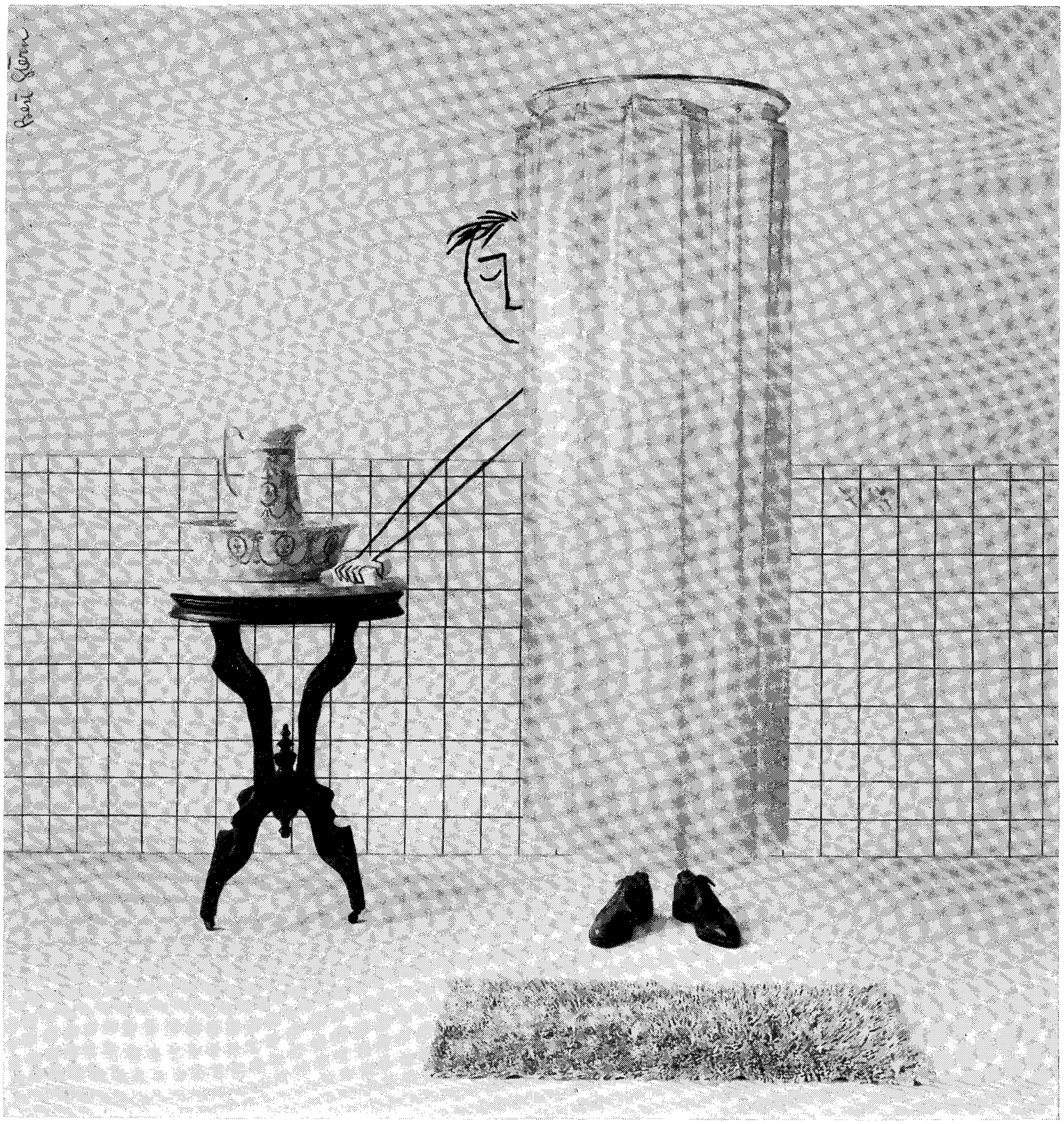
POETRY CENTER READINGS—Dylan Thomas and a company of actors reading "Under Milk Wood," his play in verse, Saturday, Oct. 24, at 8:40, and Sunday, Oct. 25, at 2:40. . . . ¶ Archibald MacLeish, Thursday, Oct. 29, at 8:40. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366.)

CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW—Just in time for the football season. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Friday, Oct. 23, from 2 to 5, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 24-25, from 10 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY—Over a hundred Italian manuscripts dating from the sixth to the sixteenth centuries in a first showing of the Library's entire collection of them. Included are some of the letters of Pliny the Younger, a fourteenth-century illuminated volume of Dante, autograph letters, and illustrated religious books. Through Jan. 2. (29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.) . . . ¶ A group of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century woodcuts, depicting a contemporary pastry cook, an apothecary shop, a classroom, hawking, combat with staves, and so forth; through Oct. 31. (33 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is called "From Galileo to Palomar" and deals with the history of astronomy from the time of the first telescope. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday and Friday, Oct. 22-23, at 1:45: Part 1 of the Dikran G. Kelekian collection—Classical, medieval, and Renaissance objects of art, including a large collection of antique textiles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 24, at 1:45: Royal Crown Derby, Worcester, Spode, and other table porcelains; Georgian silver by Paul Storr, Paul Lamerie, and others; and various bibelots. The property of Ruby Black. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 27-28, at 1:45: First editions, inscribed volumes, documents, and other literary material, including autograph letters by John Paul Jones and Simon Bolivar, from the estate of Grace H. Mitchell and other sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 28, at 8: A Giovanni Bellini panel of the Madonna and Child, plus a wide variety of other paintings, ranging from primitive to nineteenth-century examples and representing such schools as the Burgundian, Froment, Dutch, and Flemish; owned by Joseph Schaefer and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 24.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Captain's Paradise—Alec Guinness as a mariner deeply devoted to the two wives he bigamously maintains at either end of a Mediterranean shuttle run. As the wife who is ensconced in Gibraltar, Celia Johnson is an ideal homebody; as the one who is sequestered in Spanish Morocco, Yvonne De Carlo is highly explosive. Mr. Guinness is extremely comical in both ports of call. An English picture. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Cruel Sea—H.M.S. Compass Rose and H.M.S. Saltash Castle performing valiant service in the struggle against the U-boats during the Second World War. A superb British version of the Monsarrat novel, starring Jack Hawkins. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

From Here to Eternity—An estimable adaptation of the James Jones novel about the way things were at Schofield Barracks, in Honolulu, before the Japanese descended on Pearl Harbor. The cast, which is uniformly capable, is headed by Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

Julius Caesar—Joseph L. Mankiewicz's interpretation of the Shakespearean drama. It has plenty of oral dignity but could do with a little more movement. Outstanding in the cast are John Gielgud, James Mason, and Edmond O'Brien. (Booth, 222 W. 45th, CI 6-5969. Showings at 2:45 and 8:45; extra performances Sundays at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

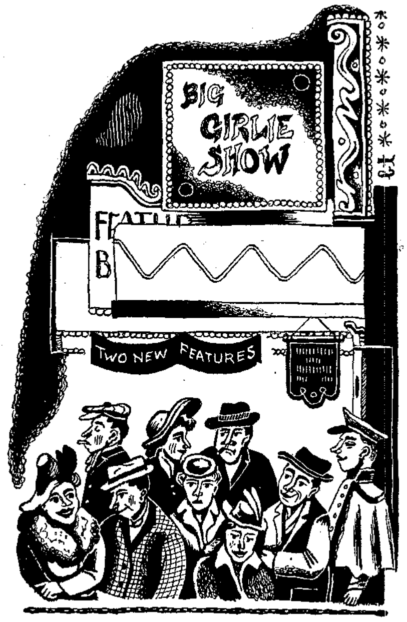
Little Fugitive—An unpretentious film that catches with wonderful precision the emotions of a small boy on the loose at Coney Island. Richie Andrusco is utterly captivating as the boy, and Morris Engel, the man principally responsible for the film, has surrounded him with some fine photography. (Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Martin Luther—An eminently satisfactory review of the career of the great German reformer. Niall Mac Ginnis is highly persuasive as the monk from Wittenberg. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Moon Is Blue—Some Manhattan mating cries set down fairly realistically by F. Hugh Herbert. The result is spasmodically funny. With Maggie McNamara and William Holden. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

A Queen Is Crowned—A documentary that should, if you've seen a paper within the last year, hardly come as a surprise, but one that is done with extraordinary deftness. With an accompanying script by Christopher Fry, read by Laurence Olivier. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; and 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 27.)

The Robe—A costume drama dealing with early Christians. All wool and a yard wide, owing to the fact that it is done in CinemaScope, which gives quite a spread to the screen. Richard Burton, Victor Mature, Michael Rennie, and Jean Simmons are prominent among many. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)



Roman Holiday—William Wyler produced and directed this thoroughly engaging escapade in Rome, during which a princess, tiring of the royal routine, takes in the sights and sounds of the ancient city. Audrey Hepburn is completely bewitching as the princess. With Gregory Peck and Eddie Albert. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; through Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through Oct. 27.)

Rome, 11 O'Clock—An episodic melodrama concerned with the lives of some interesting young women catapulted into catastrophe by the collapse of a stairway. Written by Cesare Zavattini and directed by Giuseppe de Santis, this Italian film is quite worth your while. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; through Oct. 27.)

REVIVALS

All the King's Men (1949)—An adaptation of the Robert Penn Warren novel having to do with a politician very similar to Huey Long. With Broderick Crawford. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Oct. 25.)

The Astonished Heart (1950)—Noel Coward on the perils of adultery. A British film, with Celia Johnson and the author. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Oct. 24.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle by a workman and his son. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 25.)

Bitter Rice (1950)—Lady rice harvesters in the Po Valley. An Italian picture, with English dialogue. With Silvana Mangano. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 25-27.)

The Bridge of San Luis Rey (1944)—A screen version of Thornton Wilder's novel. With Lynn Bari and Francis Lederer. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Oct. 28.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Oct. 24.)

Captain Boycott (1947)—Nasty landlords in the eighteen-eighties, and how the Irish dealt with them. An English picture, with Stewart Granger and Kathleen Ryan. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; starting Oct. 28.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effects of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 27-28. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Oct. 28.)

Kon-Tiki (1951)—That trip on a raft from Peru to Polynesia. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Oct. 24.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—Ronald Colman and Margo in Shangri-La, where people live forever. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Oct. 26.)

Miracle in Milan (1951)—An Italian comedy about a boy who turns the local shantytown into a popular residential area. Directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 25.)

Mister 880 (1950)—Edmund Gwenn counterfeiting one-dollar bills while Dorothy McGuire and Burt Lancaster supply the hearts and flowers. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 25-26.)

Odd Man Out (1947)—James Mason as a fugitive hunted by all the cops in Belfast. An English film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Oct. 24.)

The Ox-Bow Incident (1943)—A lynching out West. With Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Oct. 28.)

The Talk of the Town (1942)—Jean Arthur and Cary Grant train Ronald Colman for the Supreme Court. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Oct. 28.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Oct. 25, three documentaries: "V-1" (1945), produced by the British government; "War Comes to America" (1945), directed by Anatole Litvak; and two films about rockets, produced in 1950 by the United States Navy. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 26: "Man of Aran" (1934), directed by Robert Flaherty. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Main Street to Broadway," Herb Shriner and a whole lot of other people.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
Through the afternoon of Oct. 27: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 27, at 8:30: "Gilbert and Sullivan," Robert Morley, Maurice Evans, Martyn Green. (Showings at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays at 5:30 and 11:30 and Sundays at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Booth, 222 W. 45th. (CI 6-5969)
JULIUS CAESAR.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
FROM HERE TO ETERNITY.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Big Heat," Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame.

Holiday, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-5530)
"Let's Do It Again," Jane Wyman, Ray Milland.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Oct. 28: "The Caddy," Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Oct. 28 (tentative): "Mogambo," Clark Gable, Ava Gardner.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"So Big," Jane Wyman, Sterling Hayden.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Little Boy Lost," Bing Crosby, Claude Dauphin.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
THE ROBE.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Torch Song," Joan Crawford, Michael Wilding.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE MOON IS BLUE.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," a demonstration of the new movie-projection technique. (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Overcoat" (in Italian).

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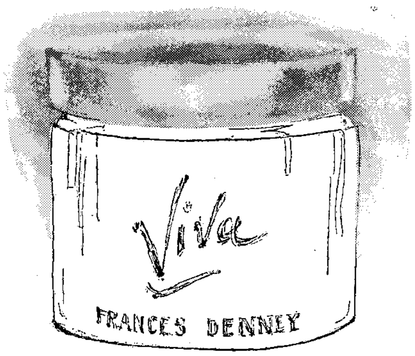

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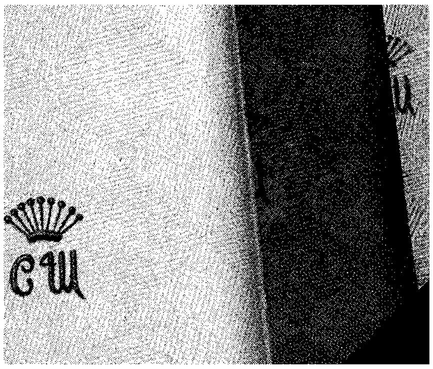
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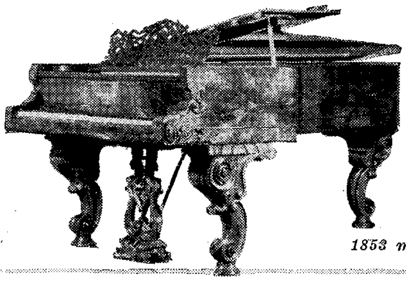

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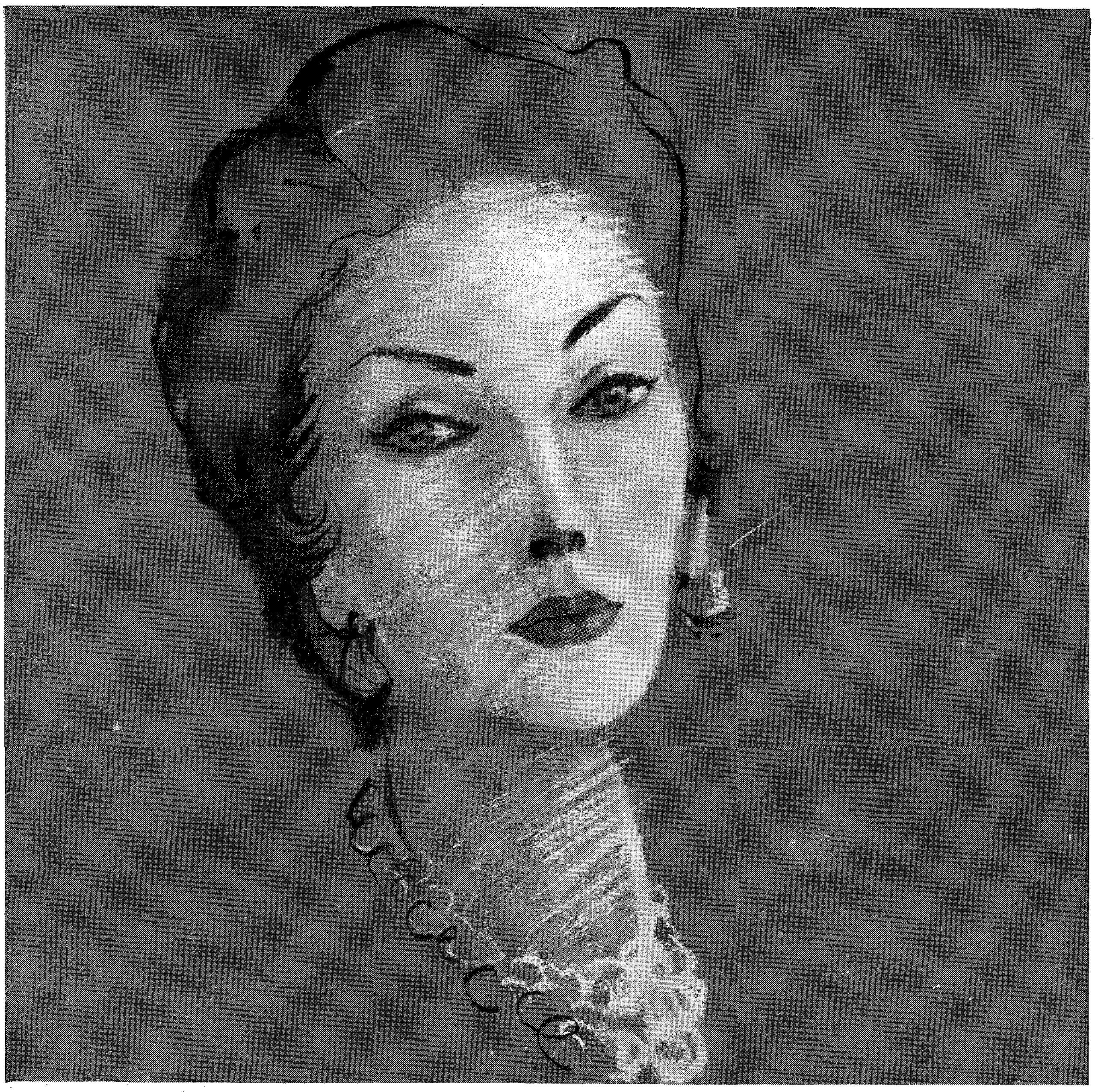

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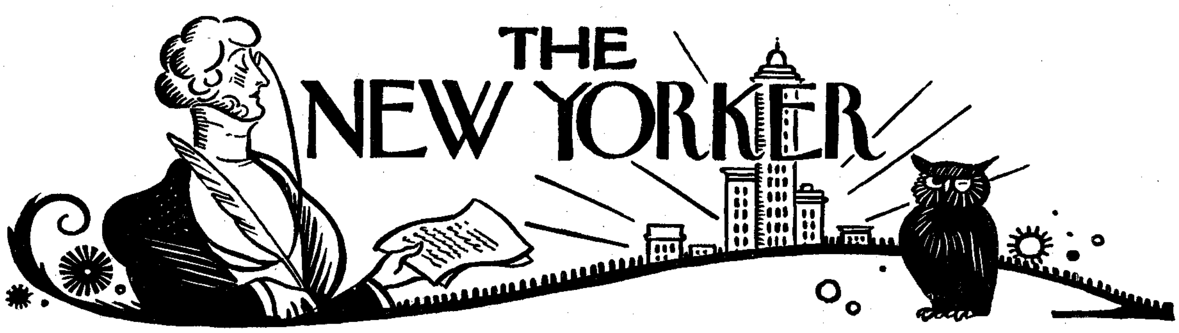
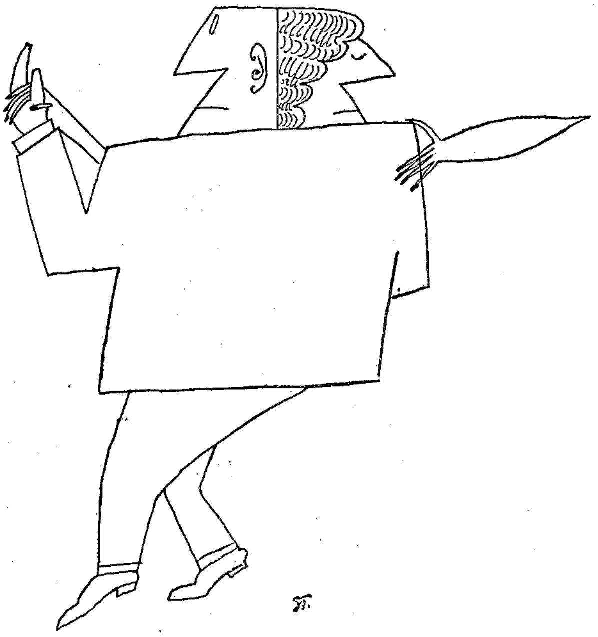


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

GOVERNOR DEWEY said recently that during his thirty years of political life he had never seen anything so mixed up as the current mayoralty campaign, but despite this warning from a voice of authority we are determined, as Election Day draws near, to pursue our annual custom and attempt to clarify matters for those of our readers who may be mixed up themselves. Dewey, who is for Riegelman, who once was a chemical-warfare officer and thinks the municipal air is intolerably polluted, has said that Halley and Impellitteri and Wagner all together couldn't fill one shoe of the late Mayor LaGuardia but that Riegelman can fill both shoes. LaGuardia wore size ten and a half. Riegelman wears size eleven and a half, Halley size nine, Impellitteri size nine and a half, and Wagner size eight. Mrs. LaGuardia is for Halley.

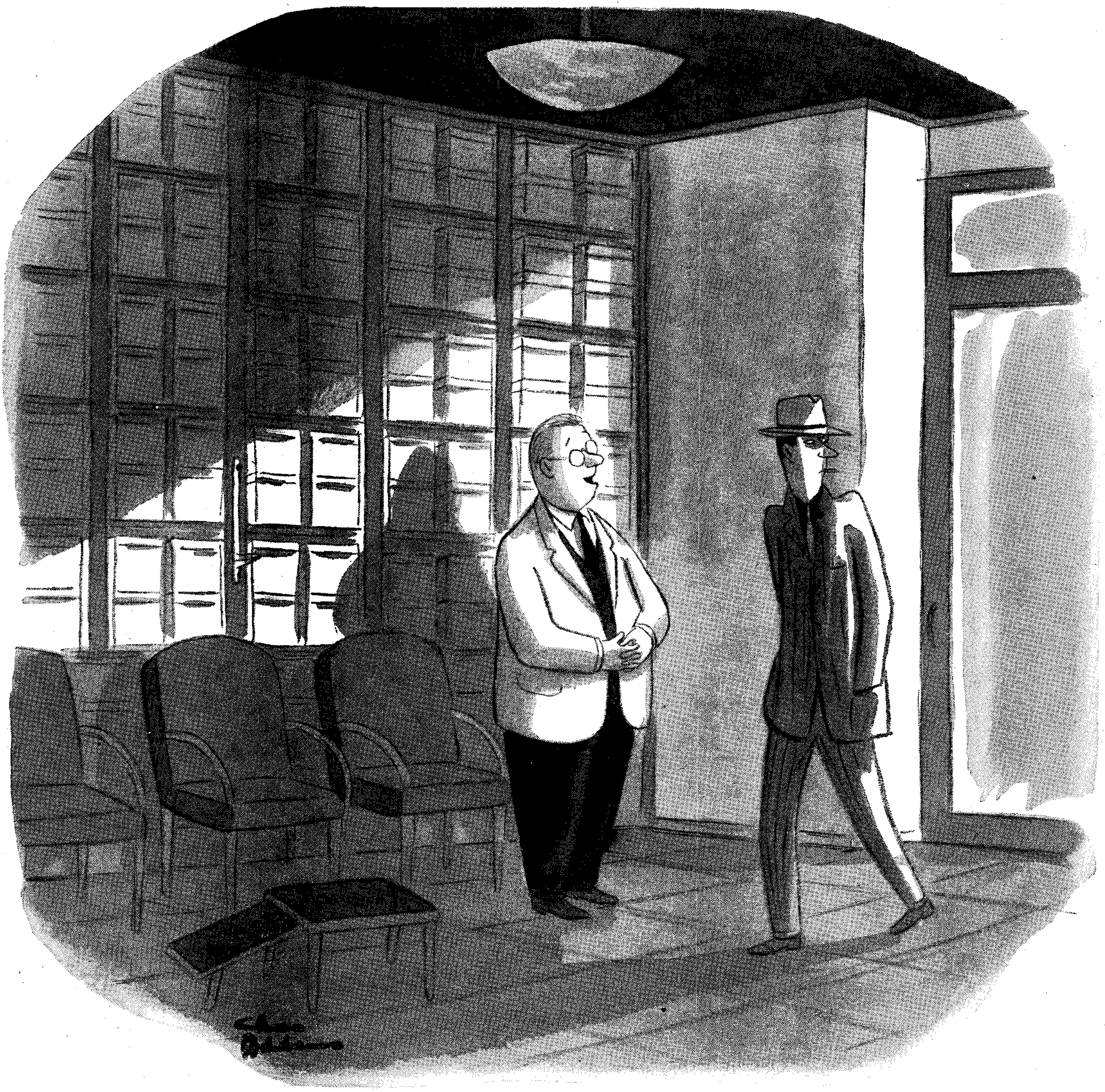
New York City has never had two mayors at the same time—Scranton, Pennsylvania, had, seventy-eight years ago, but that is none of our business—so somebody is bound to win. Wagner, who thinks he will, has declared, "A vote for Riegelman is a vote for Halley, and a vote for Halley is a vote for Riegelman." Wagner is being backed by Averell Harriman, who used to pal around with Gertrude Stein and her crowd, not to mention Winston Churchill and his crowd. Churchill is backing a meeting of the Big Four. Mayor Impellitteri, who is sure he will be reëlected, has evidently palled around with George Orwell and that crowd, for he has been referring to Governor Dewey as "Big Brother." Dewey says he is fond of Impellitteri but can't get along with him. Dewey refers to Wagner as "the boy." Wagner doesn't say he is fond of Dewey. Riegelman, who is confident of victory, is a poet and has stated metaphorically that Impellitteri and Wagner and Halley are peas from the same pod. Halley says that Wagner is indistinguishable from Bill O'Dwyer, who is practically the only local politician who is not running for mayor. No, that's wrong; Newbold Morris isn't running, either. Where *is* Morris?



Impellitteri, who wanted to be the Democratic candidate but lost out to the candidate of Averell Harriman and Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., in the primaries, is running anyway, as the candidate of the Experience Party, which was formed three years ago, when the Mayor hadn't had any experience in the job, and which was dormant while he was acquiring experience. Although Roosevelt is for Wagner, who tried unsuccessfully to be the candidate also of the Fusion Party, which used to be LaGuardia's party, Roosevelt declines to campaign against Halley, who is certain he will triumph and has taken motion pictures on Broadway to prove it, or at least to prove something. Mrs. Impellitteri is for Impellitteri.

Halley, a former Democrat who was assistant counsel for the Truman Committee during the war, is the candidate of both the Liberal Party and the Independent Party, and has not been endorsed by the chairman of the Democratic National Committee. Truman, who said not long ago, "I know nothing about New York politics," is not for Halley but for Wagner. Truman says Wagner is a Regular Democrat. Impellitteri says Impellitteri is a Real Democrat. Riegelman, who has indicated that, if elected, he will help resolve the Trieste situation, says everybody is a Democrat except him. Impellitteri says he is the only person who is sincerely against the Communists. The Communists are for British Guiana. Bernarr Macfadden, the candidate of the Honesty Party, has been ruled off the ballot, because his election petitions were improperly drawn up. Macfadden is for raw carrots.

The Democrats say that Riegelman is the big-business candidate, and Riegelman says that labor is the backbone of the community. Wagner, who we're fairly certain is the Democratic candidate, says that businessmen are the backbone of the community, as well as its sinews. In any event, the labor vote is very important this year and could be decisive, depending on the weather. Joe Ryan is sitting this one out, but Dave Dubinsky and Mike Quill are fellows to watch. Halley is the garment workers' candidate, his foes contend, and Wagner is held by his to be the transport workers'. Riegelman, who has been gallivanting around town on a mechanical elephant, is the mahouts'. Transit is a big issue and could be decisive, along with trotting horses. Halley,



"Something in sneakers?"

• •

who voted against the increase in subway fares, says he would have voted for it if the people who voted for it had voted against it. A laundry on First Avenue, within electioneering distance of River House, has been offering its patrons fifteen-cent subway tokens for a dime. River House is on the East River, which is not the river that Joseph Fay, a labor leader whom nobody is for but who has had the damnedest social life, considering everything, was sent up. The only men around who seem not to have been in transit to Fay are the four candidates, for which lapse their partisans are doubtless grateful. The fare from Grand Central to Fay, since his removal from Sing Sing to Dannemora, has been increased by ten dollars and eighty-seven cents. Fay, influence notwithstanding, is conceded not the slightest chance of ever becoming lieutenant governor, or even acting lieutenant governor. Frank C. Moore, the last man elected lieutenant governor of New York, is now working for the Rockefellers, who settled a wad on Bobo. Bobo is for Bobo. One advantage in having so many candidates for mayor, instead of the two that conventionally aspire to elective offices in this nation, is that it is grammatically correct in the circumstances to hope that the best man will win.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A Port Washington young lady who is in the second grade likes to take watercress sandwiches to school so that when the other children ask if she is eating grass, she can answer no, she is eating four-leaf clovers.

The newspaper stand at the main Forty-second Street entrance to Grand

Central Station advertises "Outer Town Newspapers."

New Canaan Ascension

ONE recent Sunday, we found ourself poised on a hill near New Canaan in company with Richard Eastland, an advertising man, and a friend of his named Nathaniel Park, who had been introduced to us as a specialist in advertising jingles. We had been impelled to join Mr. Eastland and Mr. Park by the report that they were the leading kite enthusiasts on the Eastern littoral. Bearing half a dozen kites and string enough to send them to hell and gone, Richard and Nat—the altitude made for quick camaraderie—seemed just the boys to demonstrate a sport that has preoccupied half the world (the Oriental half) since well before the days of Confucius. As Richard prepared one of the kites for what he called an "ascension," he told us that until a couple of years ago he'd never managed to get a kite aloft successfully. "When I was a boy in Burlingame, on the West Coast," he said, "I couldn't get a kite over the eucalyptus trees. That discouraged me a good deal, since I was a fan of the Chinese kite fights they used to hold in San Francisco—and still do, for all I know."

"They do," said Nat, unrolling several yards of string. "The idea of a kite fight," he continued, "is to get your kite to windward of your opponent's and then give a sharp jerk. If all goes well, you tear him to pieces and knock him out of the sky."

"I've never flown this location before," said Richard, sweeping our hill with a knowledgeable glance. "I do most of my ascensions in Nantucket. Had a kite up there with a mile of string behind it."

"O.K., Franklin," said Nat. "Let's see what we can do with this one."

"What I'm going to send up here," said Richard, "is a simple cloth kite of the usual triangular design. The tail is made of torn-up seersucker pants from Brooks Brothers, which make the best kind of balance. Some kites don't need any tails at all. There's one in the Argentine that's shaped like a bird and flies beautifully. And that is as it should be. After all, we call it a kite because it's supposed to act like the bird that's called the same thing."

"A brother of that Boy Scout fellow, Baden-Powell, once made a kite thirty-six feet long that would lift a man several feet," said Nat. "Be a good thing if that kind of flying got popular here."

On a sudden gust of wind, Richard released the kite he was holding, and Nat began to pay out string. "If we get over those trees," said Richard, "we're set for a real ascension." The kite moved briskly upward, cleared the barrier of trees, and disappeared.

"This line seems a little slack," Nat remarked.

"Kite's gone," said Richard.

We voiced our sympathy.

"Think nothing of it," said Richard amiably. "Lost twelve in one week at Nantucket."

"What we ought to do," said Nat, "is try that trick with two kites on one string. You know, Baden-Powell's brother used to put up several small kites to support one large kite."

As Nat set about tying two kites to the string, Richard broke into a calypso that explained why water is good for everything but no good for wood. "One of our Johnson's Wax jingles," he said.

"Not one of mine," said Nat.

"Here we go with two kites," said Richard, and on the next gust they wavered upward together. "You'll notice that these kites have no tails. English plastic. Now you'll see them really soar." This time, the kites went right into the trees and disappeared.

"The nice thing about kite-flying as a pastime," Richard remarked, "is that it has the same appeal as fishing and yet the end product is a clean negative."

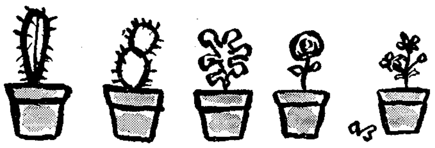
Said Nat:

"When your nerves are all entangled,
And your spirits droop down low,
And by life you're being mangled,
Take a kite in tow."

We suggested that maybe we'd better call off the ascensions until the prevailing winds were more auspicious.

"Good heavens, man," said Richard, "these conditions are absolutely perfect. We're going to try *three* kites next."

"The beauty of kites as a military weapon," said Nat, "is that they use no gasoline or any other fuel, and can go up in all weathers. Can be used to signal or, if need be, to find out what kind of shenanigans the upper atmosphere is going in for. To me, a kite is a kind of halcyon bird." With that, Richard let go his three kites, which took off like a team of fire horses. As they soared aloft, he was lifted slightly from the ground.



"My Lord!" he exclaimed, as he landed. "We ought to get a mile on these!"

Nat was letting the string run through his fingers freely. The kites rose above the trees and kept right on going.

"Better brake them a little, Nat," Richard suggested.

"I'd like to," said Nat, "but I'm afraid the string's parted."

"They'll travel for miles," said Richard happily.

"They're off to Europe!" cried Nat.

We said that we'd better be off to New Canaan.

Caution

A CITY DWELLER who went abroad for the summer lent her terrace apartment to some friends while she was away. Just before leaving, she asked a local department store to send a green canvas beach umbrella to her place and told her friends they might find it useful on the terrace. She came back early this month, had the couple who had occupied her home over for dinner, and, having noticed that the umbrella wasn't on the terrace, furled or unfurled, asked casually whether it had come in handy. Husband looked at wife and wife looked at husband, and husband said, "We wrapped it in tissue paper and put it away." He went to the hall closet and brought out the umbrella, to which was attached a card that read:

> CAUTION
>
> This Umbrella should not be exposed day after day to the broiling sun. Such abuse will cause the colors to fade and tender the fabrics.
>
> This Umbrella must not be exposed to rain or moisture as the colors may run and the fabric become mildewed.
>
> Do not leave the Umbrella exposed to a strong wind or it may turn wrong side out.
>
> It is utterly impossible for us to give guarantees of any kind against damages that occur to our goods when they are neglected or abused.
>
> THE TROY SUNSHADE COMPANY

The lady speedily replaced the Umbrella in the Closet.

Sturdier, Lighter, Noisier

YIELDING to no one in our respect for man's rampant inventiveness, we were drawn the other day to the National Hardware Show, the major portion of which was held on four floors of Grand Central Palace. It was the biggest and, we suspect, the noisiest ever put on. Beautiful young ladies were sawing wood with electric jig saws, circular saws, scroll saws, and band saws, as well as shaping wood on wood shapers and sanding wood on sanders. Elsewhere, men in business suits were climbing up and down aluminum and magnesium ladders, cutting circles with circle cutters, hammering nails into wooden blocks, drilling holes in wood, brick, and metal with electric drills, pushing lawnmowers, ringing cowbells, sheep bells, and tea bells, getting in and out of tiny tractors, driving staples into a piece of board, tightening vises, rolling paint rollers, and hefting frameless screens. Everything seemed sturdier, lighter, more easily operated, and more electrical than ever before. At the Molly screw-anchor booth, on the ground floor, a young lady pinned a badge on us bearing the legend "I've seen Molly, have you?" Another lady shoved a copy of *Mechanix Illustrated* under our arm, a man dropped a tube of Franklin Glue ("Strong as the Nation") in our pocket, and we wandered over to a corner where a large man in a brown suit was standing in the midst of some silvery ladders and holding the biggest rake we ever saw. He asked us to lift it, and we did. "Magnesium," he told us. "More than a third lighter than aluminum." One of the ladders had a sign on it saying, "Pick me up, please." We picked it up. The ladder said, "Thank you."

"We're raw-metal people," the man told us. "Barrel skids, snowplows, grille ware. Magnesium is the perfect material for ladders. You don't have to rely on Mother Nature the way you do for wood. Who knows if Mother Nature put a knothole in it? Metal is scientific."

A man came by and stuck a copy of *Hardware Age* under our arm, and we made our way to the New York Wire Cloth Company's booth, which was full of screens. "Our contention is," a tall, pleasant gentleman in a blue suit said, "that you can store forty-eight of our screens, which roll up, in the space where you store four ordinary screens. They keep out everything but gnats, which are the most versatile of insects, and the North Carolina mosquito. The North Carolina mosquito, which is the brainiest mosquito, can't get through the screen; but it has solved the screen problem by laying eggs on the inside, so when they hatch—after five hours—the youngsters are in a fine position to raise havoc. It used to baffle us till a professor at Duke discovered it. For North Carolinians, we advise Flit."

Thanking the gentleman and picking up a handful of pamphlets, we pushed our way past a Rotavator ("You get controlled tilth," an exhibitor was telling someone), a Rototiller (a garden power machine that does rototilling and rotomilling), and a Hoffco power unit (to which can be attached a Scythette, a Sawette, or a Trimette) and stopped in front of a neon-lit wooden ladder. A few feet off, a red-faced man was halfway up another wooden ladder, holding on to the top step, and a large man with a large head and dark hair was shaking the ladder. "Get to the top rung," he requested. "You'll see you got no stability."

A third man, with gray hair, said he'd been climbing ladders for twenty years and the ladder was as stable a one as could be found.

"You can fool jobbers and retailers, but you can't fool a manufacturer," the dark-haired man replied. "I make aluminum ladders. Steady as a rock."

The man on the ladder shifted his grip and started to come down.

"You see that?" taunted the dark-haired man. "Your own vice-president won't even go to the top of the ladder while I shake it."

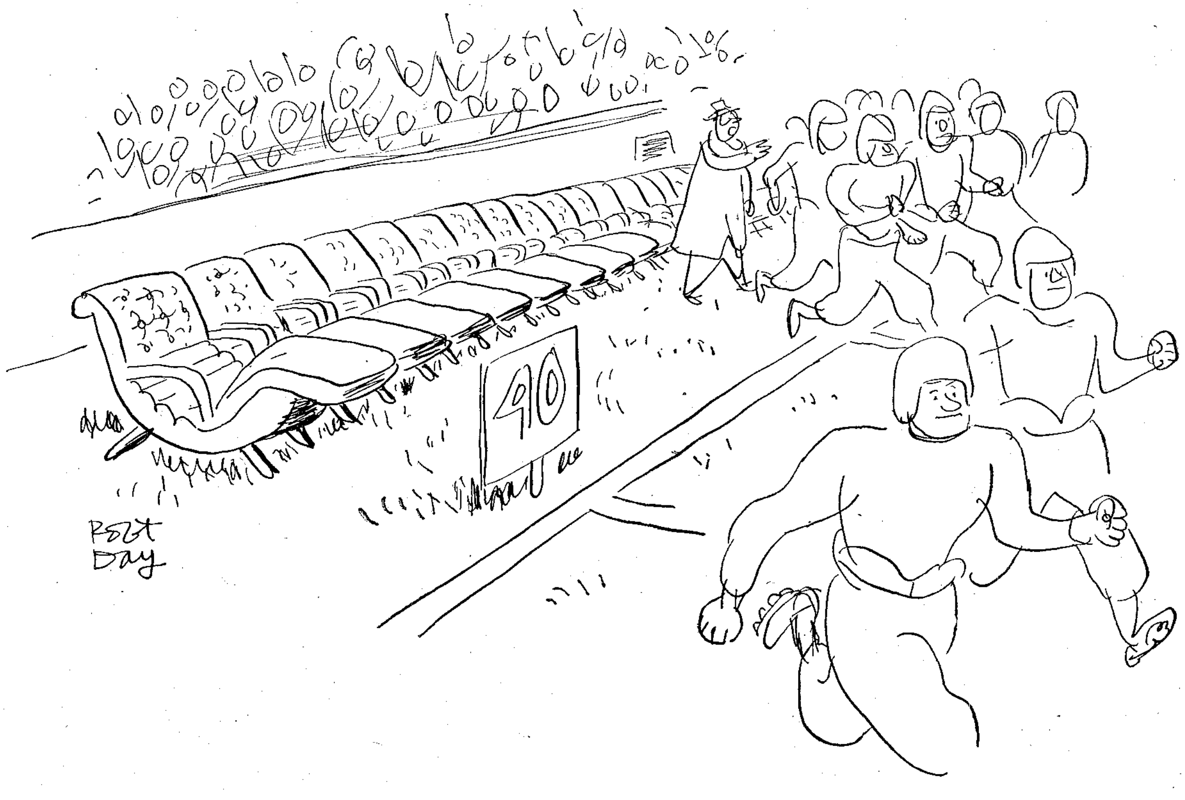
"Let's see how stable *your* ladders are," the gray-haired man suggested.

The three men, followed by us, walked a few steps to another booth, filled with aluminum ladders. The dark-haired man climbed up one of the small ones. "Brush against it," he said.

The gray-haired man went over to another aluminum ladder and started rocking it. "Look at that!" he said triumphantly, rocking each leg about six inches off the floor. "Suicidal! A heavy wind would blow it over."

The dark-haired man got down and hurried over to test some golf balls in the United States Rubber booth. The red-faced man and the gray-haired man returned to their booth, chuckling.

Picking up pamphlets that contained information about magnetic tool holders, liquid door closers, and adjustable trammels, we made our way upstairs, where a young lady in kilt, plaid, and sporran was operating a large lathe, and paused briefly at the C.W.C. Products Company booth, which was filled with snow shovels on wheels. "This is the Heart-Saver snow remover," a thin man informed us. Rolling one of them back and forth, he pressed a lever near the top. A platform flopped over. "The lifting ratio is five to one," he told us. "Mr. Chamberlin invented the shovel last year, and he's got five patents on it. After forty, doctors say, 'Throw away your

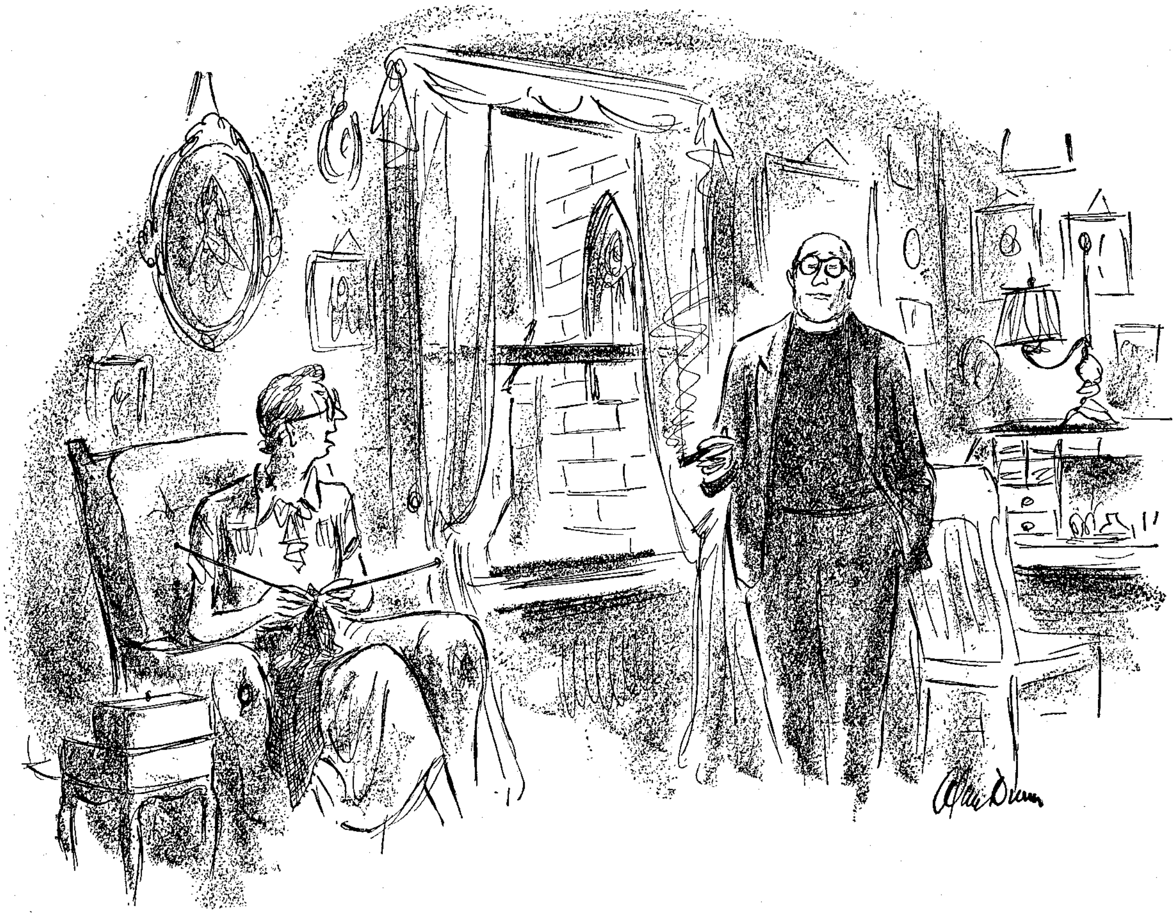


snow shovel, and don't push stalled cars or lift grand pianos.' With Mr. Chamberlin's invention, snow shovelling is a pleasure. In Cleveland, they look on him as a savior." He pressed another lever and the platform flopped over the opposite way.

A man in a green suit asked us to lift an aluminum camp stool. The Scottish young lady walked by and waved some carved wood at us. An Indian put a tube of glue in our pocket. We felt pretty good.

Mutation

SEVERAL wealthy readers have advised us that there's been a change in the way bank tellers handle the bills they dole out in cashing checks. Apparently, they still riffle quickly through the twenties, tens, and fives, but they go slow and easy and watchful on the ones, because of the Lucky Buck craze.



"You have an answer for everything, haven't you?"

• •

Le Gros Légume

ORSON WELLES, who played the title role in a televised "King Lear" on the "Omnibus" program last Sunday, granted us an audience shortly before this event. He received us in Caravan Hall, on East Fifty-ninth Street, where a rehearsal had just concluded. As we approached him, he was surrounded by actors, production men, and Virgil Thomson, who did the score for "King Lear."

"Orson," one man was saying, "you'll be pleased to hear your wig's arrived."

"And the nose?" Welles asked.

"Everything," said the man.

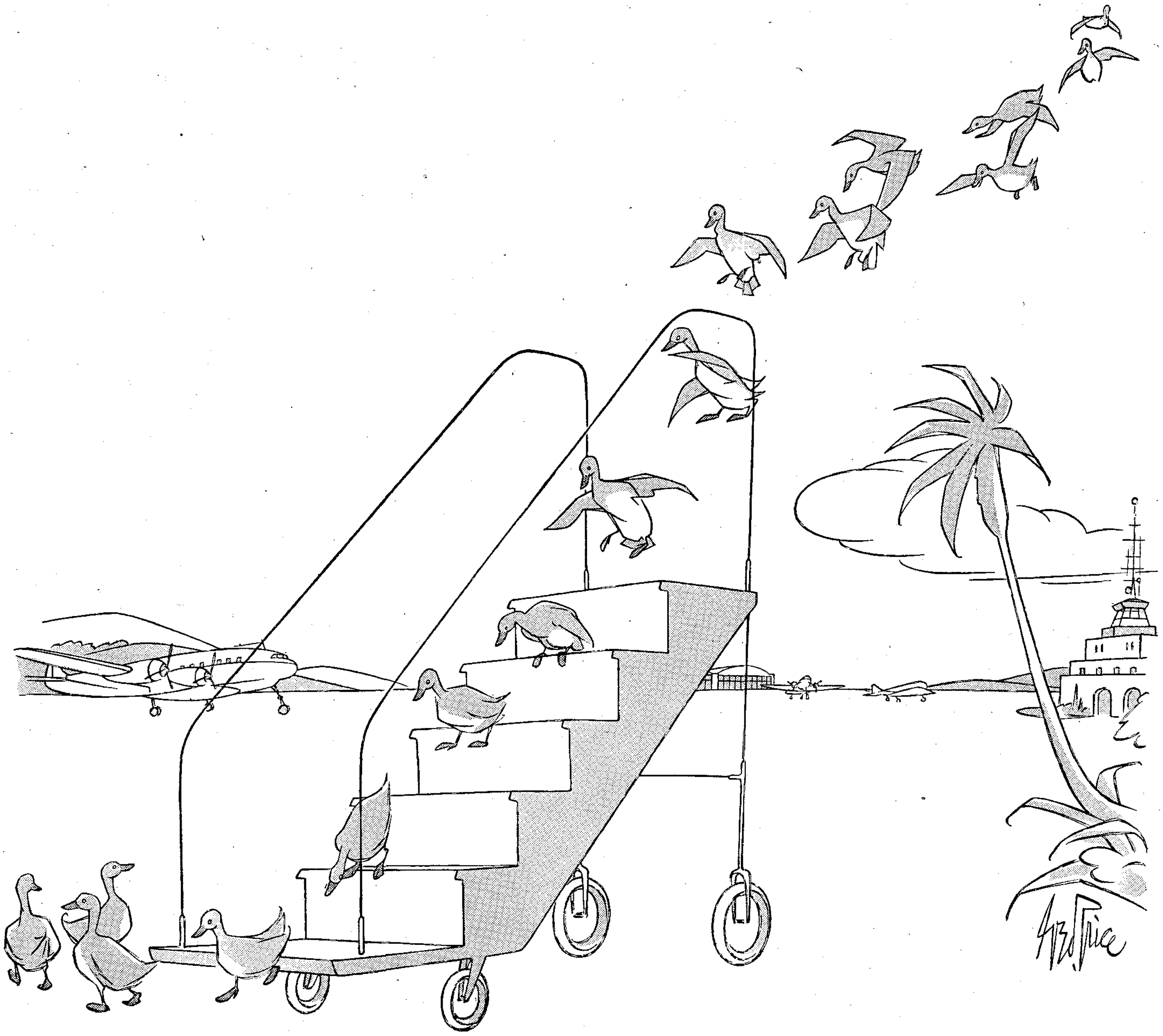
"Good," said Welles. "Where is the doctor?"

A man with a black bag walked over to Welles, and the two of them made their way up to a balcony and vanished.

A few minutes later, Welles joined us. "Had to have a shot," he said, offering us a folding chair and sitting on one himself. "Infected throat. Antibiotics. Evil mixtures. I don't understand them at all. You have to yell such a lot in this show. Hoot and holler! No chance to rest your throat. I've been abroad since 1948. I came back to do Lear. It's the only heroic part in Shakespeare I hadn't played. I thought it'd be a good idea to do Lear, because with the big beard no one can say I'm bad. They can't even see me. It's been terribly exciting working with Peter Brook, who is directing. I think he's the best Shakespeare director. I wanted to find out something about television here. I've never seen an American television show. Television is the one thing this country can't export to Europe. In every other way, America is so deeply involved in Europe that you don't feel cut off there."

Welles said that he had spent the past five years working. "I've written two novels in French, both published in France," he said. " 'Le Gros Légume' and 'X.' '*Le gros légume*' means, in effect, 'the big shot,' and the book is a satire on the Coca-Cola empire. I'm not sure whether 'X' is a good title. It's about another kind of big shot—an *homme d'affaires*, an international multimillionaire crook. He's not afraid of the big bad things in his past but of one little thing. I'm going to make a film of it when I go back in November. The story takes place in Spain, Italy, Tangier, Germany, and Mexico, and I will shoot it in those places. I speak six languages, but I have to choose my own topics of conversation in them all. I hope it will be a movie dealing realistically with the cosmopolitan expensive life in Europe. Life in expensive hotels can be awful. I think there is a squalor associated with luxury. Simon & Schuster have a book of mine, 'Two by Two,' which is about Noah. I've also written a lot of plays and scripts that haven't been put on, and a film of 'Othello' that will be released by United Artists about the first of the year. I did that in five Italian towns and three Moroccan towns. We used the Atlantic coast of Morocco for Cyprus, because the Mediterranean isn't very photogenic."

We asked Welles how his native land now seemed to him. "New York doesn't seem a bit changed," he said. "Europe has changed. It got sad after the war. The thing that hits you when



you come back to New York is that incredible combination of friendliness and impersonality. People here like everybody, but they don't particularly like *you*. My telephone operator at the hotel calls me 'Honey.' 'Honey' means nothing here. She's never met me. In Europe, 'Honey' means something. And the very fact that the telephone operator is in a good humor! No telephone operator in Europe is in a good humor."

He squinted at us and wrinkled up his face. "I get up at six-thirty every morning and work on a book I'm writing on the history of international organizations and their growth," he said. "It deals with the question of the nation versus the international idea. The complete human being, with his highly developed curiosity and orneriness, is in peril all over the world. That's the great big thing that's going on. A man should be allowed to be crazy if he wants to be, to stay in bed one morning if he finds it good, or thumb his nose at a sacred image. Conformism to certain stencils of thought—that's what bothers me. I don't feel it's a peculiarly American phenomenon, however."

Gracious Living

WE'VE often wondered what it would be like to move to the country, and now we know. A family man who has done just that writes us that he was about to leave his office in Manhattan late one afternoon when his wife called him up. "Marian's invited me to dinner and a show in town, and I'm in a big hurry," she said. "I'm leaving as soon as I hang up. I'll drop my house key at the sitter's, who'll come here in ten minutes or so. I'll be home late and I won't have my key, so please leave the front door unlocked when you go to bed. Your dinner is in the refrigerator. Pay the sitter when you come home. Be sure to leave the front door unlocked, so I won't have to wake you up to get in. Better write yourself a note about it, because you're so forgetful." The husband assured his wife he wouldn't forget any of her instructions, and he didn't. Around midnight, he was awakened by a pounding on the front door. He went downstairs, opened it, and found his wife outside, looking contrite. "I hated to wake you up, but I seem to have lost my house key," she said.

SHORT EASTERLY SQUALL, WITH LOW VISIBILITY AND RISING GORGE

I had a strong sensation of seesaw in rereading Mr. Maugham's agreeable book; what dear old Dr. Johnson in one of his prayers called 'vacillation and vagrancy of mind.' No wonder; perhaps a kind of telekinesis? For I first read the book last November, aboard my favorite S.S. Media, crossing the North Atlantic in what the chief officer's daily bulletins described as a long, very heavy westerly swell. The English edition was then just published and I had bought a copy (12s 6d) as viaticum. You know the tiffin routine aboard a British ship: after plenty of cold beef with mustard, and those huge baked Idahos buttered with red pepper, and a glass of ordinaire at a shilling, you totter up to the corridor of A deck. From your station amidship you see Media's poop mightily soaring and sinking. You fall into your comfortable thwartship berth and in a few minutes—soothed by Mr. Maugham and perhaps a slab of treacle tart—you are off for such siesta as needs an ocean voyage to attain. About 5 P.M. you creep again into the corridor; and observe, through the open door to the after deck, how wildly she oscillates in the gigantic marching swells. . . . One of the things I used to sleep with, in our stormy little Media, was the idea of telling Maugham the various ways in which a set of Hazlitt has been one of my supreme frustrations. . . . Sometimes I went asleep with less luxury because Mr. Maugham (like Hazlitt, on whom he tutored himself too stringently) falls off-ear in his sentence-ends, apodoses. But as the ship's doctor said, he has the perfect negative charm: he delights you because he makes it so plain he doesn't care whether you like it or not. . . . How much, while passing unconscious aboard the plunging Media, I'd have enjoyed to argue with Mr. Maugham. . . . Mr. Maugham in these random essays seesaws like the Media; but no one has better earned the right to compose as he chooses.—*From a review by Christopher Morley of W. Somerset Maugham's "The Vagrant Mood" in the Times.*

WHAT elfin charm, what pawky and mettlesome humor, tessellate the pages of Oliver Cudlipp's new garland of whimsical papers, "From a Misanthrope's Inkwell"! The title, so gruff that the unwary may not descry the impudent grin lurking beneath the domino, is a wickedly disingenuous one, for if ever author were untainted by the cheap cynicism that characterizes your modernist, "avant-garde" scribbler, it is Cudlipp. Mellow, fantastical, *un feuilletoniste bien spirituel*, he wends his roguish way, gently puncturing our foibles with his unerring quill but never overstepping the bounds of good taste. If, occasionally, it is impossible to tell what he is driving at, do not be fooled into thinking him insipid. Pompous attitudinizing, unreadable, yes, but never insipid.

Of all the improbable places to encounter Cudlipp's new book, you might suppose British North Borneo the most unlikely, yet there it was, or something very much akin to it, in the pirogue that was ferrying me upriver several years ago to visit my friend Ladysmith at his outstation. You know the *cafard* that overtakes one in those jungle waterways; you've lunched on a handful of stewed *bêche-de-mer*, mayhap, washing it down with a bottle of factitious Bols importuned from some remote Chinese merchant, and you lie there fretfully staring at the impenetrable wall of foliage rising sheer from the pinguid current. Ever and anon the stillness is rent by the scream of a pileated gibbon objurgating a hornbill, or something very much akin to it, but its stridor falls on heedless ear, for in fancy you are in England, peradventure at some transpontine hostel with a goodly company, quaffing the nut-brown October ale and roaring out a Rabelaisian stave. Decent enough though the Dyak paddlers of my craft were, they hadn't the same foci of reference as I, poor fellows; I doubt whether even one of them had ever heard of the "Areopagitica" or Otway's "Venice Preserved," and time was beginning to hang somewhat heavy. I was all the more surprised, therefore, when the headman reached down one afternoon and proffered a volume I'd noticed floating about in the bilge the past four days.

"Hello, what's this?" I asked, scanning the title page. "Oliver Cudlipp's new tome, 'From a Misanthrope's Inkwell'?"

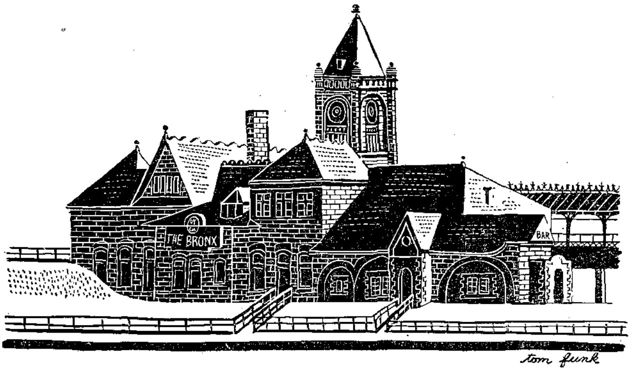
"Him velly good book of whimsical papers," the headman assured me with emphasis. "You catchum plenty bellyraffs along him. Hot off the pless."

"But I say, look here," I expostulated. "The thing isn't scheduled to be published until three years from now. There's the date on the flyleaf, plain as day."

"Me no savvy copylight bobbery," he returned woodenly. "Me just simple Dyak boy, plitty crose to head-hunter." He directed a gob of betel juice expertly over his shoulder into the wake and took a fresh purchase on his sweep. "Borneo velly plimitive island, Tuan, allee same Manhattan," he grunted. "You askum you fliend."

WELL, I knew better than to wax disputatious with an indigene who might slit my weasand at the drop of a turban, and, knocking the book against the gunwales to dislodge the leeches, I began savoring it at random. To say the contents absorbed me were to convey only the palest simulacrum of their puissance. I was transfixed, bound hand and foot, and what with the chant of the boatmen, the lap of the wavelets against our hull, and the rhythmic drip of the prose, I was sore put to it to distinguish between sleep and waking. Possessed of a beat at once staccato and sluggish, Cudlipp's style (fain would I refer to it as his *manière*, incorrigible Francophile that I am) defies analysis. It is mealy yet robustious, limpid as a mountain rill yet hopelessly opaque. When, *zum Beispiel*, he recounts the saga of his attempt to discourage a pair of lapwings from nesting in an inscribed copy of Hall Caine's "The Deemster"—a contretemps, surely, that has arisen to vex every country dweller—he weaves a noose of drowsy enchantment about the reader such as methinks not even Bernard DeVoto could equal. And have any of our *soi-disant* scriveners (a starveling crew by comparison, certes) ever limned frustration more graphically than he in the rueful chronicle wherein a neighborhood grimalkin evicts him from his own rose arbor? At least, that seems to be the theme, though the writing is so elliptical that at times one cannot be sure. I kept asking myself, the rest of the journey upriver, whether one could be sure of anything in Cudlipp's work, and after Ladysmith had leafed through it at my behest, I sued for his opinion.

He gave me a keen glance from under his tufted eyebrows and pulled contem-



platively on his briar. “Take the mush out of your mouth, man,” he suggested with the bluntness of those who have lived alone much in far places. “Exactly what d’ye want to know?” Ladysmith’s an acerb duffer at times, and peradventure he was nettled at the sesquipedalian fashion in which I’d broached the matter.

“Well, everything,” I confessed. “Frankly, I can’t decide whether the stuff is balderdash or not, but that’s *nihil ad rem.* How in Tophet did this book, which won’t be published until year after next, find its way into that pirogue?”

“You don’t think the headman might have written it?”

“Oh, come now, Ladysmith,” I objected.

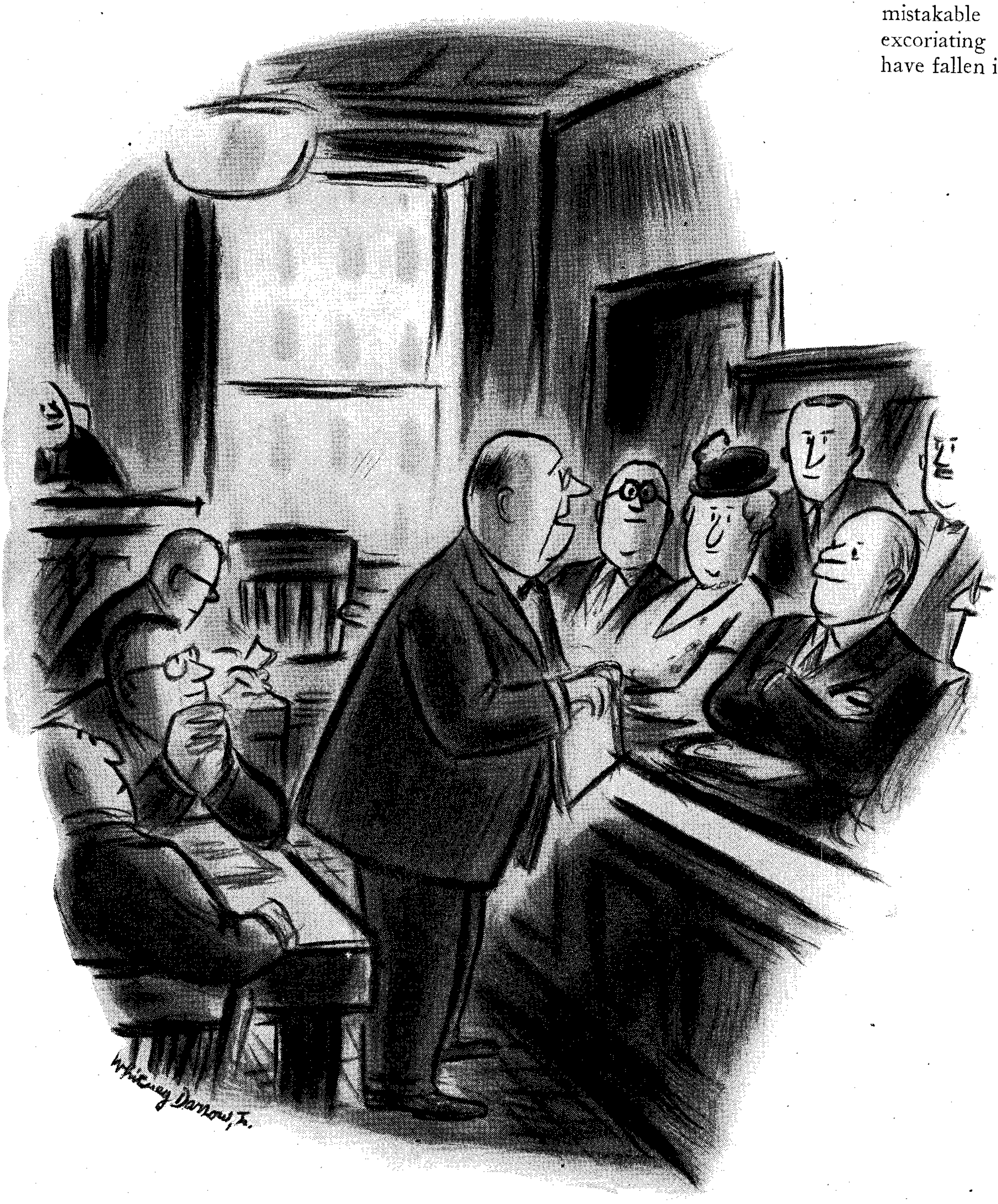
“I wouldn’t be too certain,” he said thoughtfully. “Devious Johnnies these Malays, as you’d know if you’d mucked about the archipelago as I have. Maybe the beggar found out you were influential and planted it, thinking you’d give him a leg up with the ‘Saturday Review.’ ”

“But dad burn it, he couldn’t have had a linotype and a bindery in his compound,” I pointed out with ruthless logic.

“No?” said Ladysmith quietly. “Borneo’s full of mysteries, laddie buck. I could tell you a weird tale.” I pricked up my ears, but judging from the hush that ensued, broken only by the unmistakable crepitation of a hornbill excoriating a gibbon, my host must have fallen into a doze. After an interval, he rekindled his pipe. “See here,” he said abruptly. “Maybe it hasn’t any connection, but a rum thing happened to me a while ago. You knew I’d been a ship’s surgeon?”

“I rather guessed it,” I said. “I noticed a laryngoscope in your medical kit, the kind they use to auscultate—”

“Yes, yes,” he cut me short testily. “Well, I’ve seen my share of salt water—nine years Chinaside with P. & O., Liverpool to Durban for the Union Castle people, pretty much everywhere. My last berth was transatlantic, one of those small Cunarders whose name escapes me for the moment—the Effluvia, or something of the kind. We’d a literary cove aboard that trip—vital, tweedy sort of wallah, forever spouting Boswell and grousing to the bar steward because he didn’t serve mulled sack or posset. Great trencherman, too; I used to watch him shovel in the victuals and pray to God his pepsin would hold out till we sighted Ambrose Channel. The deuce of it was that he had the cabin next to mine, and after cramming himself full of hell’s own quantity of carbohydrates at lunch—which he in-


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

“Ladies and gentlemen, if after due consideration you find the balance of the evidence to be against my client, I still beg of you to look into your hearts and find compassion and mercy, because a verdict of guilty would make this the tenth straight case I’ve lost in a row.”

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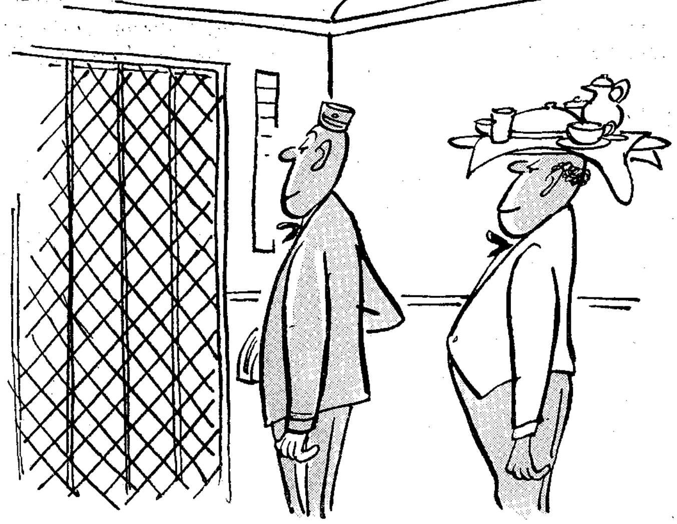

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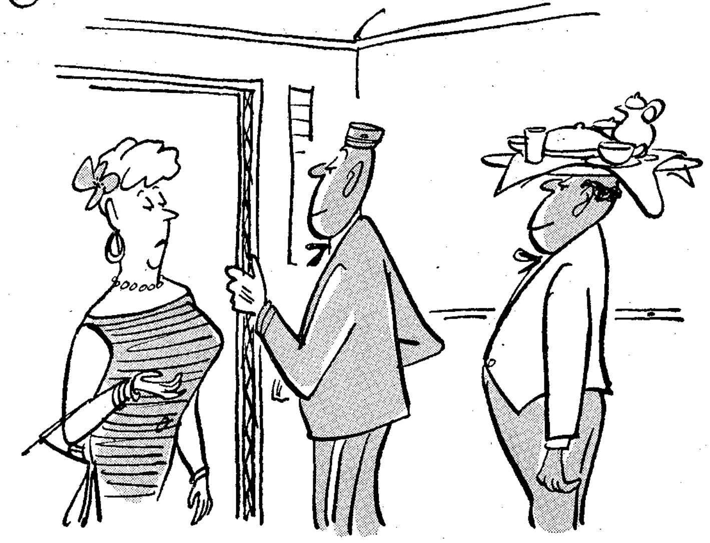

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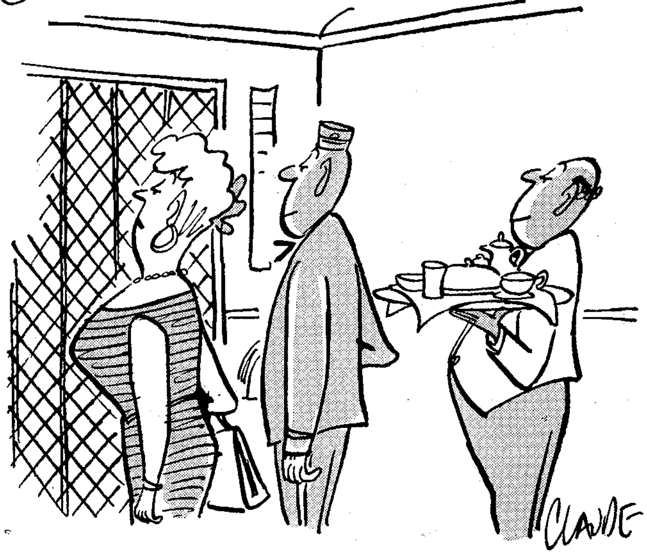


sisted on calling tiffin, though we were well west of Suez—he'd stretch out in his bunk and lapse into these wild literary nightmares. You couldn't help overhearing 'em through the bulkhead. Full of eftsoons and quothas and all that rot."

"Could you make out what he was saying, *par hasard*?" I asked, enthralled.

"Only in a general way," admitted Ladysmith. "He seemed to be wrangling with somebody called Maugham about which one of them had a better right to imitate Hazlitt. Sounded pretty rancorous, though of course I couldn't hear Maugham's end of it. Who is he, anyway—some newcomer?"

"Oh, just one of those two-dimensional bores who make a fetish of being lucid," I said impatiently. "But do go on. Did you ever get to know the chap? What was his name?"

"I haven't the foggiest," returned Ladysmith. "It was a rough passage and all hands went horizontal, including my neighbor. On the return, I asked the purser and stewards who he was, but they'd forgotten him, and, oddly enough, there wasn't a trace of any such person in the manifest." He emitted a mirthless chuckle. "It gave me rather a turn, I don't mind telling you. I'd always supposed I knew chalk from cheese, and yet here, under one's very nose, was a phantom writer—a literary Flying Dutchman, so to speak. Well, Ladysmith, thought I, you're potty; best join the civil service out East, where it'll never be noticed. And then, just off Land's End, the ship's librarian fetched around a book this passenger had given him, a collection of prankish tidbits called 'Jiggery-Pokery.' "

"Half a guinea I know the rest," I burst out. "It was by Cudlipp here!"

"Don't ask me," said Ladysmith, with a shrug. "The title page was in ribbons and the spine was blurred, but it was the same sort of twaddle. What's more—and here's why it all came back just now—it was dated ahead, exactly like this thing. I checked with the publisher, who'd never heard of it. Wasn't expecting any such work for at least two years."

"Still," I pleaded, "he must have known who the author *was*."

"How could he, you bloody fool?" snapped Ladysmith. "He couldn't tell till he received the manuscript." He tossed the charred remnants of his briar to the white ants and arose. "Well, cheerio," he said shortly. "Too bad you'll be gone before I'm up in the morning, but that's Borneo. I'd watch my head going downriver, by the bye. Just between us, you're crowding your luck."

AND there, through the eyes of one who almost knew Cudlipp and another who treasures him but affectionately recognizes his limitations, is the essence of that verbal enigma, that bard of ambiguity. Let the plaudits due him be withheld no longer; let him issue into the agora and be crowned with the laurel, the bay, and anything else that is handy. For these are piping times, and an he hang back, some Grub Street witling might make shift to gobble up his royalties. . . . By my halidom, I may do it myself, and cry pox on the Authors' League. They'll never catch up with me in Borneo.

—S. J. PERELMAN

•

We have not succeeded in answering all our problems—indeed we sometimes feel we have not completely answered any of them. The answers we have found have only served to raise a whole set of new questions. In some ways we feel that we are as confused as ever, but we think we are confused on a higher level and about more important things.—*From "The Workshop Way of Learning," by Earl C. Kelley.*

That's progress enough for anyone.

RENDEZVOUS

CONVENTION and tradition are stubborn things, and it is hard for anyone to circumvent them; indeed, it almost seems as if they had a life of their own, forcing even the most recalcitrant to obey them. Not all doctors wear beards nowadays, and few farmers chew straws, but there are marks to identify both these and other professions, to the point where one might almost think that each occupation imposes its own habits and mannerisms. (When I lived in Connecticut, for example, the most farmerish farmer I knew—even down to the seamed, weather-beaten face, the raw, bony wrists, and the nasal intonation—was a former insurance broker from Brooklyn; changing jobs, he had somehow changed attitudes, too, that was all.) This extends—as Fred Barclay, for one, discovered—to the criminal trades as well, and here it seems as if some really baneful influence was at work. For these are fields where conformity to a common pattern is a handicap, and dangerous—and yet who hasn't been struck by how often, in life as in the movies, the gangster betrays himself by his tight-belted topcoat and snap-brim hat, the pickpocket by his furtive alertness, and the robber by his burly assertiveness?

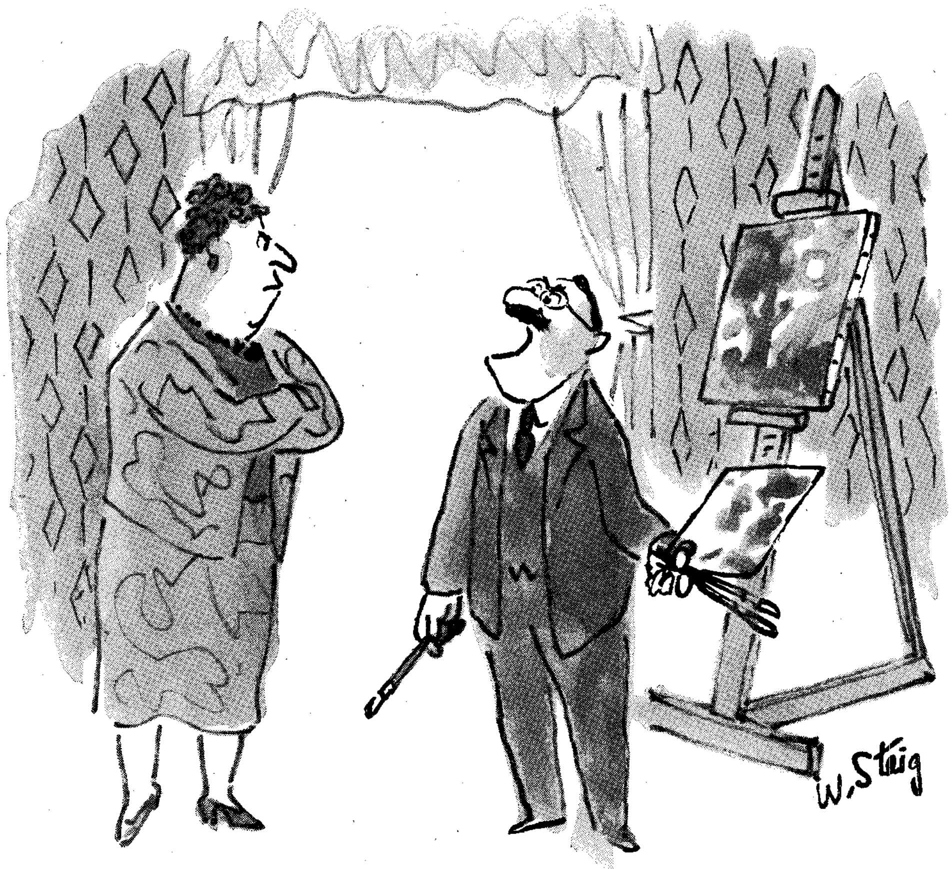
Is it simply the instinct for conformity that's at work here, so strongly that it overrides everything else? Or does the way of life carry its own identification, so that the thievingness of the thief, say, must reveal itself, no matter how hard the thief himself tries to conceal it? Fred Barclay, at any rate, tried to get outside the norm.

Barclay was, and had been for some years, the assistant manager of a Long Island branch of one of our larger city banks; and as such, in that curiously ambivalent way that characterizes some professions—particularly, of course, those which interest the criminal classes—he had had occasion to study both the principles of legitimate banking practice and (naturally, at second hand) the methods of the forgers, embezzlers, and others who would subvert them. Like the detective who makes it his business to learn the techniques of safeblowers, or the postal clerk who watches the "Wanted" posters tacked up in the post-office lobby, Fred Barclay read, with what might be called semiprofessional interest, the accounts of the usually brief careers of defaulting bank cashiers that appeared in the newspapers; and as so often occurs in such cases a feeling of inverted affinity developed. Long before the idea of taking part in such criminal activities ever entered his head, he had developed a highly critical attitude toward the way they were currently conducted, and when he did at last decide to take that dangerous step, he found the planning of his own course of action surprisingly easy.

IN a broad sense, his plan was to follow the exact opposite of the usual procedure, and he did introduce a number of innovations. For the benefit of those who may be contemplating a like career, it may be worth while describing his methods in detail. In the first place, it struck him, early in his investigations, that there was a tedious sameness about the places the embezzlers hit for. If it wasn't the Bahamas, it was either Miami or Atlantic City, and they went there usually in a bright-red convertible and accompanied by a blonde. Though Fred saw, or thought he saw, what influenced them in these choices of destination—all were tourist centers, and presumably uninquisitive about strangers—he was shrewd enough, too, to perceive how faulty such reasoning was. For it seemed to him that just because of this heavy turnover the police in such resorts must be especially well organized for surveillance, while the very fact that a man *was* a newcomer made whatever disguise he might assume more or less ineffective; strangers, in a sense, always go masked.

In the matter of disguise, too, he perceived that others had made a fatal error, in that they assumed it only *after* the act, and then so hastily that they were obviously uncomfortable in it. Fred's best stroke, perhaps, was that he decided to reverse that process. He would spend at least a full year at the bank in disguise—a disguise that would be gradually and carefully perfected—and then, after his getaway, revert to his normal personality.

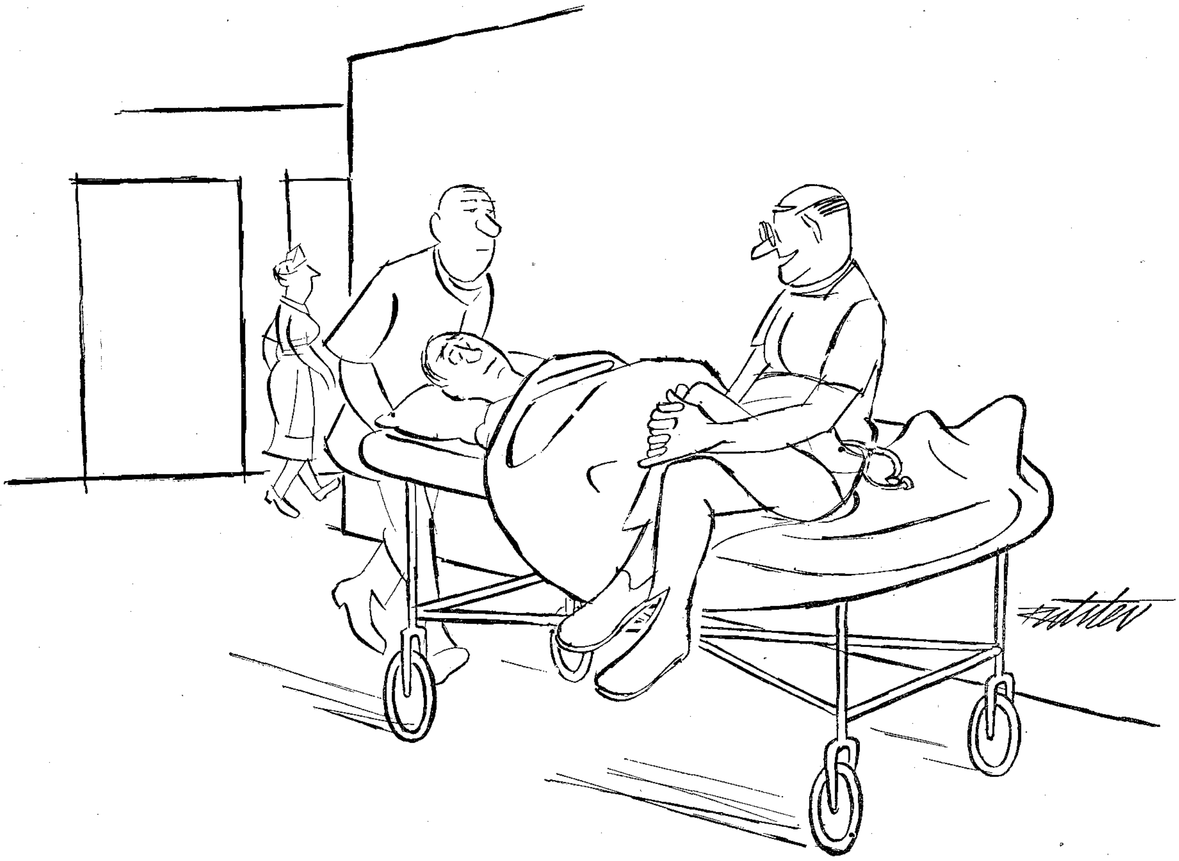
The disguise consisted, for the most part, of little things, but they were all shrewdly calculated to confuse description of him later. His hair was beginning to gray a little, and he nipped that in the bud; in the end, by the most delicate and careful tinting, he managed to give his hair, normally black, just the faintest brownish tinge. His eyes were naturally rather full, and he



"Gauguin started at forty!"

developed a habit of squinting them, while from a conservative, and rather careless, dresser he changed, again very gradually, to an immaculate and—within the confines of banking custom—almost a flashy one.

At about the same time, Fred began to "worry" about his weight, and when a friend suggested golf he tried it—and soon developed a carefully sustained, very vocal enthusiasm for it. That, in turn, led to his joining a country club, and when once he got in with the crowd there, he "blossomed out" in a way that, until his acquaintances got used to the change from the quiet, rather unsociable fellow he once had been, was something of a marvel to them. Being naturally parsimonious, and extremely sedentary, Fred used sometimes to groan at the cost of the entertaining he was now committed to, and groan still more when, at seven o'clock of a Sunday morning, he had to rout himself out of bed and appear, suitably energetic, to join an early foursome. By that time, too, he had bought a new car, a dark-green convertible, and was quite a figure in the social life of the community, and he worried a bit, at first, lest his new conviviality make the bank's officers worry a little about him.



"We're going to have you up and around before you know it."

• •

But he found, to his own surprise, that if anything it increased his standing in the organization. For the truth was that the bank had got a bit stodgy in its methods; it had lost contact with the newer, more youthful elements in the town, and Fred, by his contacts with just these groups, began bringing in a number of new clients that it otherwise would have missed. He did his work well, too, through it all, for that also was part of his plan. He sought, instead of shirking, extra duties, until, by the time he was ready for his coup, he was practically in charge of the bank's New Accounts division; and as a good part of his time during the business day was taken up with luncheons, booster-club meetings, and so on, he fell more and more into the custom of doing his clerical work after hours—with, of course, the safe left open until he closed it himself, upon leaving.

He delayed a full year more, however, and meantime he managed to engineer a few more slight but important changes in his looks and his personality. He acquired a peculiarly abrupt, loud laugh, and a backslapping, jovial, man-to-man way of talking that went well with the reputation of being a real live wire that he had developed. And his athleticism, apparently, did result in reducing his girth by a noticeable number of inches—a fact which he pointed out proudly to friends, though he failed, of course, to add that a lightweight corset accounted for most of the reduction.

Fred had one bad moment in the course of all this, when a cousin of his whom he hadn't seen for five years came East on a motor trip and stopped for a visit. He took one look at the relative who combined golf, dancing, and late dinners with backbreaking work, and expressed amazement.

"What's got into you, Fred, anyway?" he demanded. "Here you're going on forty-five and now all of a sudden you come up with more energy than any other six men I know. You, who used to be so goldarned lazy!"

"Vitamins, I guess," Fred snapped, and made a mental note to avoid relatives, with their uncomfortably long memories, in the future.

FRED had a few bad moments, too, when, one Friday night in early July, he made the final, decisive gesture and—with some forty-three thousand dollars in cash and eighteen thousand additional in negotiable bonds—absconded. For one thing, till then he hadn't quite realized how completely irrevocable that step was. Like the sea captain who can lose only one ship without ruining himself forever, the bank employee has but one chance at criminality. His fingerprints alone, filed away at his bonding company, insure that there shall be no second try. In a sense; when, alone on the quiet suburban street, Fred Barclay snapped the bank's door shut and turned away for the last time, he knew that he was carrying both his past and his future wrapped in one package, in the briefcase un-

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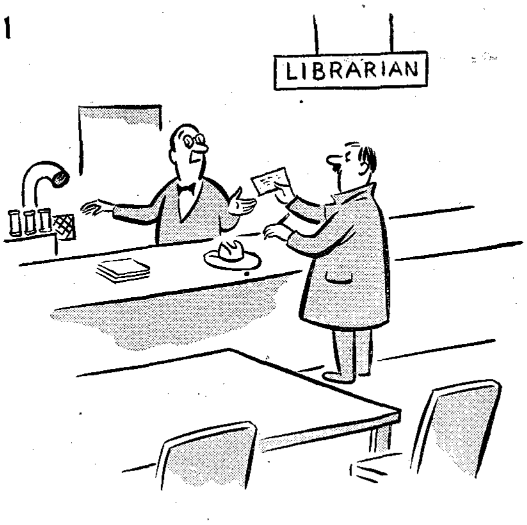

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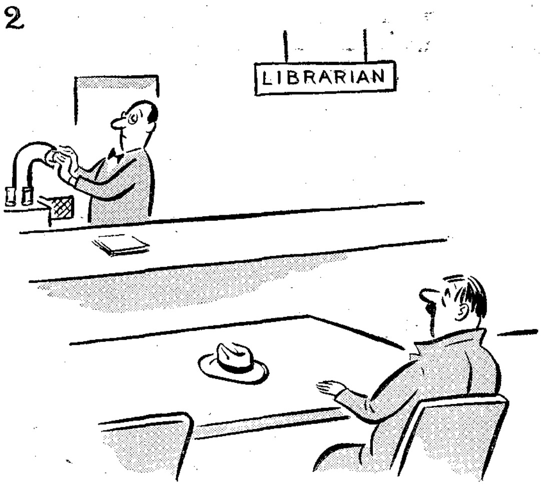

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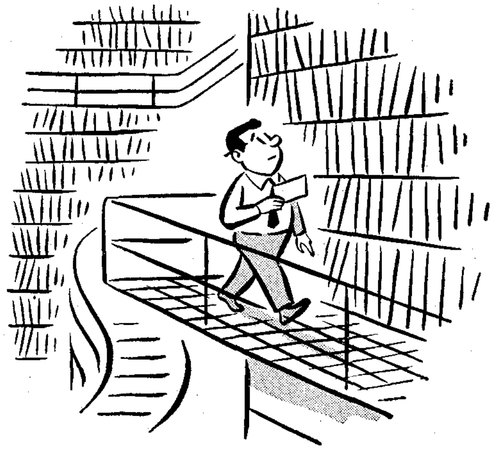

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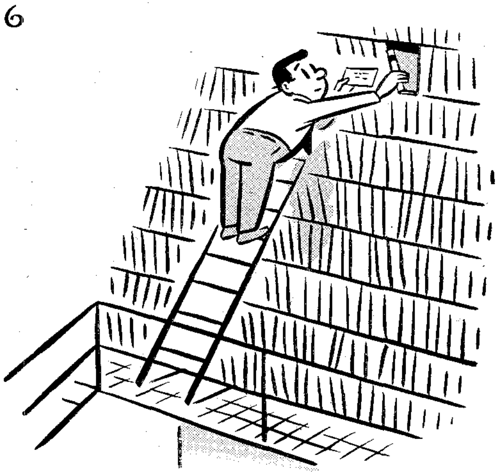

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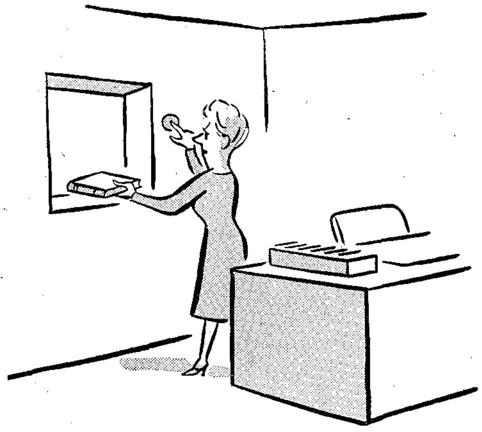

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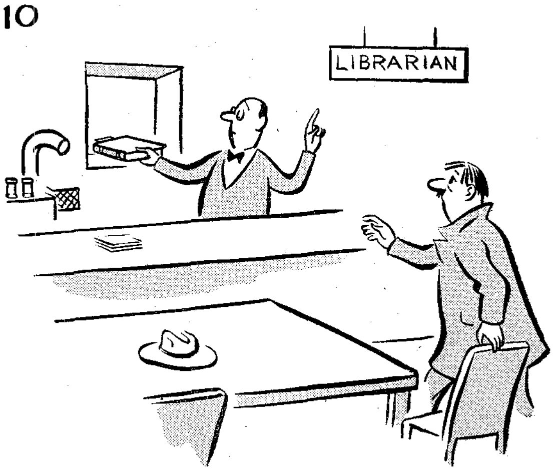


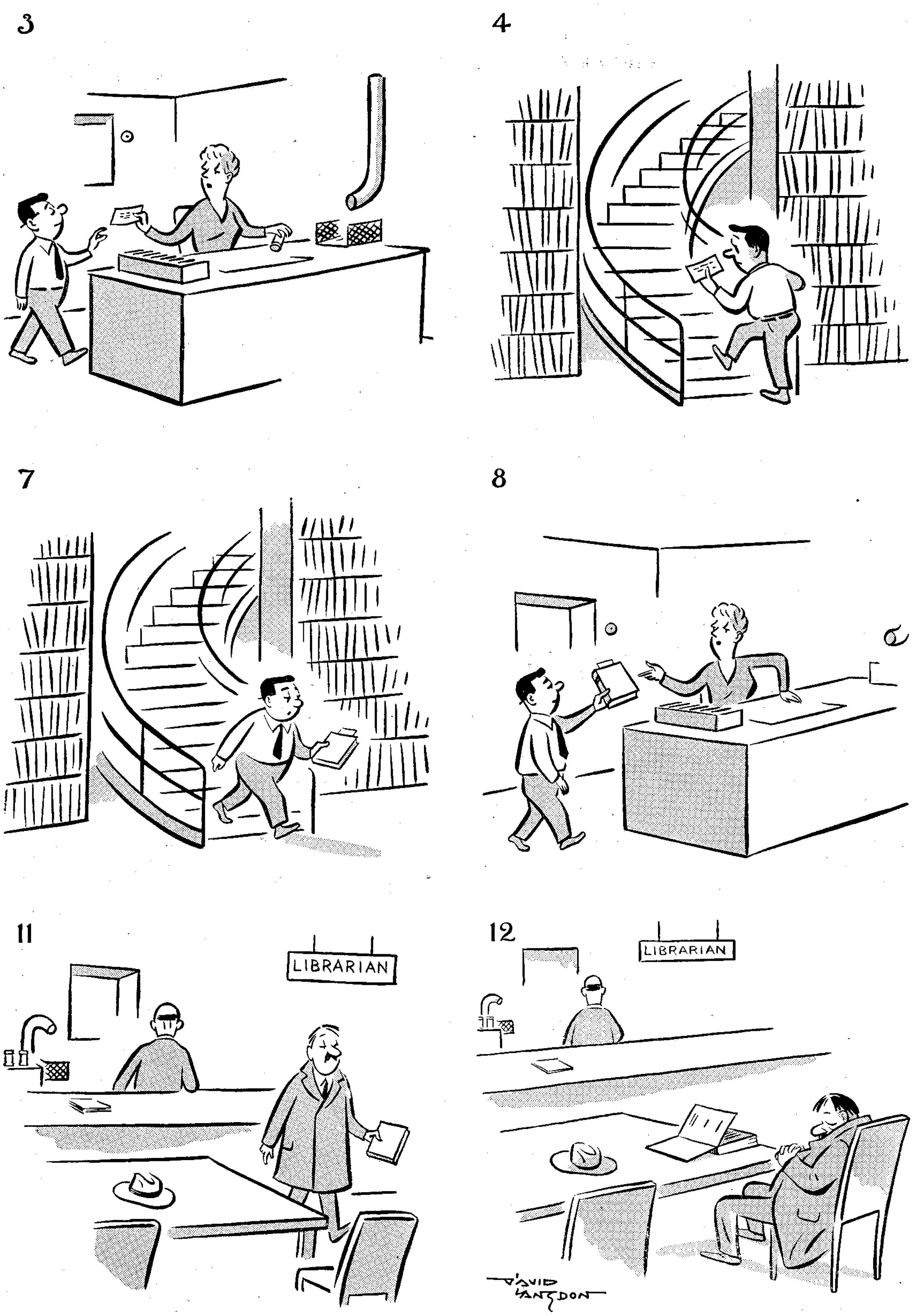
der his arm—and for a while, at least, the knowledge frightened him. Penn Station, when he got there, had never seemed so vast, nor he himself so conspicuous in it. He had a feeling that everyone he passed must know who he was and what he was up to, and when the man sitting across the aisle from him on the train going out from New York started glancing over at him curiously, he found himself trembling.

But the man, a machine-tools salesman out of Detroit, name of Carraway, was merely looking for someone to talk to, and since Barclay's itinerary called for a change of trains at Trenton, he wasn't bothered with him too long, anyway. He was heading for the small town of Grammont, Pennsylvania, in the hills above Stroudsburg and not far from the Delaware River, and as he planned to use the place not merely as a temporary hideaway but as the starting point of a whole new career, he had made his approach to it with some care.

He had chosen Grammont in the first place because it was, in an old-fashioned, thoroughly unambitious way, a summer resort, and so offered a certain hospitality to the newcomer, and he had already made himself known there. As Frank Bennett, a real-estate dealer from Brooklyn, now largely inactive for reasons of health, he had visited the place several times in the course of the previous summer, quietly establishing himself as a personality, and had let himself be almost persuaded to buy a small summer house—"but one suitable for winter use, too, in case I decide to stay on"—and more or less retire there.

The town itself was extremely pleasant, with wide, well-shaded streets lined with roomy old houses that were mainly built in the solid Pennsylvania fashion, of brick, and as soon as he got there Fred (or Frank, now) settled down to enjoy it. To be sure, there were still a few uncomfortable moments. Fred stayed at the town's one hotel (now filled, of course, with summer visitors) while he dickered about the cottage, and there were times when, entering its busy little lobby, some pattern in the arrangement of the people there would suggest a trap; it would take all his fortitude to walk from the door to the desk, get his key, and then—with his back turned to the crowd—go up the stairs to his room.

On the street, for a while, he had

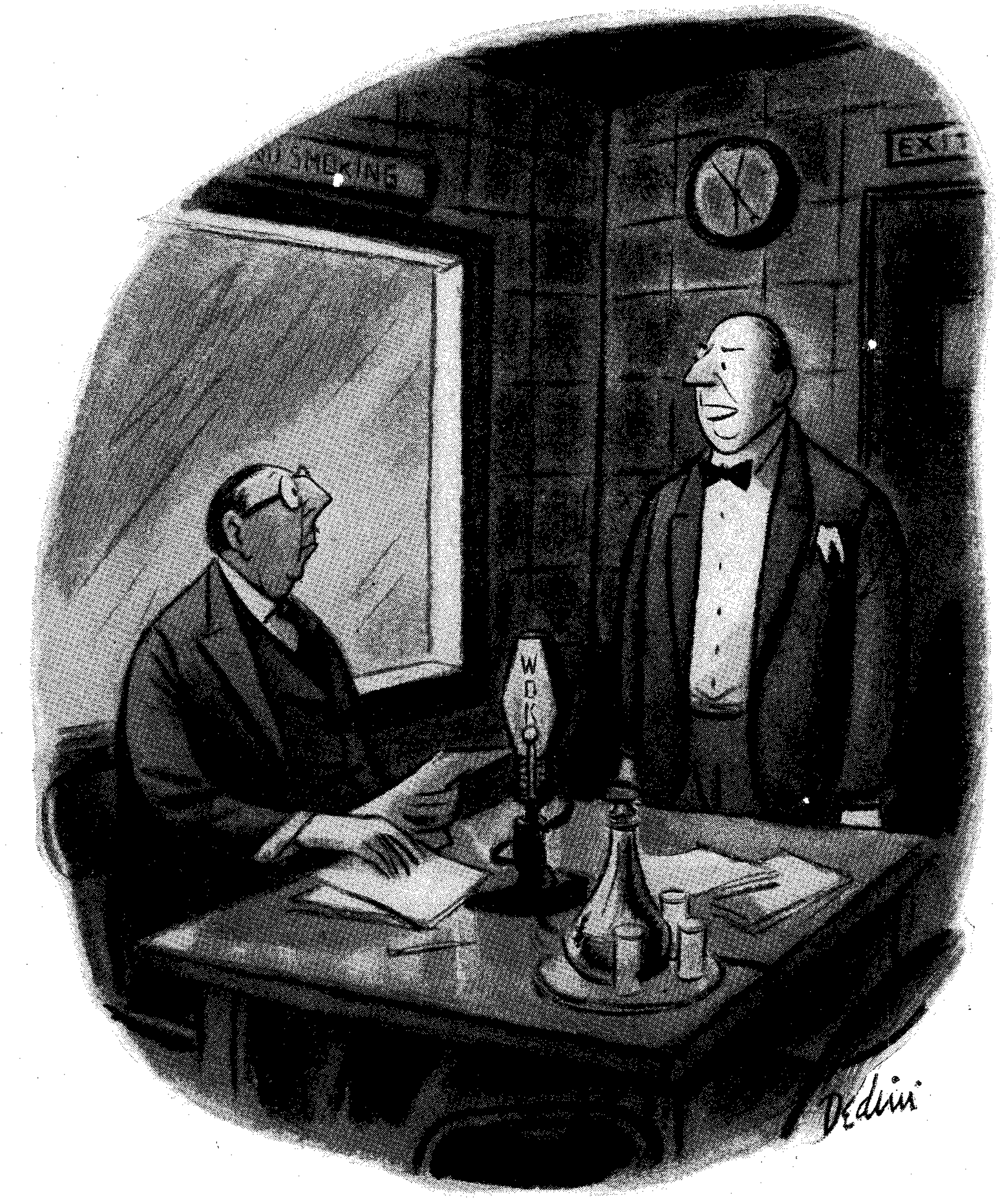


to fight to avoid a feeling that he was being followed, and for a time he couldn't open his room door without a gasping moment of apprehension that inside, sitting quietly on the bed, in the darkness, an agent of the F.B.I. was waiting for him. It gave him, too, day by day, a feeling of grating annoyance to see how long the newspapers hung onto the story of his escapade; it smacked of yellow journalism, he thought, when there were so many other things, obviously more important, to write about, and he longed for a good, juicy murder to take people's minds off the subject.

THE murder did come, in time—in Allentown—and meanwhile Fred had calmed down enough to realize that what he'd been reading in the papers was good news, in a way, for it all indicated that the police were off his scent entirely. (The last clue they were reported following, for example, was a story by a service-station attendant in Clinton, Oklahoma, that he had sold gas to a tourist—well-dressed, brownish-haired, and very athletic-looking—who seemed to answer the police description.) Meantime, too, the very atmosphere of the town and its inhabitants, staid but friendly, unsuspicious and easy-going, had acted as a reassuring influence. Now, as Frank Bennett—a widower, quiet, gray-haired, and rather paunchy, whose idea of fun was a day spent on the lake, in a rowboat, fishing—he was, somewhat ironically, more like the true Fred Barclay than Fred Barclay himself had been.

The trouble was he found he didn't quite like it. He had his cottage by now. To be sure, and for reasons that he himself couldn't define, he'd decided to rent it, instead of buying. But there it was still, a snug, five-room affair at the edge of town, on the road leading to the lake. He had peace; he had quiet, and the unlimited leisure he had always longed for; and, of course, best of all, he had a matter of sixty-one thousand dollars stashed away, with which to enjoy them. He was beginning to extend his acquaintance, too, both among the town's solider citizens and among the summer visitors.

But they all bored him. The majority of the summer people at Grammont were elderly, given largely to bridge and porch sitting, and because of his new staidness and respectability it was chiefly



"I'm afraid we'll have to discontinue your weekly talks on 'Society in an Age of Transition.' You're just not selling cat food."

• •

with these that he found himself associated. There was a younger group, too, for whom the hotel's dance orchestra played on Saturday nights and the three or four roadhouses round about displayed their neons, who drove out to the lake in the afternoons for a swim or to the modest little country club for golf or tennis; and Fred, sitting on his front porch alone or on the hotel's veranda, listening, perhaps, to old Mrs. Hueston (of the Harrisburg Huestons) discourse on her relatives' afflictions, used to watch them whisk past in their bright-colored roadsters with a feeling that was not very far from envy.

They added color and life to the sleepy old town, and it came as a surprise to him to discover that the majority of the older inhabitants regarded them merely as profitable, and hence necessary, nuisances. "After Labor Day, Frank, they begin to clear out," Milan Warrant remarked to him one day, apparently with satisfaction. Milan owned the town's hardware-and-sporting-goods store, and was thus one of Grammont's leading merchants. He was a spry, wiry little man, with a nutlike face, deeply wrinkled, and wispy gray hair, and he and Frank were standing on the sidewalk in front of the hotel at the time, watching two tanned young fellows in striped jerseys as they playfully wrestled a blond girl into their roadster. The girl was tanned, too, which made her hair look almost silvery, and she was wearing white tennis shorts and had long, slender, beautiful legs.

"Come October," Milan went on, "we old-timers, we'll have the town pretty much to ourselves." And though Fred understood that when Milan had said "we old-timers" it meant that he had been "accepted" at last—and knew, too, that he ought to be grateful—it gave him, at the moment, surprisingly little pleasure. "Yes, sir," Milan went on, and Fred realized suddenly that he already knew precisely what was coming next. "Come October, we'll have the town pret-ty much to our-selves." Milan Warrant, he had learned, had a way of saying things twice, the second time with a little more emphasis.

And as he told himself one day in an access of boredom, alone in his cottage—except for Mrs. Lopalsky, who came in to clean up for him, and she hardly counted—a man doesn't steal money just to save it. Stolen money is meant for spending, and the fact that he went out that afternoon and bought a hundred-and-seventy-five-dollar deer rifle, with 'scope, didn't cheer him up particularly. Milan Warrant had promised to take him deer-shooting, but at the moment that didn't seem the best way to spend the fall, either.

He had acquired a small second-hand car by then. In keeping with his new unassumingness, it was a battered but still serviceable business coupé, and Fred's downfall began when he drove out one night, on the spur of the moment, to the Whirlaway Club, a rather raucous little roadhouse a few miles out of town. It was supposed to have gambling upstairs, and Grammont's best people avoided it. But the girl was there, and from then on Fred's story follows almost a classic outline—a drink, a dance, a bit of mild flirtation, and then the gradual involvement. And the question is: Why did it happen?

WAS it fate, as we think of fate—something preordained—or Fred's own contriving? To my own mind, it was largely the latter, and the only thing preordained was the practical impossibility of his escaping from the course he had embarked on when he decided to rob the bank at home. Life does imitate art. In a sense, it has to, for though life is the source of art, art is more persuasive and its patterns are more convincing; it is simpler and more straightforward. Most of all, perhaps, art is more *planned*, and so the man in real life, living fumblingly day by day, is inevitably led, for his own reassurance, to fall back on the longer-range plans of his counterparts in fiction.

So the cowboy, the better to bolster his role, imitates the cowboys in Western movies, and the policeman, accosting the burglar, uses terms that his fictional counterpart used in a detective mystery—and the burglar, similarly instructed, replies in kind. So Fred Barclay, in the end, was drawn into his own pattern, too. The girl's name, anyway, was Joan Marshall, and she was, of course, no better than she should be. She was, in fact, a dancer of sorts, and she had had a small part in a musical the local summer theatre had put on—and then, since it was near the end of the season, had stayed on at the hotel till Labor Day. Fred had said hello to her two or three times before, as she'd brushed past him in the lobby of the hotel, or on its veranda, and now, seeing her standing at the bar of the Whirlaway, he used that as an excuse to speak to her.

"Well," she said, when they had finished their first dance together. "You're not such a square, after all."

Fred looked at her. "A square?" he asked, and she smiled at him. Seeing her now, closer at hand, he was delighted to note that she was nowhere near as young as he had first thought her. She had lines here and there, and a drawn look that needed makeup to conceal it. She looked worn and a little bit dissolute; and dissoluteness, he realized obscurely, was the thing that he longed for now.

They had had several drinks by then, and she gave him a long look, obviously meant to be full of meaning. "I can see there's a lot of things I've got to teach you," she said.

"OLD?" she said, on another occasion. They were sitting in his car, in the moonlight, and the subject had come up, somehow. "You're not old. You're just soft, that's all. A little exercise would fix you up." And Fred, listening to her, began wondering if—in Philadelphia, perhaps—he might be able to outfit himself with another corset. Or, this time, even, do a real job of reducing.

"I used to play a pretty good game of golf," he told her.

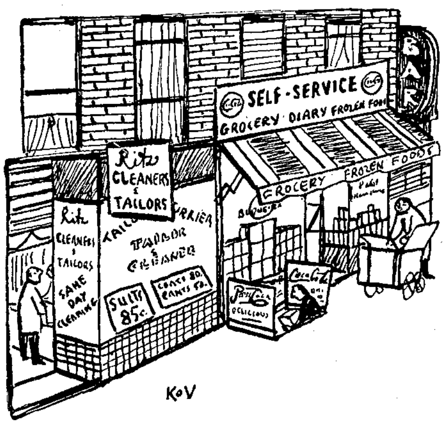
"Did you? Gee! That's the game for me! Or it would be," she added, with a pretty little air of ruefulness, "if I could play it."

"I'll teach you," Fred said.

"But the clubs—"

"Let me get you some."

"YOU don't have to have gray hair, you know," she said. They were sitting in the parlor of his cottage, with Mrs. Lopalsky clattering the dishes disapprovingly in the kitchen. "I think it's just as silly for a man to let himself go like that as it is for a woman. Why'n't you tint it? Look!" she added suddenly, and she leaned forward with that quick little way that never failed to enchant him. "Tell you what I'll do. I'll get some Sheen at the drugstore and do it for you! It's just a rinse, you know, and we'll do it so gradually I'll bet nobody'll ever notice."



IT was a whirlwind courtship, and it caused some comment in Grammont. But the people there had little time to be more than perplexed by it, for when Labor Day came, Joan announced that she was going. "Where?" asked Fred.

"I don't know." She was unusually gentle and wistful, that day, and more dispirited than Fred had ever seen her before. Somehow, it made her seem more helpless, and more appealing. "Back to Philly, I guess. I can always get a job in a night-club chorus line there," she went on, and she gave him a sad little smile. "And that's as far as my money will take me, I guess. But if

UNEASY MINDS

Uneasy minds wander down tortuous paths
To pluck strange titbits from the grassy verges,
Roll like hysteric fowls in dusty baths
And crack their eggs too soon, lest what emerges

Should be some portent, some prodigious sphinx
Or phoenix that would burn the world to ashes.
Doom-laden minds, they ponder on the brinks
Of dreadful gulfs, world-separating gashes,

And plunge, to find them only two feet deep.
Likewise, their path obstructed by some midget
Impediment, they stumble, even weep,
Thinking it insurmountable; yet fidget

When all is too serene, since calm repose
Demands a clearer mastery of matter.
How heavy, too, upon them weigh their woes!
Leaner anxieties no less than fatter

Bow them in anguish, superscribe their brows
With lines all parallel, a field of furrows
Drawn by imagination's heavy plows.
Always they yearn to fly to deep, dark burrows,

For open day afflicts them with distress;
They twitch and palpitate like fretful rabbits.
I wish that I myself did not possess
A mind afflicted by the selfsame habits.

—R. P. Lister

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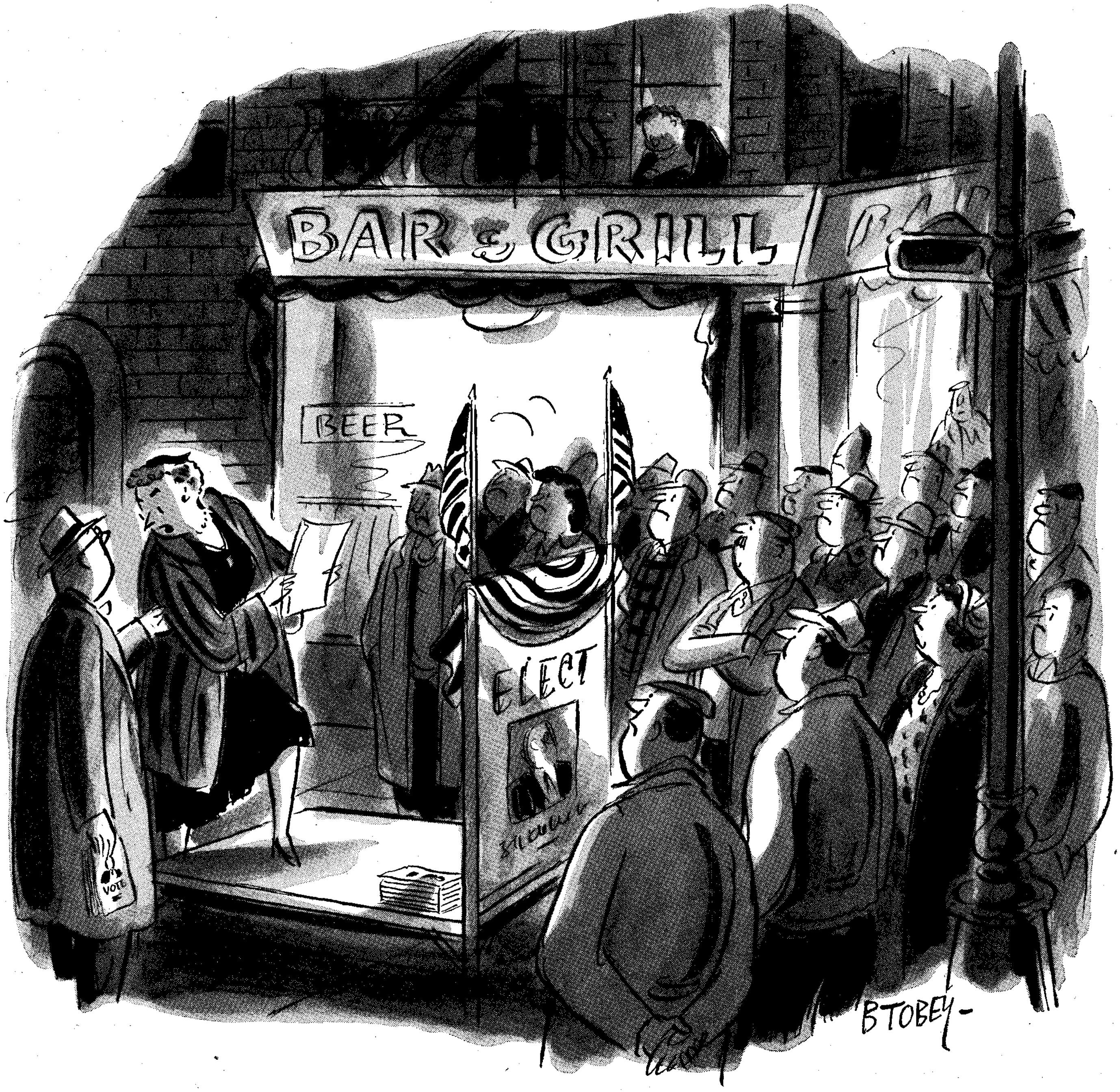

"Oh dear! I wish they'd given me Madison Avenue."

• •

I could only get down to Miami, in time for the season—"

"Miami?"

"Yes, sure. I could headline down there. But why talk about that?" she said.

"Look, would Palm Beach do?"

Joan glanced at him. "Why, yes, sure. Or Sarasota. They all know me down there. But why talk about it?" she repeated.

"But why not?" Fred demanded. "Come down there with me."

And this time she looked at him hard, and long. This, she thought, could be it, if she played it right. "In that old bus of yours?" she asked, with just the tiniest trace of sarcasm. If he had any money, she might as well find it out now. "Do you think it could make it?"

TWO weeks later, in a bright-blue Buick convertible, with a bag of golf clubs in the back and a blonde—did I say that Miss Marshall was a blonde?—by his side, Fred Barclay was arrested as he was unloading his luggage at the Palmcrest Hotel, in Sarasota. He was a few months past schedule, it's true, but that hardly mattered to the two detectives, Edward Connelly, of 148 Palmetto Drive, and James C. Egan, of 3965 Poinciana, who made the pinch. The funny thing was that in this case they also arrested the girl. She, it turned out, was wanted, too, for making off with another girl's fur coat and jewelry in Baltimore, the season before. She was later in turning up, even, than Barclay, but otherwise she, too, ran true to form.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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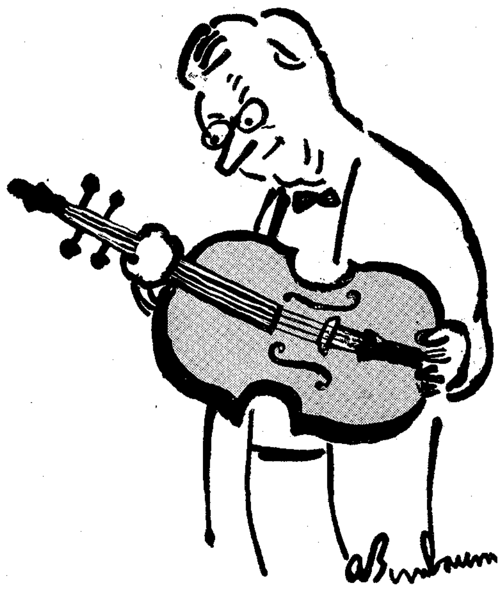
We were able to administer the anecdote and revive the men right in the graveyard.—*Toronto Star Weekly.*

Wait'll you hear *this* one!

PROFILES

TRUSTEE IN FIDDLEDALE—II



Emil Herrmann

ALMOST any intelligent person with a reasonable amount of discernment and taste can become a connoisseur of old furniture, paintings, or china by study, but no one can become an expert on the subject of fine old violins simply by reading books about them. An expert on violins must have not only an extensive academic knowledge of them but an eye and an instinct for them. At the present time, there are not more than a dozen individuals in the world who can pass judgment on the authenticity and merits of old violins and make their judgments stick. Perhaps half of these individuals are dealers of such perception and unquestioned integrity that their word is usually accepted as gospel. One of the best-known of these dealers is Emil Herrmann, a sixty-five-year-old German-born American, who opened the first musical-instrument shop on West Fifty-seventh Street in 1923, and now conducts his business on his estate, called Fiddledale, in Easton, Connecticut.

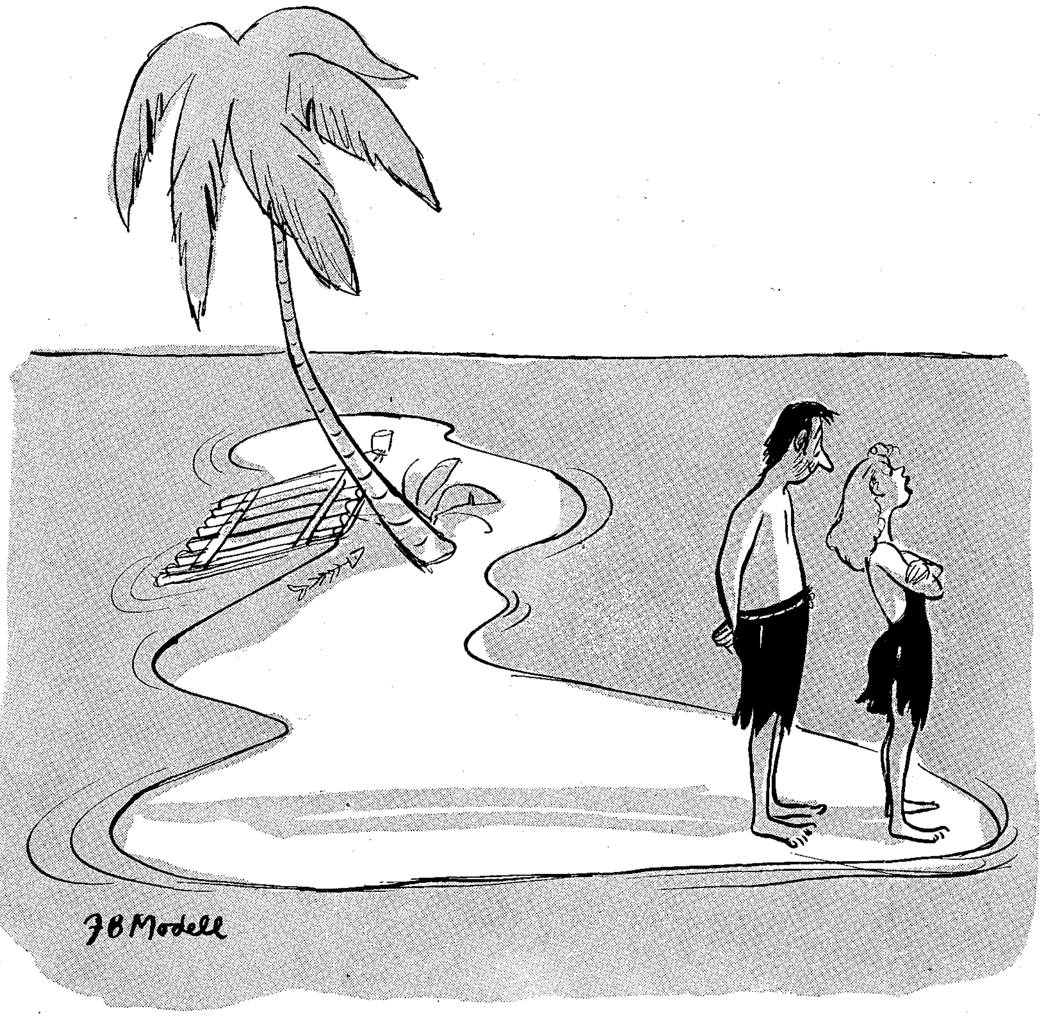
The showcases at Tiffany's contain many glittering treasures, but one can always be sure that in the company's safes rest many others of even greater value. The same is true at Fiddledale, where Herrmann's vault and his combination office and study, both of them bombproof (his fear of atomic-bomb raids was one of the things that led him to leave New York), occupy part of the basement of the main house. The vault, of course, holds the instruments of greatest value—there are always close to two hundred of them, each in a velvet-lined compartment—but so many rare ones are assembled in the well-furnished study that it rather resembles a comfortable museum. One wall of the room is taken up by three open showcases made of Renaissance wood. In one of them is what is regarded as the world's finest collection of miniature violins—from an eighth to three-quarters normal size—made by such artisans as G. B. Guadagnini and G. B. Ruggieri. The center case contains a collection of *pochettes*, the small fiddles once used by dancing masters, who carried them in a pocket of their jackets, suspended by a cord; two violas d'amore, by Bernardo Calcagni and Fernando Gagliano; a quinton (a five-string viol), by Giovanni Grancino; an old viola da gamba, by Niggell; a tenor viol, by Fernando Gagliano; and several other instruments of venerable age and ancestry. The third showcase contains three fine cellos, a number of violins and violas with painted backpieces, and other curiosities. Across the room is a glass chest in which three magnificent cellos, one of them made by Stradivari, are displayed. On the walls are autographed pictures of great violinists, among them Joachim, Ysaye, Sarasate, and Kreisler—who were all, at one time or another, customers of Herrmann or of his father, who was a renowned dealer in Berlin in the early part of the century. And there are several pictures of Nicolò Paganini, the most famous fiddler of all time, who lived too early to be a Herrmann customer—much to Herrmann's regret. Herrmann has a fine collection of Paganini's concert programs. One for Friday, August 17, 1832, at London's Covent Garden, lists among Paganini's "favorite pieces":

> Grand Sonata Militaire, in which will be introduced Mozart's Aria, "Non piu andrai," followed by a Tema, with brilliant Variations (to conclude with "GOD SAVE THE KING!"), composed and to be performed on ONE STRING ONLY (the Fourth String) by SIGNOR PAGANINI.

A massive steel door opens into the vault. There, resting on their sides in the small compartments, are the great violins. To the left of the entrance are rows of violins by Stradivari, Guarnieri, the Amatis (Andrea, Girolamo, Antonio, and Nicolò), Bergonzi, Montagnana, and Ruggieri, and also what Herrmann thinks is the oldest American violin. It was made in 1775 by Peter Young, of Philadelphia, whose work shows the influence of Jakob Steiner, a distinguished German violinmaker. To the right are the less consequential violins, but they are often crowded by an overflow of Guadagninis, Gaglianos, and Gofrillers from the left. The hundred and eighty compartments built into the vault are not enough to house all Herrmann's stock these days, and dozens of violins are stored on shelves above and below the big show. Not surprisingly, the climate in the vault has to be carefully controlled; during the summer an electric dehumidifier is put to work, and in the winter a trayful of water stands in the vault to moisten the air. Also in the vault is Herrmann's register of most of the important violins that are known to exist. It lists the exact measurements of each; provides a set of photographs showing its front, back, sides, scroll, and f-holes; describes its wood and the color of its varnish; gives its history; and concludes with a statement on its ownership and whereabouts at present. "With the help of this register, anybody who has the necessary training and an instinct for violins should be able to identify and appraise all the great instruments in the world," Herrmann says.

Upstairs is an enormous, barn-style living room furnished generously with couches and easy chairs. On the walls hang paintings of musical subjects. One, by the early-seventeenth-century Dutch artist Jan Molenaer, is called "Le Violoniste." The violin shown in it is an Andrea Amati, and Herrmann cites the painting as additional proof of his contention that Andrea Amati was the creator of the modern violin. Of all the great Italian violinmakers, the Amatis are Herrmann's personal favorites—a preference I learned about some years ago when an unexpected windfall enabled me to go to him with the idea of buying a fine violin. Herrmann has a knowing and persuasive way with customers, and I came away at length with one made by the brothers Antonio and Girolamo Amati.

HERRMANN'S business being as informal as it is, prospective customers are often invited to come to Easton for a few days and try out vio-



"I'd know. That's who would know!"

lins. Past customers are also invited to come and try out better violins; many a possessor of a relatively humble Guadagnini or Gagliano has in time graduated into the circle of persons who own a sublime Guarnieri del Gesù or a Stradivari. Once a man has bought one of Herrmann's violins, he is automatically accepted as a member of the multitudinous Herrmann household, which, in addition to Herrmann and his wife, consists of an adopted daughter (they have a daughter of their own, but she is married and lives abroad) and a great many uncles, aunts, and in-laws. Over this unwieldy ménage presides Mrs. Herrmann, who is the daughter of an old-school Russian colonel; Herrmann met and married her while he was a prisoner of war in Siberia during the First World War. A slim, graceful, tranquil woman, Mrs. Herrmann shares her husband's fondness for violins in general and for Amatis in particular, and is able to identify some of the world's leading violinists on the basis of the sounds that emanate from her husband's study. Sitting in her living room while downstairs an appassionato passage is being played on a Guarnieri del Gesù, she will suddenly say, "Ah, there is Sascha. I must ask him to come up for a glass of tea." Or it may be Toscha, or Jascha, or Mischa, or Grischa. Mrs. Herrmann remains unruffled when her husband brings half a dozen excited fiddlers up from the basement just in time for lunch or dinner. Most of them are hungry, having gone through the emotional experience of playing fine violins that they are pretty sure they will never be able to buy. To cope with such emergencies, Mrs. Herrmann has taken up the American system of pre-cooking and deep-freezing; the things she preserves, though, are not chicken pies and lamb stew but the Russian dishes of her youth in Sevastopol. Hers is probably the only home freezer on either side of the Iron Curtain that is filled with *piroshky*, *kotlety Posharski*, *bitotchky*, *zrazy à la Nelson*, *kulybiaka*, and *kulitch*. The Russian atmosphere at Fiddledale is enhanced by an icon in the easternmost corner of each room, a basement bar painted to look like the "good room" in a Russian farmhouse, and liberal supplies of vodka (Smirnoff's, made in Hartford).

Herrmann speaks good Russian and is fond of caviar, vodka—which he serves Russian-style, with a few drops of lemon juice—and Russian dishes, but at times he feels that he is losing his identity among his wife's relatives, and he is often likely to exclaim, "*Ich bin schon ganz russifiziert!*" ("I'm completely Russified!") In any case, he has become pretty well adjusted to the wild vicissitudes of the Russian temperament. The head of his workshop at Easton, which is in a small building near the main house, is his brother-in-law Michael, or Mischa, Yurkevich, who is an expert at repairing violins. Every afternoon, Herrmann stops in at the shop to see how things are going. While Mischa and Herrmann respect each other's talents, their divergences in temperament occasionally lead them into arguments about the fine points of violinmaking and repair. One afternoon recently, I accompanied Herrmann on his visit to the workshop, a cheerful, white-walled room with large windows that look out on beautifully landscaped grounds. Mischa was standing at a workbench near one of the windows, where he had an assortment of knives, chisels, saws, calipers, planes, sandpaper, and bits of wood within easy reach; also near at hand was a small iron pot of glue simmering on an electric plate. The place was permeated with the odors of glue and oil. Violins in various stages of repair hung from a rack along one wall. Mischa, wearing a pharmacist's white coat, was inspecting a 1683 Stradivari he had opened by removing the top. Herrmann explained to me that there was a tiny crack in the rib of the instrument, between the tailpiece and the chin rest, which had probably been caused by heat. "We hate to open a fine fiddle," he said. "A little of the wood and varnish always gets lost. But we had to do it."

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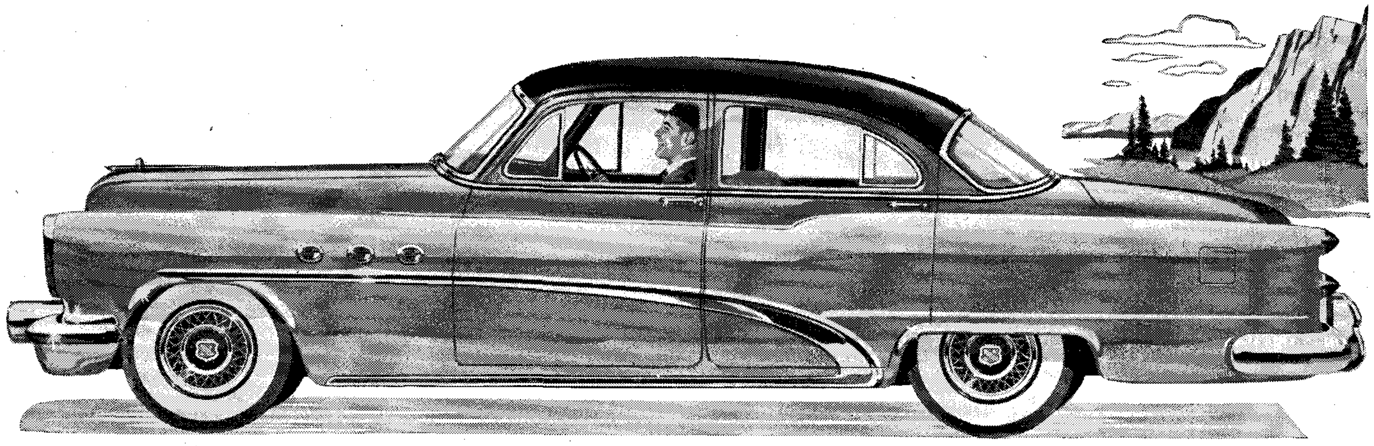

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Mischa said. "This one's pretty far gone." The bass-bar is inside the violin, attached to the belly. It supports the left foot of the bridge and helps to maintain a balance between the vibration of the belly and the vibration of the G string. The right foot of the bridge is supported by the sound post, a slender, cylindrical rod that transmits the vibrations of the belly to the back. There is more to a violin than meets the eye.

Herrmann pushed his glasses up on his forehead, turned the belly of the violin over, and held it up to the light. "Yes," he said. "The bass-bar is sloping. A new one wouldn't hurt."

"It would brighten up the sound of the G string," Mischa said.

"It could stand a little brightening up," Herrmann said. "You got the right wood?"

"Yes. About thirty years old," Mischa said.

The decision to install a new bass-bar was a momentous one, I knew, since it might change the acoustic qualities of the instrument. Violins are like human beings; it often takes a patient a long time to get used to a surgical change. I asked Mischa whether he wasn't worried about how the operation might affect the violin. He smiled confidently and said, "It'll sound better than before."

"How can you be sure?" I asked.

"I know," he replied.

"That's what he always says," Herrmann said, with a touch of irritation in his voice.

"Well, it's true, isn't it?" Mischa demanded. "I've fixed violins that were in a hundred pieces. They're as good as ever now. As long as the original wood and varnish haven't been lost, everything can be fixed."

I asked Mischa what sort of varnish he used to supplement the old. He smiled and didn't answer.

"They all think they have the secret!" Herrmann said gruffly. "Every child knows what varnish is—oils, gums, alcohol."

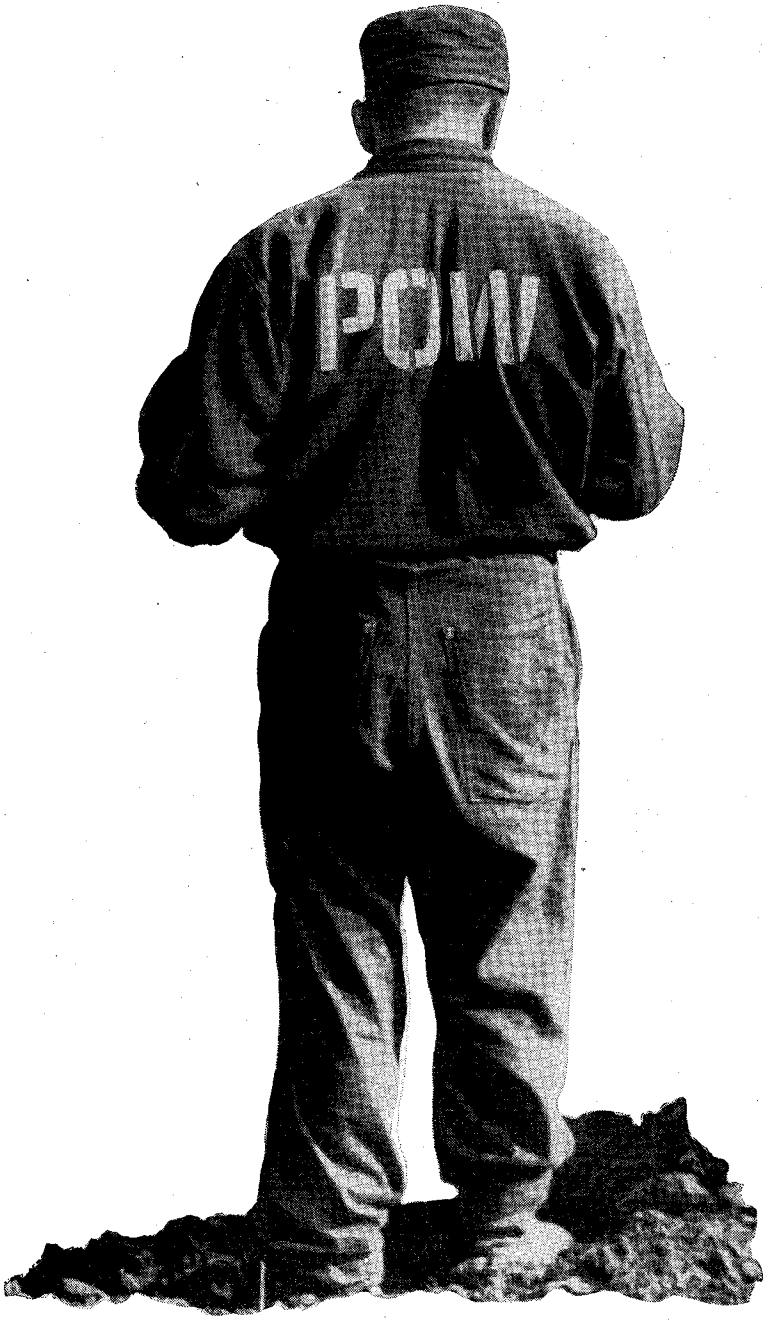
"Yes," Mischa said, "but how much of each? And what about the mixture? Cold or boiled? If you'd get me some real dragon's blood, I could come up with a fine varnish." Dragon's blood—a dark-red, gummy substance derived from the fruit of a Malayan palm tree—is said to have been used by Stradivari in his varnish. Mischa opened a drawer and showed me a blob of stuff that looked like rosin. "This is synthetic dragon's blood—factory-made," he said. "Stradivari's supplies came from Venice, where Marco Polo had brought them from China. Nothing was synthetic then. No wonder Stradivari could produce those wonderful red shades."

"In Berlin, we once got real dragon's blood from China," Herrmann said. "And the varnish wasn't like Stradivari's."

Mischa retorted, with some asperity, that Herrmann should have hired Stradivari to run his workshop, and there followed a trilingual argument, the two men switching from English to German to Russian and back. Finally, Mischa exclaimed in English, "Synthetic! Everything is synthetic these days!" He picked up the Stradivari and turned his back to us. We left.

HERRMANN's workday begins with the arrival of the morning mail, which often puts him in a gloomy frame of mind. Hardly a week passes that someone doesn't offer to sell him a "genuine" Stradivari, and every time the newspapers come out with a story about the discovery of an allegedly old violin, he is deluged with telegrams and long-distance calls from people who think that they, too, own a master instrument. Their optimism is understandable: An old violin case has been cluttering up the attic for a long time; upon reading of somebody's find, they open the case, and inside is a violin bearing the label "*Antonius Stradivarius Cremonensis Faciebat Anno 17——*;" they now recall that their parents once said Grandpa had brought a violin with him from Europe in the eighteen-fifties; and they are convinced they own a fifty-thousand-dollar instrument. (Fifty thousand dollars—that's what it said in the paper.) The unfortunate truth is that their violin is probably worth between twenty and thirty dollars, at the most. In the past hundred years, tens of thousands of cheap "factory fiddles" have been made, in assembly-line style, in the towns of Markneukirchen, Saxony; Graslitz, Bohemia; Mittenwald, Bavaria; and Mirecourt, France. Practically the entire population of these communities works at turning out inexpensive musical instruments. The men cut bellies and backpieces and make the sides, scrolls, and f-holes; the youngsters apply the varnish and chisel bridges and pegs; the women make finger boards and cases, and print beautiful labels bearing the name Stradivarius. These people get little money for their labor; the profits go to the exporters. It is certainly no coincidence that Markneukirchen—at least prior to the Second World War—had more millionaires than any other German town of comparable size. In addition to these factory fiddles, custom-built violins have for years been manufactured in several large German cities. Called *Grosstadtgeigen* (big-city violins), these often bear the marks of good craftsmanship. They range in price from a hundred to a thousand dollars.

Herrmann is, of course, as eager as anybody else to unearth a genuine old fiddle, but he knows that the chances of doing so are infinitesimal. It is true that many precious violins disappeared during the Napoleonic invasions of Italy, Spain, and Austria, during the Franco-Prussian War, and during both World Wars, but the experts are convinced that they were destroyed and that the history and whereabouts of practically all the remaining great violins are known. The careers of the majority of these can be traced back for forty or fifty years; in the case of some instruments, the entire history is known, from the time it left the workshop of its maker. Herrmann concedes that a few masterpieces may be hidden somewhere, but he thinks it most unlikely that the somewhere is the attic of an American house. "Certain violins that were spoken of in old journals and letters and diaries have disappeared," he says. "They may well be in the possession of wealthy or aristocratic families in Italy, France, or England—families who are aware of what they own but say nothing about it. In this country, people have searched their belongings too often to make many more discoveries probable. But I wish we knew something about Russia." Herrmann feels sure that during the Russian Revolution, a lot of fine fiddles must have found their way from glass cases in noblemen's houses to the vaults of the state. It is known that the state owns many important instruments and lends them out to "reliable" artists; the finest Stradivari in Russia is thought to be the one played by the Kremlin's favorite violinist, David Oïstrakh. Herrmann estimates that a dozen Stradivari instruments and from fifty to a hundred other fine old violins, violas, and cellos are now in the Soviet Union. He would be glad to go there and give the Russians the true picture of what they've got. "Some of their so-called authentic instruments would undoubtedly turn out to be fakes," he says, "but there are probably also some genuine ones that haven't been identified." While waiting for a call from Moscow, Herrmann makes regular trips to Italy, where most fine fiddles came from originally and where only very few still are. This is attributable chiefly



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to the activities of several Italian dealers during the past century, the most assiduous of whom was Luigi Tarisio, who between 1800 and 1845 bought up fine violins by the score and sold them in France. Present-day Italians long for good violins, and Herrmann is moved by their longing. Four years ago, when he was suffering from rheumatism, he visited the town of Abano Terme, near Padua, where there are therapeutic baths. While he was there, word got around that the man from America had a Stradivari and a Guarnieri del Gesù in his room, and he was besieged by residents of the community who wanted to look at his fiddles. "You walk through an Italian town with a violin case under your arm and people come after you to ask what you have in it," he says.

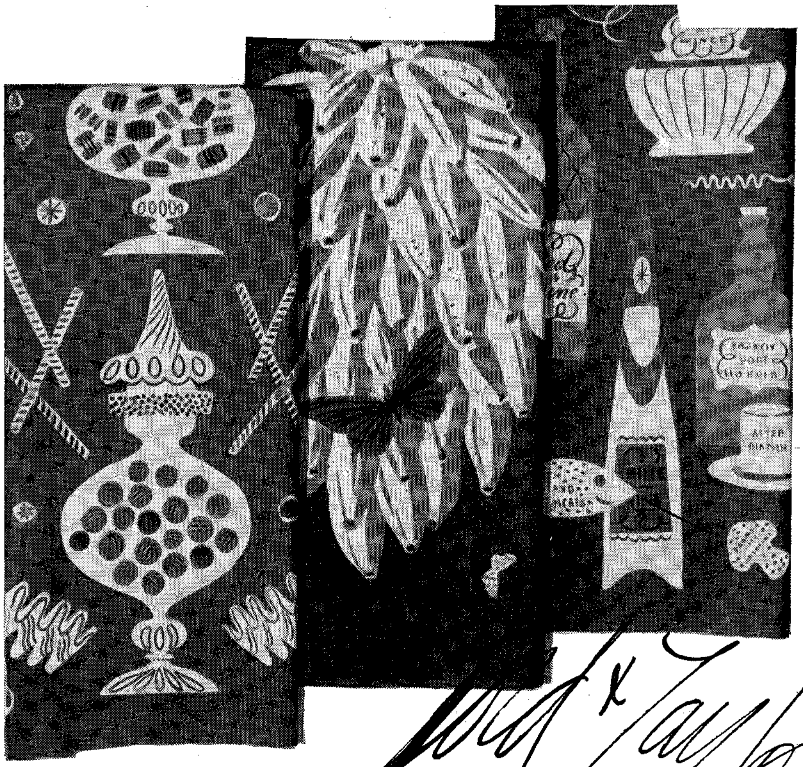
Herrmann tries to discourage the Americans who beg him to let them bring in a violin that they have found among the family heirlooms and that they are sure is "genuine." He tells them not to waste the time and money, and if they keep pestering him, he tells them just to send him a photograph of the instrument in question. Even so, hopeful owners of violins keep journeying to Fiddledale from all over the country. Almost all of them leave disappointed and some of them leave angry. "They try to persuade me that their forty-year-old factory fiddle has been in their family for more than two hundred years," Herrmann says. "They think I'm lying when I tell them the truth, and they threaten to go to another dealer—who, of course, tells them the same thing. They go home and put the violin back up in the attic, and thirty years from now their children will find it there and think *they've* got a treasure. No one ever throws a violin away, no matter how bad it is. It's a vicious circle."

Only once in his career has Herrmann discovered a previously unknown masterpiece. That was in 1911, in Posen, Germany, where he had gone, as a representative of his father, to deliver an instrument to a customer. He was told that an old postal clerk in the town owned several violins, among them a Stradivari. Youthful though he was, Herrmann was skeptical, but he went to the clerk's house, just on a chance. His skepticism deepened when he was ushered into a living room that looked like a second-rate antique shop. The clerk showed him thirty or forty violins, all of them factory-made, and Herrmann was about to leave when the clerk brought out a battered old case and opened it. "I couldn't have been more amazed," Herrmann recalls. "It was a Stradivari—no doubt about it—a small one, made in 1684, with a one-piece back and a light-brown varnish. It was in a bad state of repair, with several cracks, but it was definitely genuine. I offered to buy it, along with eight of the other violins, but the postal clerk didn't want to sell. I paid him several hundred marks for some horrible china and bric-a-brac, in the hope of establishing good will, and said I'd be back. Two weeks later, I returned with four thousand marks in gold—nine hundred and fifty dollars in those days. The clerk still didn't want to sell. We argued all afternoon and well into the evening. Finally, around ten o'clock, I took out the money and put the whole four thousand marks, in twenty-mark gold pieces, on the table—four long rows of fifty coins each. It was a tempting, gleaming sight, and the clerk couldn't resist."

Many people bring violins of unquestioned value to Herrmann and ask him to authenticate or appraise them. Herrmann can recognize any good violin he has ever seen before, and even if his previous encounter with the instrument was thirty years back, he can remember precisely the circumstances under which it took place. He keeps himself in practice for such exercises of recognition by going daily into his vault and, alone and in silence, surveying his rows of violins, identifying each instrument simply by one aspect or another of its superficial appearance. It is a routine that he calls "playing a few scales."

When Herrmann looks at a beautiful old violin for the first time, he is something to look at himself. He holds it up in front of him, getting the feel of it and noting its shape. If he can't identify a reputedly good violin within a minute, the chances are that something is amiss. In doubtful cases, his extensive scrutiny begins with the back, where he examines the texture of the wood and quality of the varnish. Then he studies the front, with its f-holes, and the scroll, the sides, and the ornamental purfling along the edges. Every prominent violinmaker had certain peculiarities of de-

sign, and they are as obvious to the eye of the expert as the characteristics of a man's signature are to a bank teller; the cutting of the scroll and f-holes is particularly revealing. Even aberrations sometimes provide a key; Stradivari's eyes grew weak in his last years, with the result that the curves and f-holes of the violins he made then lack the dynamic sweep of his earlier ones. Some violins display the touch of more than one maker. A number of the last instruments made by Nicolò Amati show the hand of Stradivari, who started out as an apprentice in Amati's workshop. In his book "Antonio Stradivari, His Life and Work," the late Alfred E. Hill, a violin dealer in London and one of the great violin authorities of all time, mentioned an authentic Stradivari with a label reading, "*Alumnus Nicholai Amati, Faciebat Anno 1666;*" this would mean that Stradivari was then in his early twenties, which is entirely plausible, for the great violinmakers started early. Andrea Guarnieri made one of his outstanding violins when he was fifteen. In some of Stradivari's last violins, the coöperation of his sons Francesco and Omobono is evident. Experts often argue about certain violins that were made around 1720, when Andrea Guarnieri's son Giuseppe Guarnieri had his young cousin Giuseppe Guarnieri del Gesù, Carlo Bergonzi, and Lorenzo Guadagnini all working side by side in his workshop. Some years ago, Herrmann identified an alleged Giuseppe Guarnieri del Gesù as the work of Giuseppe Guarnieri; on the other hand, del Gesù used his own labels only after 1726, and some of his independently made earlier violins bear his cousin's label. In Herrmann's vault is a violin labelled "Nicolò Amati, 1646," which is known to have actually been made by his less famous son, Girolamo. It was the favorite violin of Benito Mussolini, who always thought he had a genuine Nicolò Amati; apparently, no one dared disillusion him. The collection started by Rudolph Wurlitzer, of the musical-instrument company, used to contain a violin with belly and label by Stradivari and back, ribs, and scroll by Alessandro Gagliano. Hill once bought a fine Stradivari of 1710 with a scroll by del Gesù, and soon thereafter came into possession of a fine del Gesù with a Stradivari scroll; an anonymous violinmaker is believed to have had both violins in his shop for repair and accidentally changed the scrolls. Every once in a while, Herrmann, too, gets a violin that he knows was not made by the man who made



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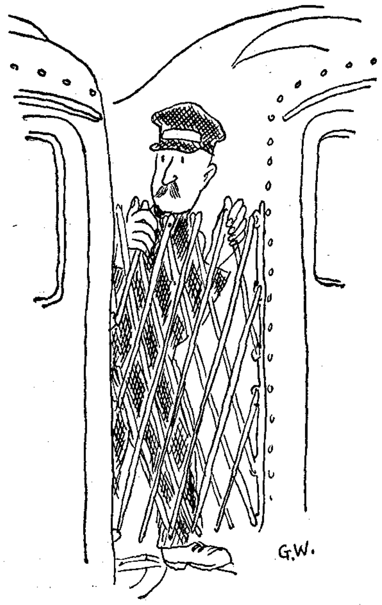
its scroll. When this happens, he puts it in his vault and waits, perhaps ten or twenty years, until he comes across a proper scroll—which, if it turns up at all, is likely to appear on a relatively undistinguished instrument that has been reconditioned by an unknowledgeable repairman. Herrmann has also had occasion to match up violins with their proper labels. He has been assembling a collection of labels since 1908; as a nucleus he acquired the famous collection of the Italian maker Giuseppe Fiorini, and he has kept picking up others in Europe. Labels often tell a story. On the labels of G. B. Guadagnini, for instance, one can follow the maker's wanderings from Piacenza to Milan to Cremona to Parma to Turin; a meticulous man, Guadagnini always changed his labels with his place of residence. Stradivari changed the type face of his labels but never their wording, though after 1729 he changed the Latin "u" in "Stradiuarius" to the Roman "v."

Stradivari's violins vary considerably in value. Although his genius is evident in everything he did, there is a difference in quality, and price, between the instruments of his early, Amati period—they are called Amatise—and those of his "golden" period, from 1700 to 1720, and those of his "late" period, after 1727. Of the approximately five hundred and forty violins (and eleven violas and fifty cellos) that have survived Stradivari, there are a dozen that are generally regarded as supreme. At the head of the list is the "Messiah," which was made in 1716, when Stradivari was seventy-two, and which is now in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. (Almost all great violins have honorific names commemorating early owners or attesting to their noble characteristics.) The "Messiah" was once owned by Count Cozio di Salabue, an enthusiastic collector of the late eighteenth century, who acquired several of the finest Stradivari violins directly from the heirs of the master; Cozio's notes have been invaluable in authenticating a number of Stradivaris. Other distinguished Stradivari violins are the "Alard," of 1715; the "Cessole," of 1716; the "Parke-Kreisler," of 1711; the "Dolphin," of 1714, now owned by Heifetz; the "Soil," of 1714, now owned by Menuhin (M. Soil was a nineteenth-century Belgian collector); and the "King Maximilian," of 1709, which Herrmann sold in 1931 to Frau R. Loeb, the wife of a Berlin banker, for three hundred thousand marks, which was then seventy-one thousand dollars and is the highest price he ever got for an instrument. He has written a monograph, in both English and German, on this violin and one of Menuhin's Stradivaris, the "Prince Khevenhüller," and illustrated it with scrupulously accurate colored plates. For the past ten years, he has been at work on a book in which he hopes to synthesize all that he has learned through research and experience on the subject of the Cremonese masters and their work. He expects that it will reverse many popular assumptions about violins and their makers, and he complacently admits that it will no doubt stir up endless controversies among the experts.

From time to time, Herrmann has to inform the owner of a rare old violin who has brought it in for appraisal that in his estimation the instrument is not worth as much as its possessor would like to believe. Today, the prices of Stradivaris range all the way from around ten thousand dollars to around sixty thousand. Buying violins at a price that will permit him to sell them profitably is, of course, the dealer's most difficult commercial problem. Herrmann is always on the lookout for instruments. Like all dealers, he keeps himself well informed on such events as deaths, divorces, and economic crises involving the owners of rare violins, for they mean a possible seller. Sometimes there is a spirited race among dealers to get there first with the most. The violin market, though not as topsy-turvy as the art market, has had violent ups and downs. There have been times when a fine violin offered at a ridiculously low price has gone begging, and there have been others when a fine violin could not be had at any price within reason. Henry Ford, who never played the violin but



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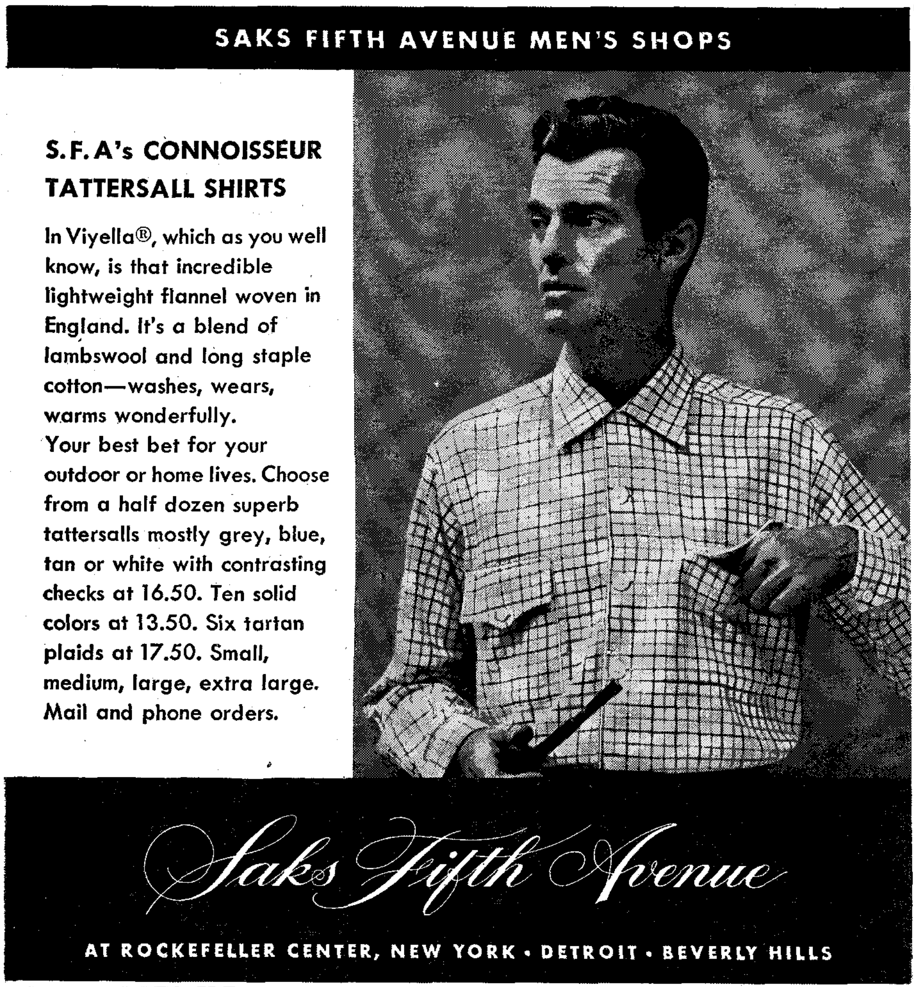
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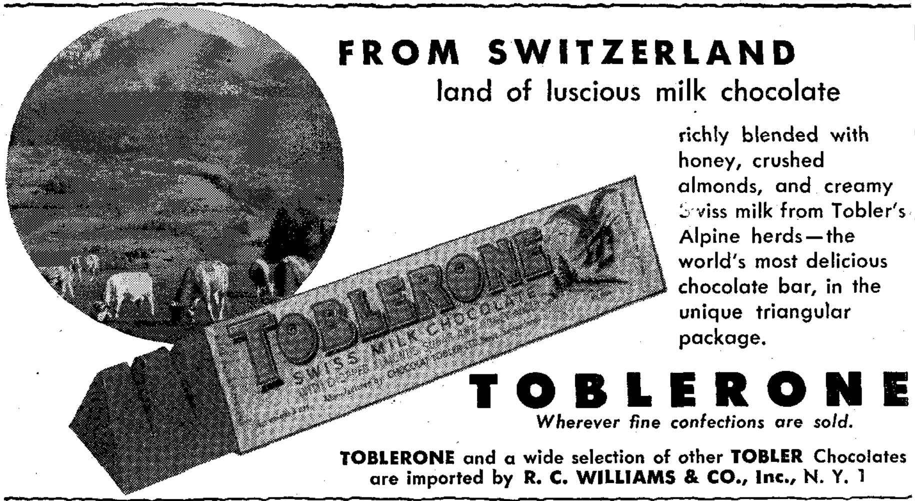

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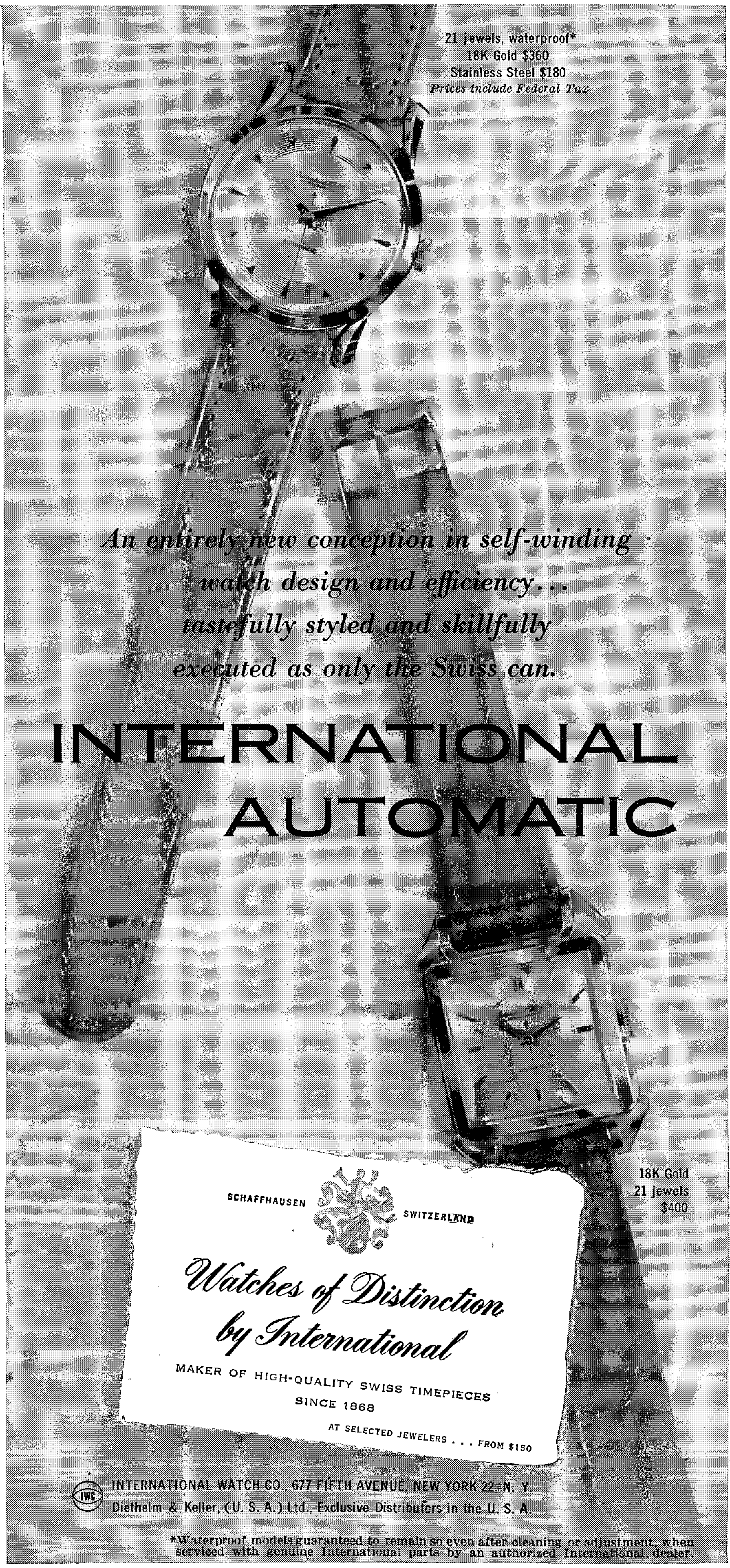
was a zealous collector, once offered a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the "Alard" Stradivari and didn't get it.

Herrmann had dealings with Ford in 1924, when he was invited out to Dearborn to show the automobile manufacturer a few instruments. He took along eight violins, including two Stradivaris and a Guarnieri del Gesù. Ford asked Herrmann to play a certain polka, and when Herrmann said he didn't know it, Ford dispatched a messenger to the Dearborn Public Library for a photostatic copy of the score. After Herrmann had played it on all eight instruments, Ford showed interest in one of the Stradivaris and said he would think it over and make an offer the next day. Would Mr. Herrmann meanwhile leave the instruments with him? Herrmann agreed to do so, and set out for his hotel, full of dreams of making Ford's collection the greatest on earth. Upon entering the lobby, he saw a poster announcing that his friend Jascha Heifetz was to give a concert in nearby Detroit the following evening. Here, he thought, was a most felicitous break; he would get Heifetz to play the violins for Ford—not even the most hard-headed businessman could resist the magic pull of Heifetz' portamento. "I went to see Jascha the next morning," Herrmann recalls. "At first, he didn't want to go to Ford's at all. I kept pleading with him, and in the afternoon he changed his mind and said he would go along, provided I wouldn't ask him to play the violins. He said he couldn't—not with only a few hours before his concert—but I was pretty sure he would break down once we were in Ford's office. When we got there, Ford told Heifetz he was quite a fellow, and Heifetz, who was twenty-three at the time, replied, 'You're a great man, too, Mr. Ford.' Ford asked Heifetz how he liked the violins. Heifetz said he liked them fine. Silence. Then Ford asked, 'Would you care to play any of them?' Heifetz said he never touched a strange violin before a concert. And he didn't. I begged him and Ford begged him, but Jascha never so much as touched one of the violins. Ford was rather nice about it—he showed us through some parts of his factory, and went to Heifetz's concert that night—but he didn't buy any of my violins."

Herrmann has had greater success with other wealthy people. He feels that the high point of his career came in 1946, when he managed to sell the quartet of Stradivari stringed instruments—two violins, a viola, and a cello—that was once owned by Paganini. Assembling a matched quartet of rare instruments has always been one of Herrmann's special delights. It is not an easy thing to do; for example, as his father pointed out, in a 1912 monograph called "Das Ideal Streichquartett," only eleven Stradivari string quartets can be formed, because only eleven Stradivari violas exist. Herrmann assembled one Stradivari quartet in 1937, which was used by the Musical Art Quartet (the Quartet later disbanded, and the instruments are scattered), and there are three other Stradivari quartets in this country, owned by the Herbert N. Straus family, the estate of Felix M. Warburg, and the Whittall Foundation in Washington. But no one had ever been able to bring together the four Paganini instruments—the "Desaint" and "Salabue" violins, of 1680 and 1727; the "Paganini" viola, of 1731; and the "Ladenburg" cello, of 1736. Herrmann's father had tried for years, and so had other dealers, but the best anyone could do was to get control of two of the instruments at one time. Herrmann got hold of the viola and the cello in 1935, and picked up the "Desaint" violin in 1944, when a collector in Boston died. In 1945, he acquired the "Salabue," from a New York investment banker and collector. This is one of the instruments whose entire pedigree is known, right from the day they left the workshop of their makers. It was bought from the Stradivari estate by Count Cozio di Salabue, who sold it in 1817 to Paganini for a hundred louis d'or—approximately four hundred dollars. Subsequent owners were Paganini's son, Baron Achille Paganini; the dealer J. B. Vuillaume; the Comte de Vireille; the dealers Gand & Bernardel; the Italian collector Ernest Nicolini; the dealers Hart & Son; the British collector Frederick Smith; the dealers W. E. Hill & Sons; and the American collector Felix Kahn, who brought it to this country in 1914. He later sold it to Herrmann, who sold it to the investment banker, who sold it back to Herrmann to complete the Paganini set. During this tortuous career, the price of the "Salabue" went up a hundredfold—to forty thousand dollars.

Herrmann offered his Stradivari quartet to several affluent collectors without success. He was thinking of breaking it up and disposing of the instruments one by one when he met the Belgian violoncellist Robert Maas, who had been a member of the celebrated Pro Arte Quartet in Europe. Maas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had come to America in 1944 and was trying to start a similar ensemble here, but neither he nor the three other players he had interested in the project had adequate instruments. Herrmann showed Maas the Paganini quartet, and Maas went to see Mrs. Anna E. Clark, a wealthy New York woman, whose niece he had met in Europe and who was well known for her lifelong devotion to chamber music. Mrs. Clark thought well of the quartet of instruments, and two weeks later sent Herrmann a hundred-and-fifty-five-thousand-dollar check for them. She turned them over to Maas's quartet, which accommodatingly named itself the Paganini Quartet.

In 1946, Herrmann assembled a quartet of Nicolò Amati instruments, which Mrs. Clark also bought. She lent the instruments to the Loewenguth Quartet. Herrmann has since put together a Matteo Gofriller quartet and a G. B. Guadagnini quartet, and hopes to put together a Guarnieri quartet. Because Giuseppe Guarnieri del Gesù, the best of the Guarnieris, made no violas or cellos, Herrmann's idea is to match two fine del Gesù violins with a cello made by Cousin Giuseppe and a viola made by Uncle Andrea. It will be a big day for Herrmann when he achieves the Guarnieri family reunion.

ONE morning not long ago, Herrmann called me up and invited me to come to Fiddledale and play a few string quartets that evening with him and two friends of his. He apologized for giving me such short notice, but I assured him I would be delighted to come. There is almost nothing that would keep me from an evening of chamber music; almost every string player feels the same way, since it was written for the enjoyment of amateurs rather than for the display purposes of professionals. Beethoven wrote his magnificent quartets to be played in the houses of his aristocratic patrons. Chamber music, and particularly string-quartet music, is the pure essence of music; composers of far more ambitious works have turned to it from time to time as a means of distilling beauty from musical instruments that compositions for big orchestras, with their brasses, woodwinds, and percussion, cannot duplicate. From the player's point of view, chamber music is wonderfully satisfying, for, unlike orchestral works or solos, it is usually played in congenial surroundings where, no matter how inadequate the performer may be, his ego is not likely to be injured. For the most part, chamber music is played not by people trying to prove something to themselves or to others but by people whose enthusiasm outstrips their ability. It's music for the sake of music, the perfect blending of music and companionship, and when I drove out to Fiddledale, through the lovely Connecticut countryside, I felt happy and supremely at peace with the world.

As I entered Herrmann's house, I heard the sounds of instruments being tuned up in the living room. The Herrmann dogs, Butch and Mursik, came barking at me in the hallway, but soon withdrew in amiable indifference. In the dining room, Mrs. Herrmann and her adopted daughter Natascha were setting the table for a late supper. In the living room, where Herrmann had set up four stands, I shook hands with my fellow-players. They were Leopold Godowsky, Jr., an amateur musician, a professional inventor, and the son of a well-known pianist. He was going to play his Amati viola. The cello player was Aldo Parisot, a reserved young Brazilian concert artist, who smokes a pipe even while playing a difficult passage; he owns a Montagnana. Herrmann and I would play the violins.

Herrmann went down to the basement and came back with several instruments. As he was putting them down on a table, he gave Parisot's cello a sharp, clinical glance. "What happened to your Montagnana, Aldo?" he asked, pointing to a tiny spot where the varnish had come off.

"My boy banged his spoon against it," said Parisot, with a young father's proud smile. "He's nine months old. Has no respect for Montagnana."

I took my Amati out of its case, but Herrmann said, "Wait! Let's play the first quartet on Gofrillers. Here, take this one." He handed me a violin, gave a handsome dark-red viola to Godowsky, and told Parisot to go down to the vault and fetch the Gofriller cello. Godowsky played a few notes on the viola; they were sonorous and mellow. "What a beautiful, big tone!" he said. "But it's a terribly large instrument, particularly after my Amati."

"That's why it has that big tone," Herrmann told him.

We played Mozart's "Hunting" Quartet, and I was soon swept up to the rarefied heights of string-quartet harmony, where for me there is some of that exaltation I imagine mountain climbers must experience on silent peaks above the clouds. After the first movement, there was the vigorous tuning and practicing that amateurs go in for at such times, together with talk of missed rests, of that fourth bar after C, of the repetition of the main theme, and so on. Godowsky told Herrmann how much he admired the varnish of the Gofriller viola. "Until a few years ago, that viola was considered a genuine Bergonzi with a false Bergonzi label," Herrmann said. "But when I first saw it, I was sure it was a Matteo Gofriller. A lot of people thought I was wrong, pointing out that the varnish is soft and thick, with all the earmarks of a fine Cremonese finish. Gofriller, of course, lived in Venice, where the varnish never approached that of the Cremonese. Well, perhaps Gofriller did spend some time in Cremona. At any rate, that's where someone—probably Luigi Tarisio—found that viola. He took it to France, and I guess he thought he'd get more money for it under the Italian name of Bergonzi than under the German-sounding name of Gofriller—who wasn't well known in Paris, anyway. He's probably the one who put the Bergonzi label in it. But it's now recognized as an authentic Gofriller, all right."

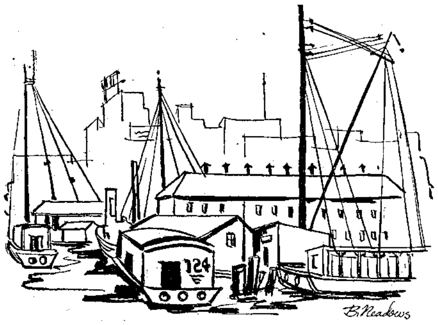
Next, we played one of the early Beethovens—Opus 18, No. 4—and then got ready for Dvořák's "American" Quartet, Opus 96. Herrmann suggested that we change instruments for the Dvořák, and asked us what we'd like. Everybody was in favor of Stradivaris; after all, there are not many private homes in Connecticut—or anywhere else, for that matter—where one has an opportunity to play quartets on Stradivaris.

"All right," Herrmann said. "Go down and help yourself. You know where they are." As the three of us started for the basement, he called after me, "Bring one for me."

"Which one?" I asked.

"Any one. They're all good," he said.

In the vault, the Stradivaris were lying in their velvet compartments, side by side. For myself, I took a violin that was made in 1709 and once belonged to the great virtuoso Tivadar Nachez; I knew it had a wonderful tone, for



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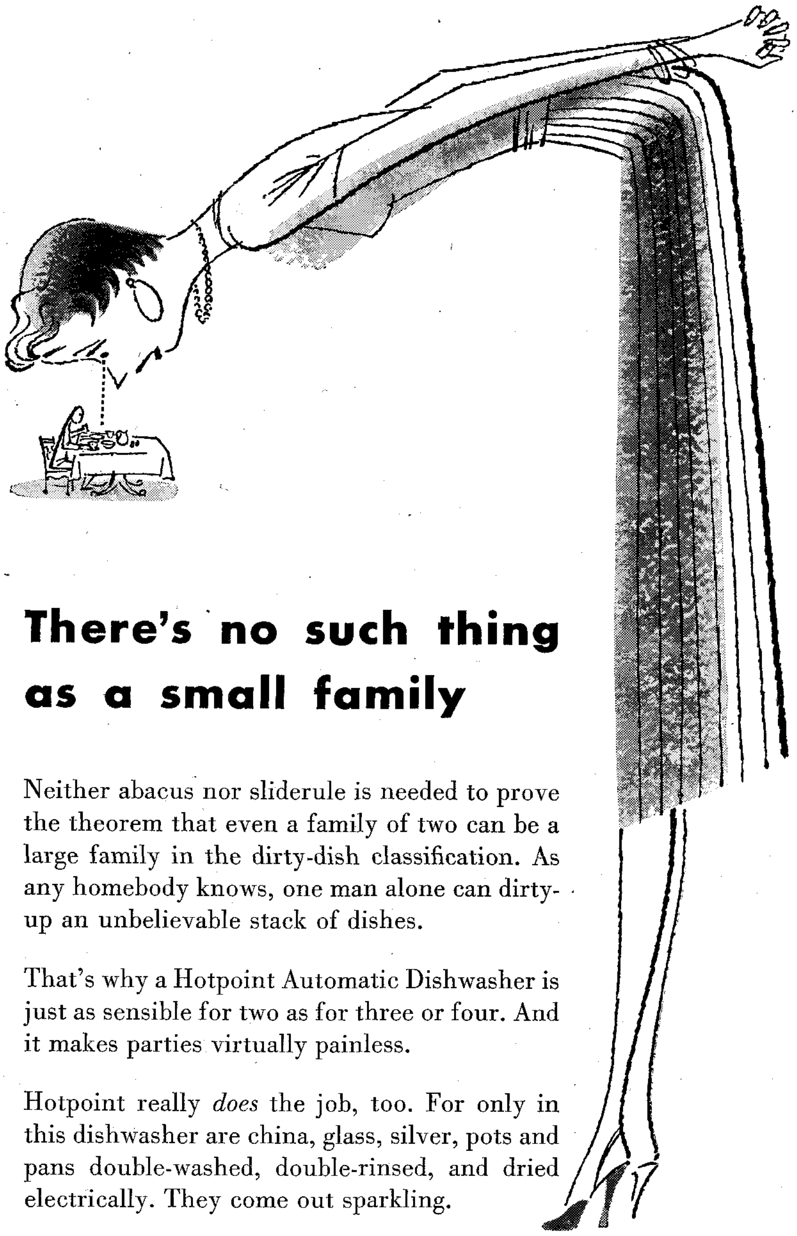
I had played it before. Then I picked out the "Monasterio" for Herrmann. Godowsky and Parisot weren't confronted by the necessity of making a choice; among Herrmann's collection of Stradivari instruments there was only one viola and one cello at that moment.

In the Dvořák my Stradivari sang like a human voice; it responded to the slightest pressure of the bow. Like all the greatest violins, its tone was penetrating and soft, sweet and strong at the same time—a perfect combination of beauty and volume. It felt unbelievably good to be playing the melancholy theme—a theme that always makes me think of the sad Czech folk songs of my youth—on such a violin. We finished the Dvořák and were about to go on to something else when Mrs. Herrmann came in and said that the food was not getting better for waiting. Suddenly we all discovered that we were very hungry. We went into the dining room, where we found all the Russian in-laws. Natascha served the food—*bitotchky*, *bœuf Stroganoff*, American ham, and German-style sausages—and Herrmann brought in several bottles of wine. Mischa said he'd liked the Dvořák, but why hadn't I used the 1683 Strad he'd just repaired? "The new bass-bar gives the G string more brilliance," he added. There was talk about fiddles and fiddlers—about Kreisler's avuncular manner as he came onstage, about Menuhin's way of swinging his violin like a baseball bat, about Heifetz, an elegant bundle of discipline, and about another great violinist, who during his performances used to make mental note of who had come to his recital and who hadn't. Then the conversation turned—as it so often does at Fiddledale—to Herrmann's most cherished aim in life: the establishment of a museum of fine stringed instruments. It is a subject on which he is highly articulate and extremely persuasive. "Artists and art lovers have plenty of opportunity to study the works of the great masters," he said, "but what can a violinmaker or a violinist do? There just isn't any place in the world where the great Italian instruments can be studied. I've always thought that anyone who has a great instrument in his possession—including dealers like me—is really just a trustee for future generations of artisans and musicians. But that's not enough. The trustees should get together and pool their treasures—or at least some of them. The violins, violas, and cellos in this museum needn't be the most famous in their fields; they should be typical,



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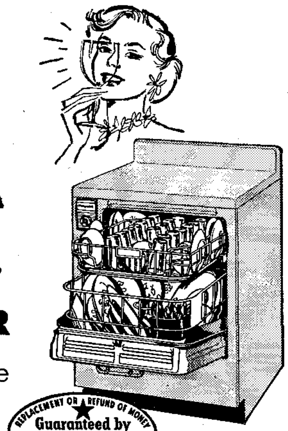

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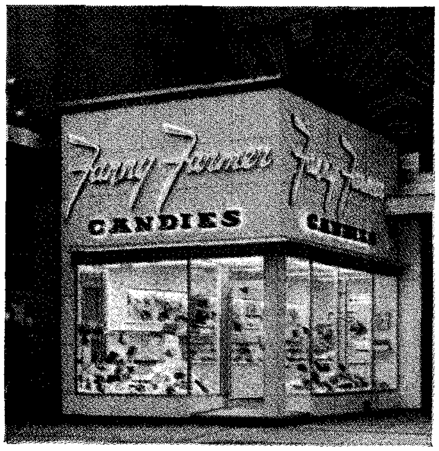

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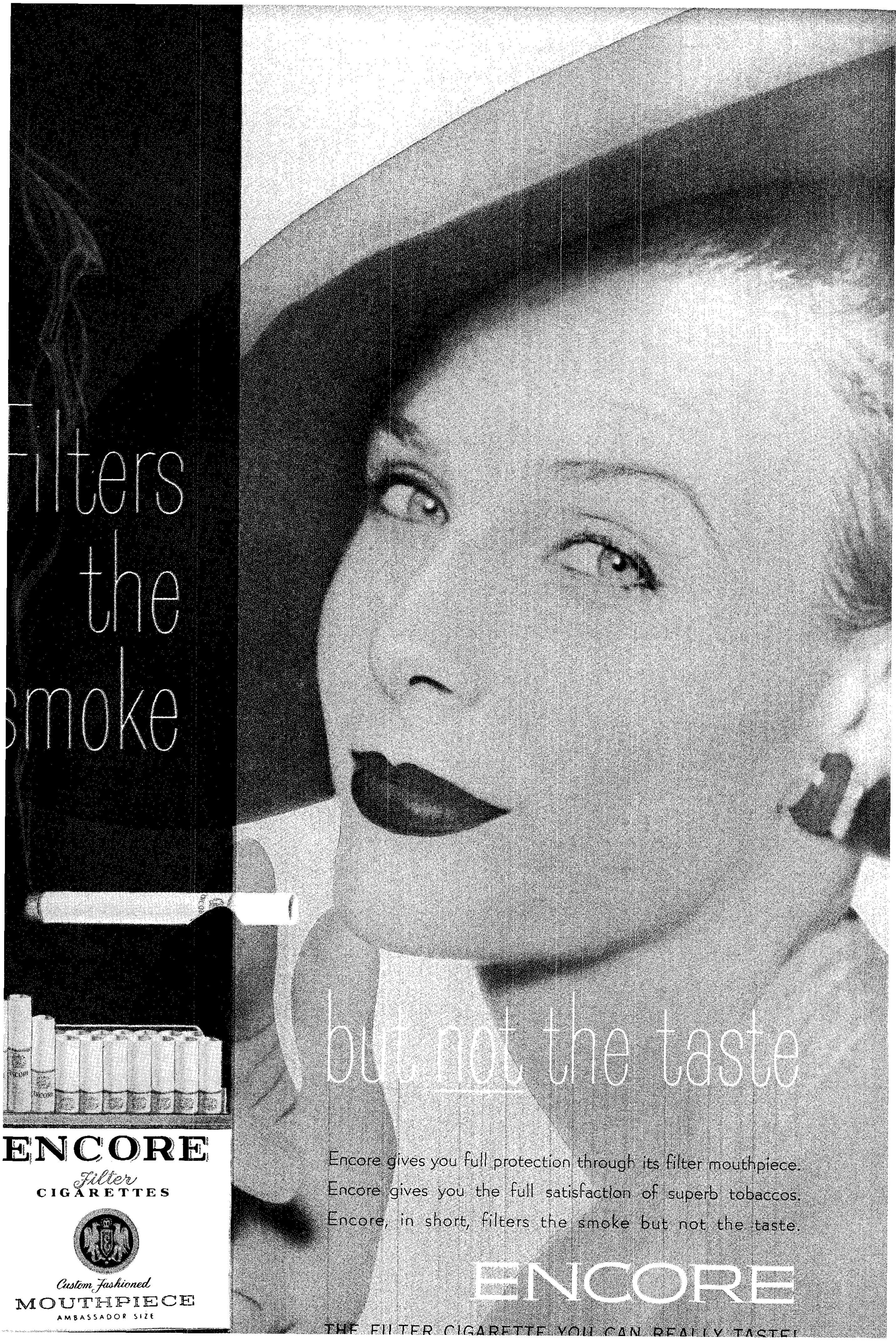
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rather than outstanding, specimens. And the museum should be a *living* museum, loaning out its assets to gifted young artists. Well, maybe it will come true someday, if I live long enough. Now, who would like another glass of wine?" Presently we went back to the living room and played more quartets on still other instruments. I tried the Stradivari that Mischa had repaired; it sounded excellent. So did a Ruggieri. And after that I played my Amati.

Much later, after Godowsky and Parisot had gone home, Herrmann and I went down to his study, carrying our wineglasses, and inspected the most recent addition to his collection—a Pietro Guarnieri, of 1742. We sat there talking for a while, and when we returned to the living room, the lights had been turned out and moonlight was the only illumination. From the dining room came the muted sound of voices and a faint tinkle of glasses. My empty violin case was lying on a chair by a window. I looked for a light switch in order to find my Amati, which I'd left on a large table with seven or eight other violins. Before I could find a switch, Herrmann went to the table and ran the tips of his fingers over the sides of one violin after another, as a blind man would read Braille. "Here's your Amati," he said after a moment, and handed me a violin. It was.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Herrmann.*)

•

"*Ma'am est servie*," says the headwaiter of The Colony with courtly ceremony. With these three little French words he announces that a royal lady's dinner is starting.—*From "Gone with the Windsors," by Iles Brody.*

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Johnny Johnston plans to settle in Hollywood now that he's expecting his fourth baby. Too bad he couldn't have done this when he was married to Kathryn Grayson—if he had, he would still be married to her.—*Sheilah Graham in Silver Screen.*

How many children would they have?

•

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[*From the Morristown* (*N.J.*) *Daily Record*]

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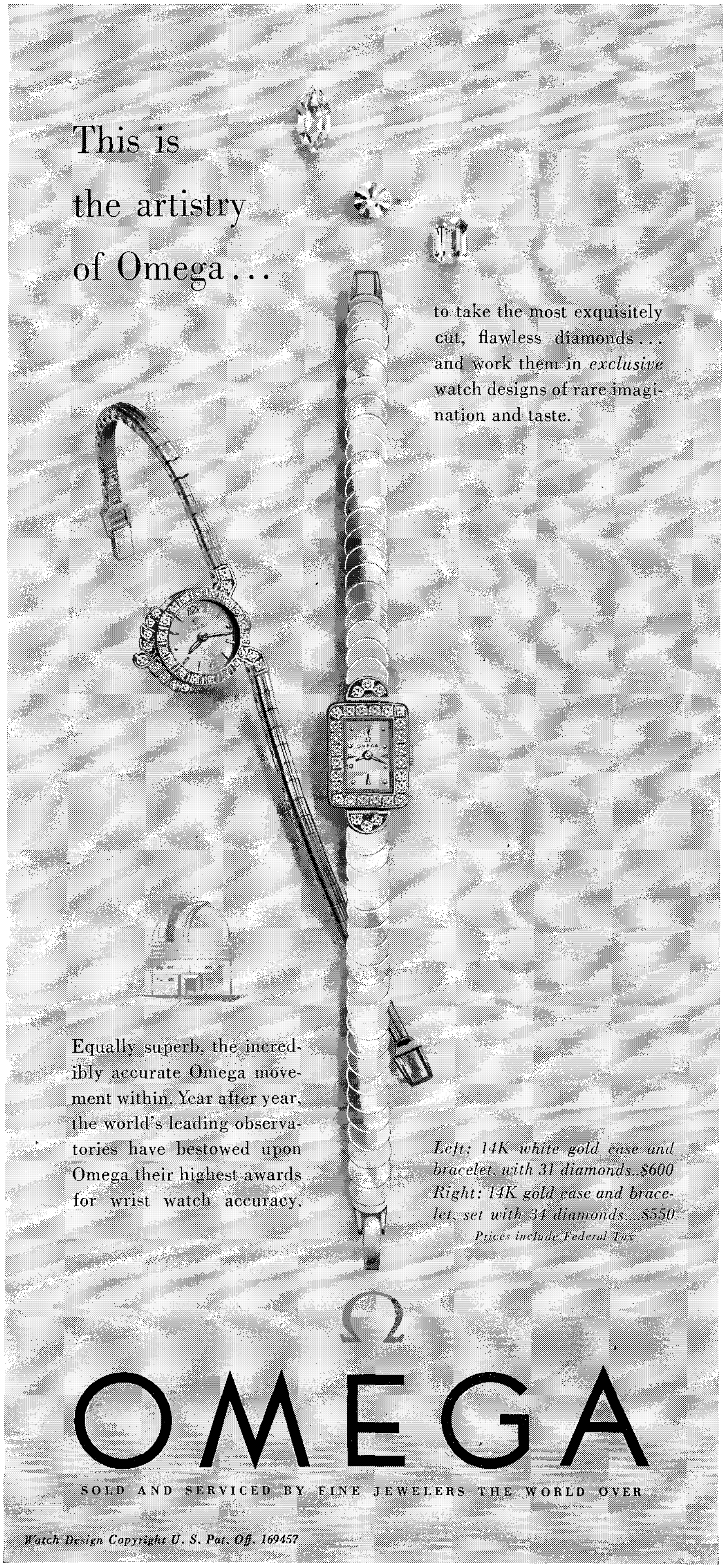
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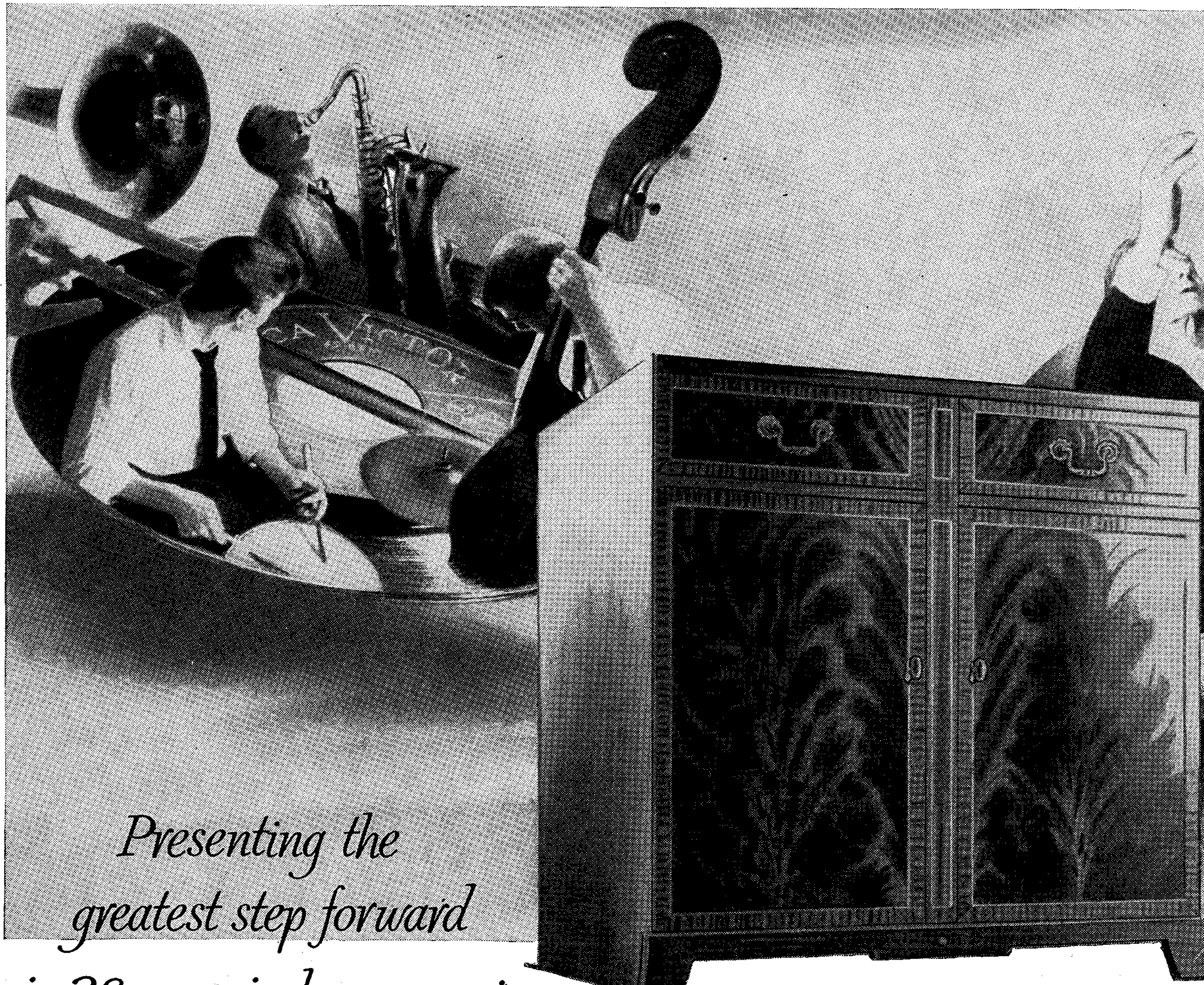

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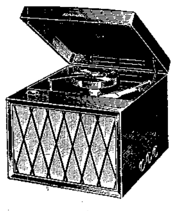

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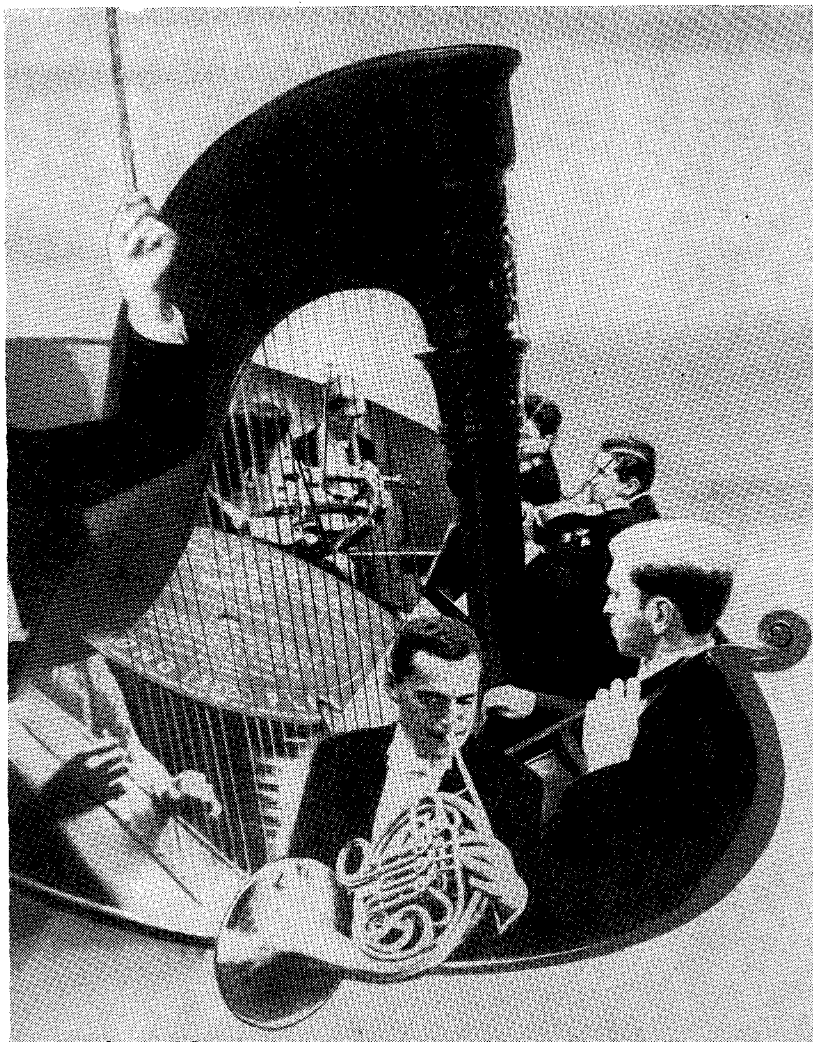

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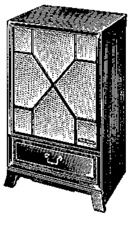

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THE THEATRE

BEAUTY AND SOME BEASTS

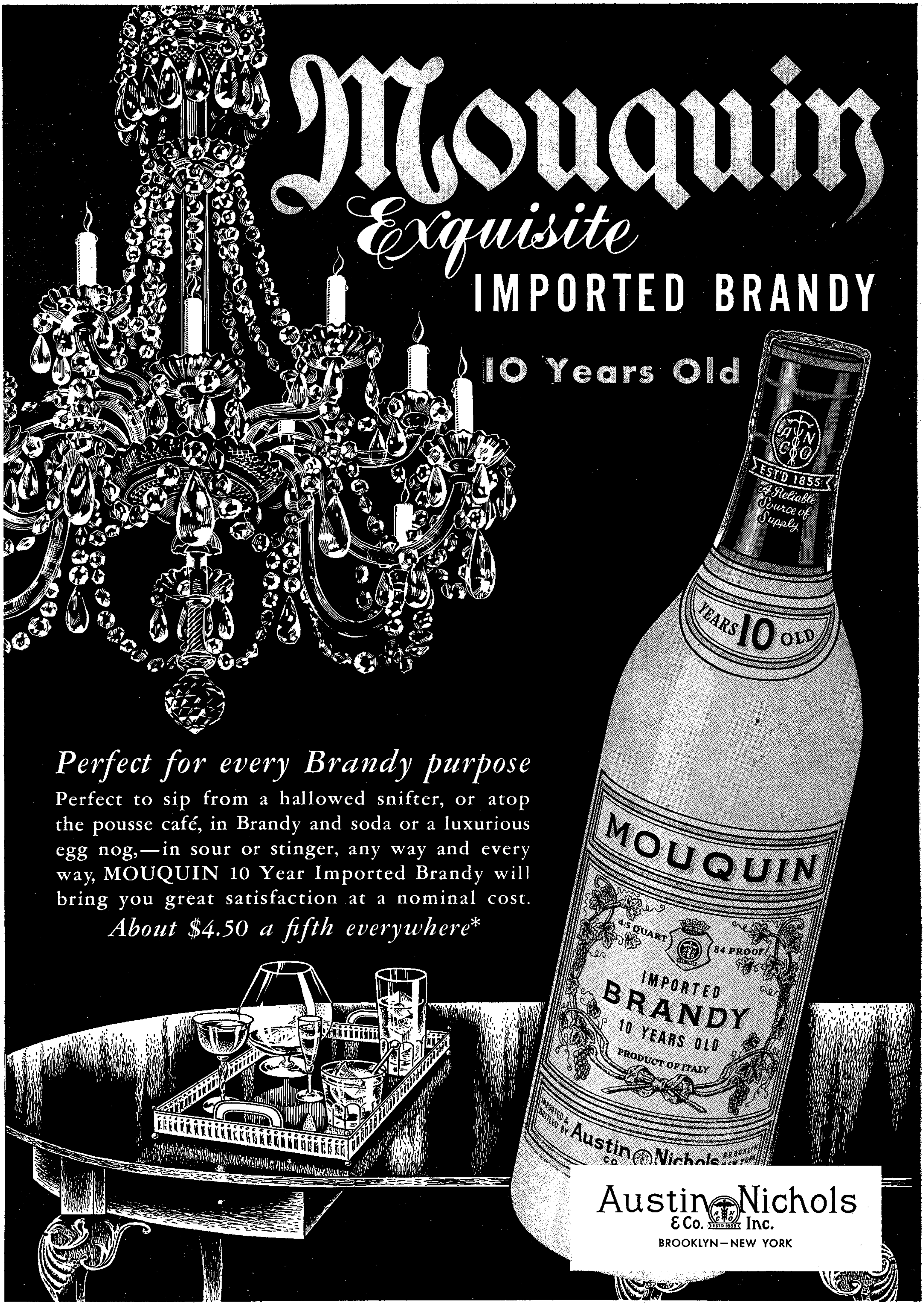
"THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON," at the Martin Beck, is an honest, expert, sentimental, and frequently very funny comedy, which I suspect will outrun everything now visible on Broadway. It is suitable for everybody in the family, from Grandma right down to little Marcia, with the possible exception of Uncle Ned, that battered and dissolute old scamp from Akron whose chief admiration in the theatre is ladies' legs and who has even been known to express an apathy for the works of Gilbert and Sullivan. He is a man I rather like, but his opinions on art are not, of course, very often quoted in respectable society. I can, for instance, readily imagine him returning from a visit to "The Teahouse of the August Moon" to mutter hoarsely, "Say, what makes these babies so damn cute?" and then sloping off on one of those cryptic disappearances of his that often last as long as ten days. This is emphatically not the kind of criticism that America needs, and I will ignore it, making my report only for the information of the relatively pure in heart.

The play at the Martin Beck, then, is an adaptation by John Patrick of a novel of the same name by Vern Sneider, which it is quite possible you have read, though I haven't. It stars David Wayne and John Forsythe, and the featured players are Paul Ford, Larry Gates, William Hansen, and a lady from Tokyo called Mariko Niki. The cast has been brilliantly directed by Robert Lewis, the memorable settings are the work of Peter Larkin, and Dai-Keong Lee has provided some pleasant incidental music. The plot will take a little more time.

The characters involved are a group of American Army officers who have come to Okinawa to convert the natives to our enlightened Western ways, and a considerable number of the islanders, who, having been conquered and civilized by a good many people in the past, including British missionaries and Japanese expansionists, have developed a somewhat detached attitude toward salvation. The man specifically entrusted with their uplift is Captain Fisby, an ex-college professor whose previous military career has been punctuated by a series of rather peculiar mishaps, the most spectacular of which was his overpayment by something like a quarter of a million dollars of some troops for whose finances he was responsible. He is sent to the village of Tobiki with instructions to deliver a series of lectures on the blessings of democracy and also to build a schoolhouse, which shall take the form of a miniature Pentagon. Spurred on by his colonel, a past-master of the inspirational cliché, and attended by an interpreter who is clearly a formidable authority on the local mores, he starts out on this mission hopefully enough. Somehow or other, though, things don't quite work out. The natives are intensely hospitable, showering him with many fine presents, including a geisha girl guaranteed to be in A-1 condition, but their interest in democracy seems to be more or less academic and they have no real enthusiasm for a school, no matter how majestically shaped, preferring instead a teahouse, where they can just take off their shoes and relax. For a while, the Captain struggles manfully against these odds, but when a scheme of his for putting the village on its feet by selling the native handicraft—sandals, lacquer cups, and cricket cages—to the G.I.s fails because it appears that the soldiers have more piquant uses for their money, he is about to give up. He is saved only by his chance discovery that the inhabitants make a kind of brandy out of sweet potatoes, which, since it has no damaging effect on a goat that is produced for test purposes, may well be the very thing for the armed forces. It is, and presently Tobiki is just about the richest damn village in the Pacific. Carried away by this success, along with some energetic proddings from the interpreter and the geisha, the Captain changes his whole approach to the problem of spreading light, abandoning the lectures and using the materials furnished for the school to build the teahouse, which turns out to be about as vivacious as the Stork Club and not nearly as expensive. He is assisted in this project by an Army psychiatrist who has been dispatched by the colonel to check up on the condition of his subordinate's head but who has remained to pursue his own monomania, which happens to be scientific farming. Everybody, in fact, is having a lovely time when the colonel arrives in person to find out what the hell is up and, upon doing so, orders the teahouse torn down and the stills destroyed. I won't tell you how this calamity is averted, because we seem to be running out of time, but it triumphantly is, and the curtain comes down on a warm glow of interracial felicity.

This disarming story is told with engaging, if never especially subtle or startling, wit. The principal narrator is the interpreter, who shows up from time to time before a bamboo screen to address the audience in what Mr. John Chapman has kindly identified for me in the *News* as the accents of Hashimura Togo, usually informing it with amiable irony and a gleaming smile how quaint the culture of the West is apt to appear to the mysterious East. In spite of my vast admiration for Mr. Wayne, who takes this part, I am obliged to confess that I found these portions of the entertainment a little taxing, since I am, I'm afraid, only faintly amused by Japanese dialect and hardly amused at all by being roguishly patronized in it. The main action, which takes place in a series of very colorful and ingenious rearrangements of the same pieces of scenery, is considerably more rewarding. The relationships in which the Captain successively finds himself with his colonel, with the interpreter, with the villagers, with the geisha, and with the alienist turned farmer are all happily conceived, and the lines that attend them are for the most part crisp and diverting, their special humor arising from the fact that nobody ever quite grasps what anybody else is talking about. There is a semi-romantic passage toward the end in which the hero has to explain why he can't take the geisha back to America with him, and this is no more stimulating than it sounds, but practically everything else has its innocent and lighthearted charm. Altogether, "The Teahouse of the August Moon" is a novel and more than usually ingratiating exercise, if not, as noted, precisely the dream dish for the likes of Uncle Ned.

In addition to the performance of Mr. Wayne, who is an unqualified delight when he confines himself to the body of the stage, I enjoyed the work done by Mr. Forsythe, who is an almost uncanny duplicate of Henry Fonda, as the Captain; Mr. Ford, as the colonel; Mr.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Gates, as the agriculturist; Mr. Hansen, as a personable young native; and Miss Niki, who, as the geisha, proves herself not only an appealing actress but also a dancer of great poise and grace. The goat struck me as having quite a lot more stage presence and personal distinction than the one employed in "Porgy and Bess."

RECENTLY, in "Tea and Sympathy," the theatre gave its attention to the New England preparatory school, where, it seems, sex, with special reference to homosexuality, adultery, and prostitution, is a major item in the curriculum. Now, in "End As a Man," which has been transplanted from the Theatre de Lys, in the Village, to the Vanderbilt, on Forty-eighth Street, it considers the Southern military college, where apparently everything goes, short of manslaughter, drug addiction, and the application of thumbscrews. According to the author, Calder Willingham, the cadets in such institutions are enthusiastically given to hazing (a beating with a broom is merely painful, but a bent coat hanger can draw blood), whoring, cheating at cards, acute alcoholism, homosexuality, perjury, assault, arson, and wetting their beds, in no necessary order of popularity, while the adult officers in charge of them, though personally free of most of these weaknesses, are so passionately devoted to military efficiency that they are substantially blind to justice, mercy, and even common sense. In view of these two reports, it is hard to decide just what to think about the state of private education in America. God knows, I reflected gloomily on my way home from Mr. Willingham's play, what they are up to at Vassar.

After these frivolous preliminaries, I'd like to say that I found "End As a Man" rather impressive. It has its seriously crippling faults, which I'll get to in a minute, but on the whole it is honest, moving, and written with a rigid economy and savage, unmistakably authentic humor that mark the author as—potentially, at least—one of the few who can bring a recognizable image of life to the stage. Barring some excesses, such as portraying sexual abnormality in a manner that might be regarded as overt in burlesque and the onset of drunkenness as if it were thundering apoplexy, the acting is admirable and sometimes extraordinary, and the direction, though also a little overpicturesque here and there, and somewhat inclined, as seems to be the fashion this year, to the too protracted and dubiously meaningful pause, is nevertheless very effective, making its points with exemplary force and ingenuity.

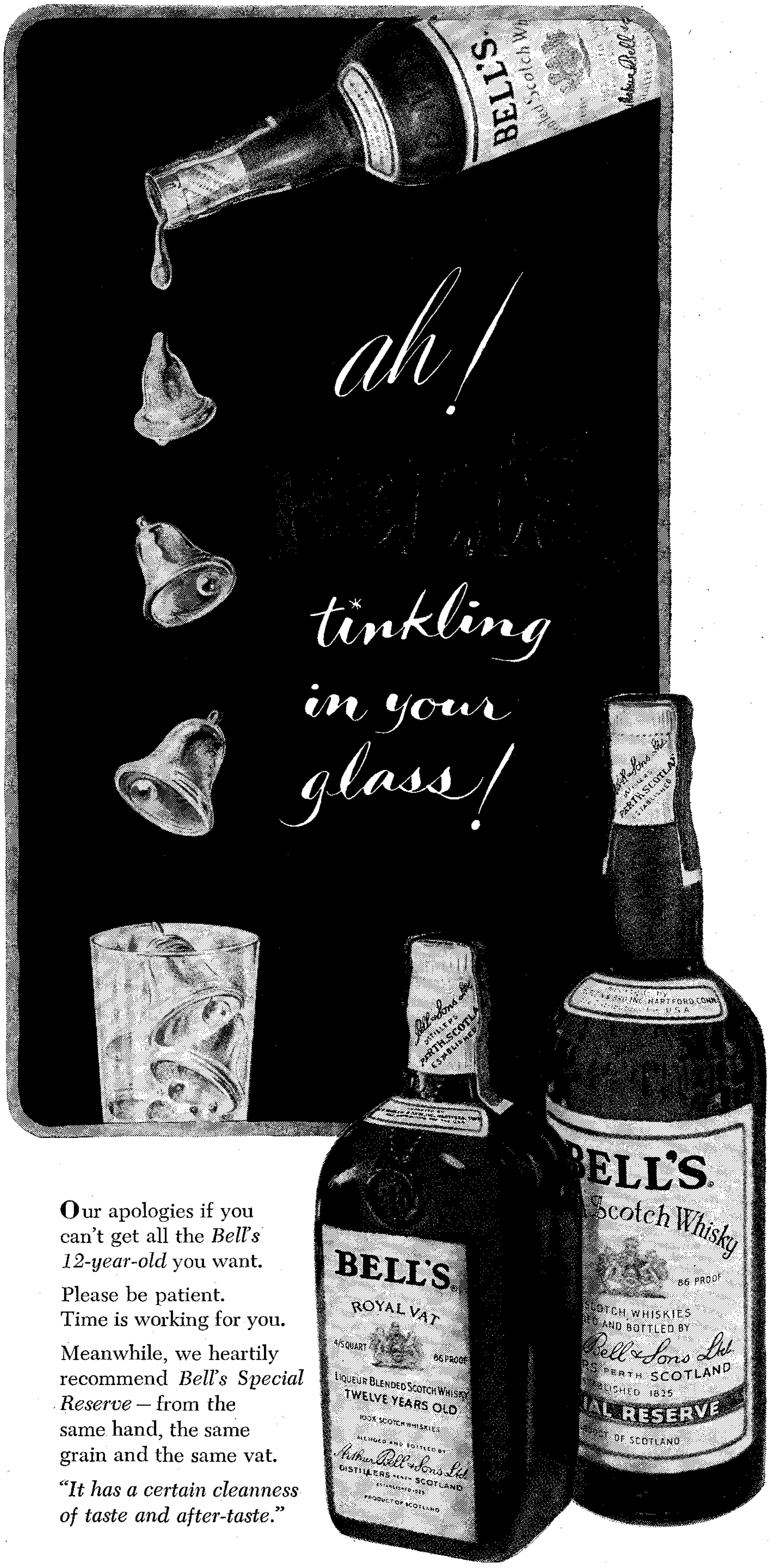
Altogether, I think that "End As a Man" is a more than ordinarily interesting and worth-while offering. The reason it isn't a wholly satisfactory one lies mainly, I should say, in the fact that the necessary condensation from the novel—also by Mr. Willingham—on which it is based has emphasized the sensational aspects of the cadets' behavior at the expense of an orderly and credible development of character. The young men, that is, often have the air of a gaudy procession of case histories, too violent and various to be the inmates of any college in the world, military or otherwise (the normal ones are present only as a sort of background choral effect), and the action frequently descends to the level of a murky and incomprehensible rigadoon in a lunatic asylum. The author's intention is, I suppose, to demonstrate the brutalizing effect on receptive youth of a system dedicated to the production of efficient mass killers, but as it has come out, the protagonists, with the doubtful exception of the hero, are so cruel, vicious, and moronic that there seems no escaping the conclusion that they were born that way. There is no valid indictment of a specific method or environment; the play simply deals with an arbitrary gathering of a group of unbelievably weak, corrupt, and stupid people at the same place and the same time. There is almost no sense of external and evil forces working on good character; there is just the sense of the further deterioration of bad character in surroundings that happen to be particularly well suited to that end.

While this central mistake of selection and emphasis not only lays the play open to a more or less legitimate charge of sensationalism for its own sake but also largely defeats its purpose as a document of protest, it cannot disguise its very considerable merits as a piece of vivid writing and, in its bitter and occasionally gratuitously shocking fashion, as a remarkably funny report on the speech and customs of a special community. It is certainly an imperfect work, containing almost every conceivable error of theatrical inexperience, but it is very seldom dull, and I, for one, look forward to Mr. Willingham's further contributions with great interest and hope.

The most important role, as so often

happens even in Shakespeare's works, is not that of the hero. It is that of another cadet, whose cruelty, hypocrisy, and total egotism might well appall Caligula. This difficult part, ranging from murderous urbanity when he is hazing an unhappy freshman, to unbalanced fury when he is reprimanded by a student officer, to calculating malignity when he is plotting his complicated revenge, and to smoldering but guarded contempt when he is dealing with the commandant of the college, is played by Ben Gazzara, who strikes me as one of the most versatile and intelligent young actors I have seen for several seasons. There are other highly commendable performances, by Albert Salmi, as a notable case of arrested development, even as football players go; Arthur Storch, as probably the most unlikely recruit ever to enter the college; Frank M. Thomas, as the commandant, who feels obscurely that you have to break a man to make a soldier; Paul Richards, who is somewhat inadequately described by one of his fellows as "an abnormal cadet;" William Smithers, as the rather shadowy hero, who ultimately decides that he has no wish to be an officer and a gentleman; and Pat Hingle, Anthony Franciosa, and Mark Richman, as cadets of varying degrees of rank and virtue. Jack Garfein has done a resourceful job of directing, and Mel Bourne's settings comport themselves in a strictly military manner.

I DON'T think it will be necessary to devote a lot of your time or my critical acumen to "Late Love," a comedy by Rosemary Casey, which opened last week at the National. The story Miss Casey has contrived for your dismay follows the pattern that the editors of the great women's magazines, in their unconquerable optimism, have decided may divert their subscribers from their television sets and radios, on the ground, I suppose, that those who want the product may find it really simpler to turn pages than knobs. The fallacy in this, of course, is that the printed word, demanding the increasingly less familiar exertion of reading, can never be as satisfactory as the speaking image, which makes no such demands and, furthermore, leaves the hands free to wash dishes. Magazine fiction, in fact, is clearly doomed as far as the busy housewife is concerned. This leaves us with the problem of the distribution of the same material by way of the cinema and the theatre, and here the prognosis is just as discouraging, this time primarily for economic rea-



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sons, since it is hard to imagine that anybody is going to pay sums ranging from fifty cents to $4.80 for something that can be had in identical form for nothing, and with, as I've said, no interruption in the domestic round.

"Late Love" provides an excellent illustration of this point. There are two romances of a lively but antiseptic character—one between a crusty widower who devotes four hours of his day to turning out novels with titles like "The Silent Valley," which have had a highly gratifying success from coast to coast, and a female portrait painter, also widowed, whose limnings of the great have had an almost equal vogue, and the other between the author's daughter, a pretty girl of agreeable rondure, and his secretary, a bright young man one of whose parents, regrettably, was a laundress. There are several subsidiary comics, of whom the most arresting is the writer's mother, since she is at first erroneously supposed to be a domestic tyrant, implacably set against smoking, drinking, popular music, and erratic sexual behavior but is subsequently revealed as a fine old secret toper with a heart of purest molasses. Since the trials that beset these people and the prose that Miss Casey has used to describe them are on the same level of mechanical foolishness, I see no reason to detain you with any further examination of them. It is sufficient to say that nothing that takes place on the stage of the National could conceivably scandalize your maiden aunt or distract her attention more than momentarily from her knitting.

The production that these woebegone revels have been given is, on the whole, rather better than they deserve. Arlene Francis, as the portraitist, employs a variety of acting styles, including one strongly reminiscent of Lynn Fontanne, in a heroic attempt to stir up a little excitement; that indomitable veteran, Lucile Watson, often makes the ferocious old mother quite funny, largely, I thought, by treating Miss Casey's lines with the greatest possible contempt; Neil Hamilton is decorative, though a bit monotonous, as the novelist; and there are pleasant, industrious little performances by Frank Albertson, Cliff Robertson, Elizabeth Montgomery, and Ann Dere in the other roles. John C. Wilson, who unaccountably agreed to direct the piece, has done so in a somewhat routine and dispirited manner, and Stewart Chaney's setting, representing the Connecticut home of a popular novelist, shows a fine stand of ivy growing in the fireplace and other symptoms of the glossy literary life.—Wolcott Gibbs

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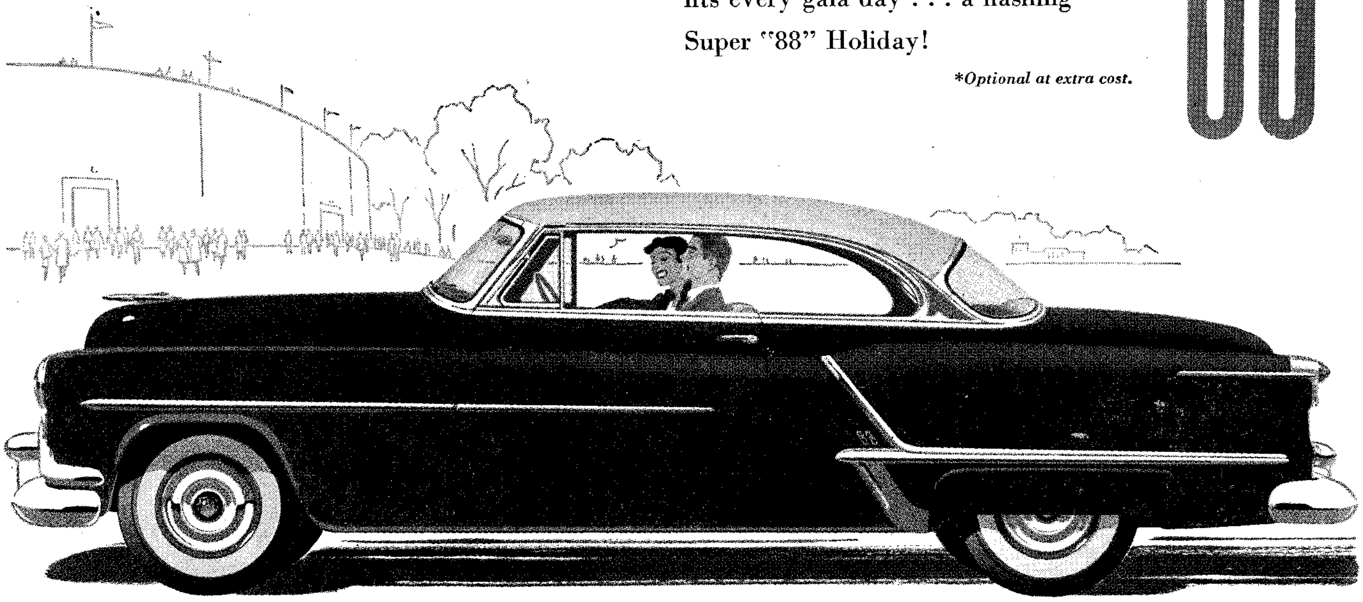

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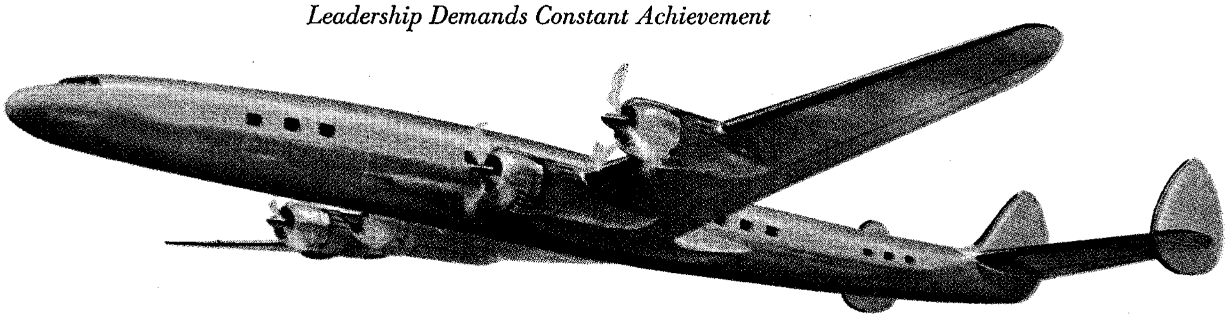

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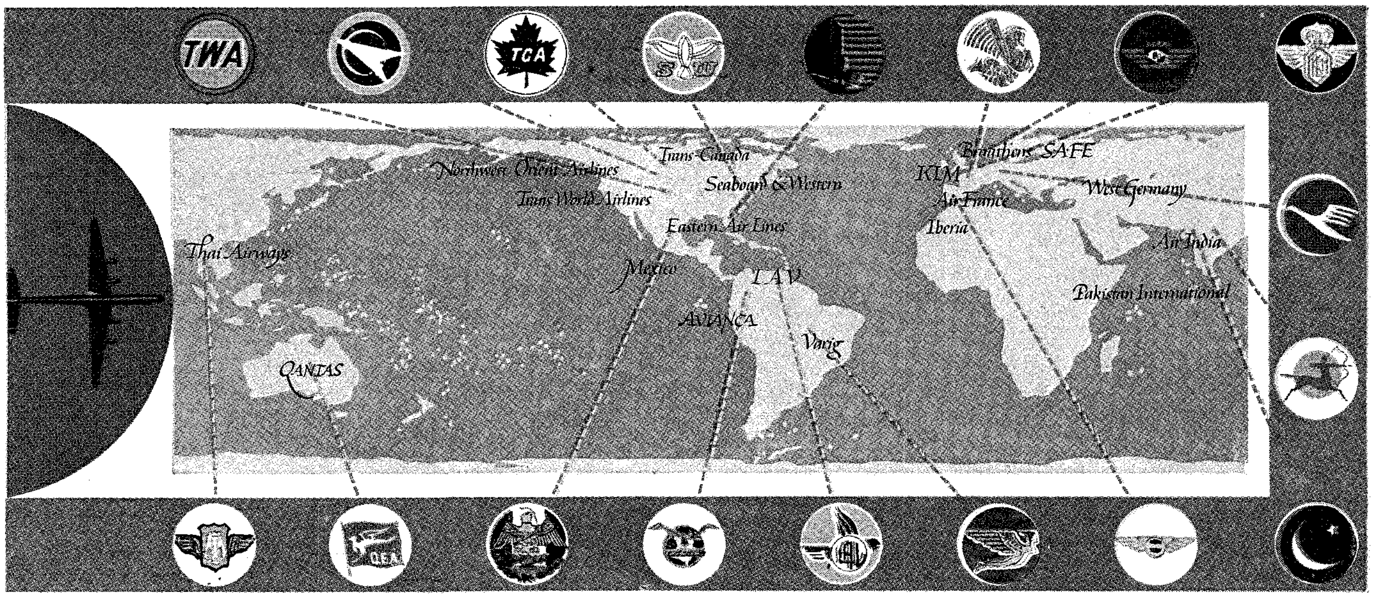
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LETTER FROM PARIS

October 14

THE French summer, with its flowers and long, sunny days, has moved intact into autumn, where it remains, with red and yellow dahlias still in bloom in the Tuileries Gardens. Parisians seem unable to recall a more lovely fall of the year. All the leafy colors of the park trees have been preserved in their shadings, like the colors of an Impressionist canvas. Seen from the balconies of the hotels on the Rue de Rivoli, the vivid sunsets have incorporated into their glow the illuminated glass roof of the Grand Palais, lighted for the Salon de l'Automobile below. And thanks to the auto show, the hostelries have been filled with visitors, for the first time since the August strikes.

Just before the Salon opened, a night driver ran into a wild boar near Saint-Cloud; he killed the creature and wrecked his car, but he didn't hurt himself. As a surprise for the Salon's opening, the manufacturers of France's three smallest cars—the Peugeot, the Renault, and the Simca—reduced their prices ten thousand, fifteen thousand, and forty-six thousand francs, respectively, thus offering the public the drastic price cut requested by the Laniel government, which has just announced that milk will soon go up three francs a litre. A revolutionary French car was seen briefly—and only on the opening day—by interested parties like the President of the Republic and an accompanying officer; the officer said the French War Department considers it the Army's "vehicle of the future." It is called the Symetric, has, temporarily, a squat plywood body, was designed by a Midi Frenchman named Casimir Loubière, and features a gasoline engine that turns a generator, which furnishes current to four twelve-horsepower electric motors—one on the hub of each wheel. Each wheel also has its own brake, and all four brake in unison. The Symetric can go eighty miles an hour with six passengers. As skeptics are already pointing out, a car with five motors and one generator can cause six times as much trouble as the car of today, which has only one motor to go bad.

The other odd creation in the Salon was the Dyna Panhard DVB, a chic gray three-passenger French jeep, with the driver seated alone in the center of the front, not at one side. Fitted with a tôle body, it was created for use on desert sand, for crossing *oueds*—or fords—and for forest travel; its windshield folds forward over the hood to allow passage under low branches. It can mount a fifty-per-cent grade and has enough power to pull a luggage trailer half its own weight. It is a de-luxe safari car, probably ideal for lion hunts.

As for the normal Salon displays, British Ford, as usual, showed a smart, undersized, underpriced sedan, more convenient in city traffic jams than anything the French or American Ford companies ever seem interested in. In the roadster class, the French leader was the powerful little Panhard; the hit among the low-priced British models, which started the roadster craze, was the oyster-white Triumph. In the four-thousand-dollar class, the star was the Aston Martin, new rival of the Jaguar. There was one French roadster with a plastic body, made by Marathon, a new concern. The chummiest car of all was the twenty-three-horsepower Renault two-seater, a roadster produced simply by eliminating a back seat. The Renault is manufactured by a national *régie*, like French matches and cigarettes, and is handled just about the same packaged way.

Already one Frenchman in twenty owns a car of sorts—and usually has no garage to keep it in, since it would be a national scandal to build enough garages before building enough houses for the French to live in. At eight in the morning, the Place Vendôme is still packed with automobiles that have slept out all night. If destined for Paris, the cars that the Salon dutifully helped to sell probably won't find any home except the streets.

IN 1927, the French poet and diplomat Paul Claudel wrote a spectacle called "Le Livre de Christophe Colomb" for Max Reinhardt, of Berlin. Knowing what the Germans like, Reinhardt stipulated that it should have orchestral music, a choir, a ballet, and two Christopher Columbuses—one the old, friendless navigator on his deathbed, the other the young discoverer in his prime, with the new, round world and glory just in sight. For various reasons, the opus has had to wait all these years for a production, now courageously undertaken by the theatrical company of Madeleine Renaud and Jean-Louis Barrault, who opened in it upon their recent return to the Théâtre

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Just recently we made a survey. We should have known better, but all publishers are easy prey for surveys. We're always quick to tear apart the other fellow's, and then we go right out and make our own. This, at least, was a different kind of survey — not to prove we were better or brighter than anyone else, but simply to find out if anyone paid any attention to our arithmetic.

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It didn't make us feel any better that they had our competitors' figures all screwy, too. The only satisfaction we got was from the case of an important agency man who had us pegged about twice as big as we really are. Didn't bother to correct him.

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de Marigny, after a year and a half of foreign triumphs. The only simple element of "Le Livre de Christophe Colomb" is the stage set—a vast sail, which sometimes represents a ship, at other times, when semi-furled, a white curtain at Queen Isabella's palace, and later a cloud in Heaven. Otherwise, the play is utterly complex. There is a prologist, in modern evening clothes, who reads history from Columbus's old notebook, and there is a supporting cast of thirty-two, who cluster on stairs leading to the orchestra pit, where they sing Darius Milhaud's exhilarating music or shout, as enunciators of public opinion, either for or against Columbus. Occasionally, after donning cloaks or mustachios, they swarm up onto the stage as Spanish courtiers or sailors. There is a ballet at the Spanish court, with dancers representing Envy, Ignorance, and Avarice, and later a ballet of natives of the Azores. Much is made of a pious pun on the name Colomb, which is supposed to mean "*colombe*"—French for "dove"—and thus identify Columbus with the Holy Spirit. Aside from a storm at sea and a sailors' mutiny, little dramatic action is furnished by the lines, which are full of atmospheric repetitions that approximate poetry. By means of brilliant stage direction, Barrault has supplied at least theatrical action, using his huge cast to catch the spectator's eye when the spoken lines fail to attract his ear. The play ends with Queen Isabella, the two Columbuses, and a pair of saints being hailed with hallelujahs in Paradise.

"Le Livre de Christophe Colomb" has been positively eulogized by the critics, only one of whom found anything to regret. He said that he thought some members of the audience didn't like it. Lots of members of the audience didn't.

RARELY has a foreign book been as much discussed by the French before they were given a chance to read it as the Prussian Ernst von Salomon's "Le Questionnaire." It is now out in translation, after having been the most popular, the most talked of, and probably the most comforting book in Germany for the past two years. Von Salomon was one of the group of young Junker intellectuals and adventurers who successfully plotted the assassination of the politician Walter Rathenau, for which he was imprisoned in the early days of the Weimar Republic. He emerged to find Hitler, whom he later characterized as a bush-tailed monkey,

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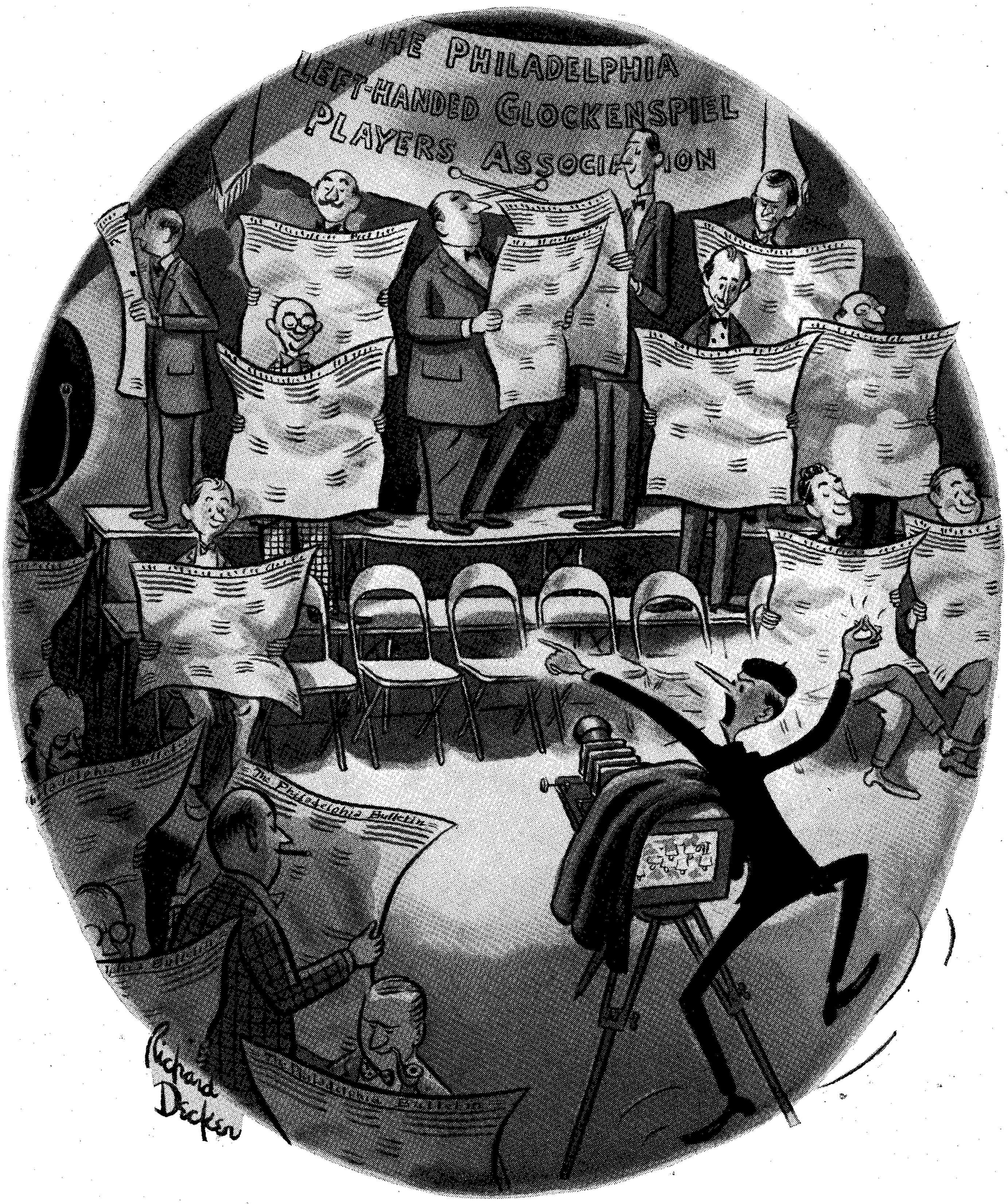
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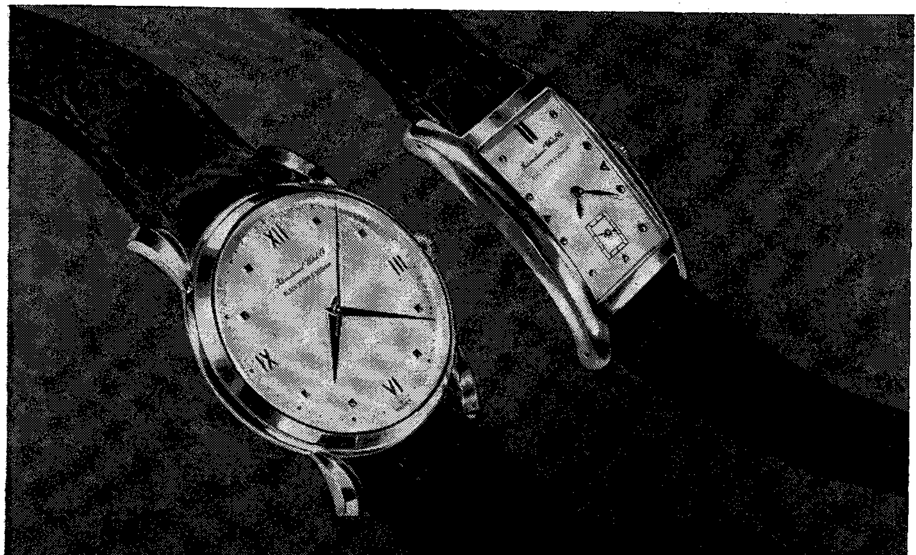
on the road to power; this book describes part of the road. However, the French are really interested only in finding answers to two questions in an aristocratic post-Nazi German book: What does the author think of the French (von Salomon loved Paris), and how does he stand on the question of Germany's national culpability for the concentration camps? Von Salomon's answer to the second question is slow in coming. With malicious cleverness, "Le Questionnaire" is based on the hundred and thirty-one questions that the American Army required important German suspects to answer—detailed questions covering practically every phase of their lives, private, public, religious, educational, criminal, and political. By reprinting each query and answering it in his own fashion, von Salomon tells the story of his life in what amounts to a long-winded, if often interesting, novel. He had already written two books, "The City" and "The Outlaws," so he had a literary knack, and though he refused to join Hitler's party, he nevertheless worked for it as a well-paid script-writer of ultra-Nazi films, a training that gives this book a naïve scenario glibness. As for German responsibility for the Nazi horrors, von Salomon says that he did not try to prevent Hitlerism, but that he paid for it, that he suffered for it, as all Germans suffered—"so the wrong is no longer on our side." To his mind, this "payment" apparently wipes out debts even of blood and crematory ashes, exactly as if they were a matter of orderly bookkeeping. But he permits his Aryanized Jewish mistress to add, with illuminating candor, "I knew as well as you did what was happening to the Jews, to the Polish intelligentsia, to the Czech students, and to the German Communists, and all those who suddenly disappeared."

For American readers, an agonizing section of the book is the account of the beatings, starvation, and filth that von Salomon says he endured under the occupying American Army during his five years of imprisonment, which ended only in 1950, in the American concentration camps at Natternberg, Plattling, Langwasser, and Regensburg. His comments on what he calls the juvenile American mentality, the four-letter-word vocabulary of the American male, and America's general loss of prestige, which he says had been high even among many Germans at the moment of our victory, make chapters of painful and infuriating interest to any determined student of the decline of the great American legend



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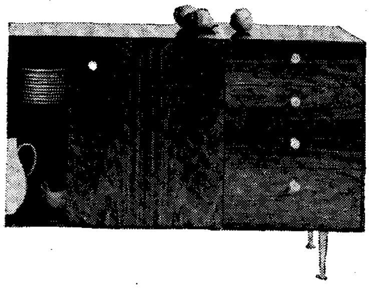

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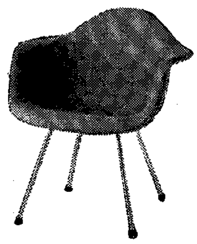

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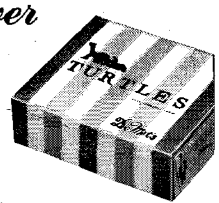

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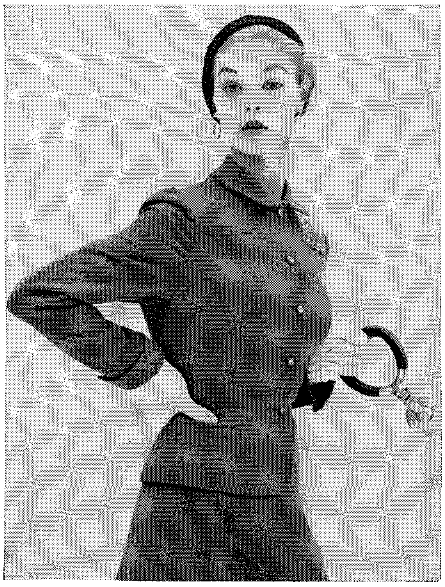

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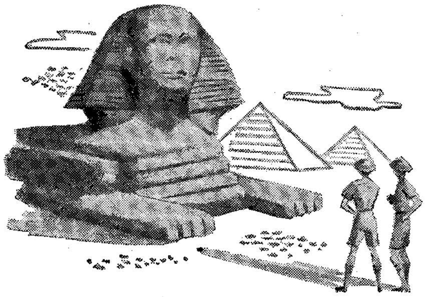

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in postwar Europe. Here, again, it is his Jewish mistress who, just before they are both taken to Natternberg, makes the key remark: "What if the American camps are anything at all like the German Nazi concentration camps?" And it is she, too, who praises the intervention of General George Patton at Natternberg, which resulted, she says, in the inmates' being fed good food, which otherwise would have slid off into the German black market. She also says she thinks Patton's courage in taking the half-starved prisoners' side became an element of an attack on him later organized by certain American Occupation officials.

What "Le Questionnaire" shows on every page is an aristocratic modern Teutonic mind whose imagination, where other nations or classes or sufferings are concerned, is as hard as marble—the kind of cultivated, correct mind also to be found in the second volume of the Paris Occupation journal of the elegant Ernst Jungeri, now coming out serially in three Paris literary reviews, all of which are advertising the fact. If you wish to take a long look at this type of German mind, the French translation of "Le Questionnaire" contains six hundred and fifty perfect pages of it.

THE position of the French worker-priests, which was put in doubt not long ago by a speaker from the Vatican's Sacred College of Seminaries, has caused dismay and enormous discussion here in all sorts of Roman Catholic circles. According to liberal and Left Wing Catholics, one-third of the French are now de-Christianized and eight million French, men and women, mostly from urban working populations, rank as pagans. The same Catholics say that the worker-priests, who take jobs as factory hands, like those whom they wish to convert, have made an undeniable Christianizing impression on many industrial workers, for they operate as a new type of missionary, restoring belief in the Church as the poor man's friend. The movement sprang from a book called "France, Pays de Mission?," published in 1943 by the Abbés Daniel and Godin. As a result of their theories, a seminary for worker-priests was established at Lisieux. Later, it was transferred to Limoges, where it benefited from the special interest of the late Cardinal Suhard, as it does now from that of Cardinal Feltin, of Paris. Mostly, the worker-priests, who dress, live, and work like factory hands, have worn a little silver cross in the buttonhole of

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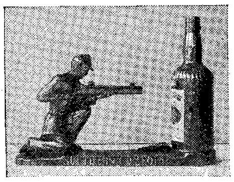

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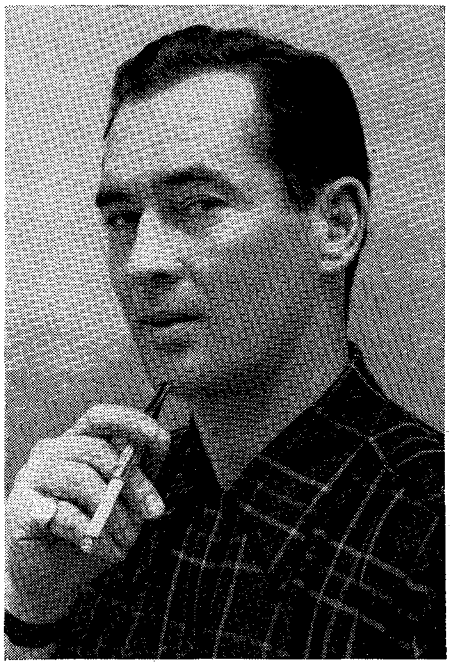
their jackets. This was not enough distinction in the eyes of the Paris police, who beat up a couple of worker-priests found participating in the Communists' anti-Ridgway riot last May. The trouble with the conservative Church hierarchy understandably began there.

The Church has been unusually outspoken lately in denunciation of what it has called the insolent luxury displayed by the world's rich. In the opinion of liberal Catholics, the missionary worker-priests have served as humble preachers of the same message. In *Figaro*, in a ringing editorial in their favor, François Mauriac, an ardent churchman, recalls the death some time ago, in his home town of Bordeaux, of a worker-priest who was crushed at his job as a docker, and whose funeral was attended by all the dockers of the waterfront. "What has started shall not be interrupted unless the worker-priests themselves are discouraged," Mauriac concludes. There is no talk of their discouragement, but the Left Wing Catholic magazine *Le Témoignage Chrétien* has just announced, with obvious regret, that all the missionaries sent out from the Limoges seminary have now been recalled from their posts and sent back to their dioceses or monasteries.

THE Trieste question has alarmed public opinion here, though less, perhaps, than in London and Washington, and in Rome and Belgrade. Because the first World War broke as a result of Balkan tension, the Paris man in the street seems to forget that the second one broke because of the Polish Corridor, and makes his current imprecation "*Encore une menace d'une troisième guerre à cause de ces sacrés Balkans!*" Everybody has again taken to listening to the French radio's news programs, and tuning in on the B.B.C. for good measure. Moscow's intervention in Yugoslavia's favor is seen here as less a Communist than a Pan-Slav gesture, and Tito's proposal for a four-power conference is about the only suggestion popular with the French.

In any case, the French are mainly preoccupied, as usual, with their own troubles. Their farmers are up in arms because of the really alarming fall in livestock prices, although, despite the so-called ten-per-cent *baisse*, meat is almost as costly as ever by the time it reaches the eater's knife and fork. Because the peasant farmer is practically a bucolic deity in France, his thunderous



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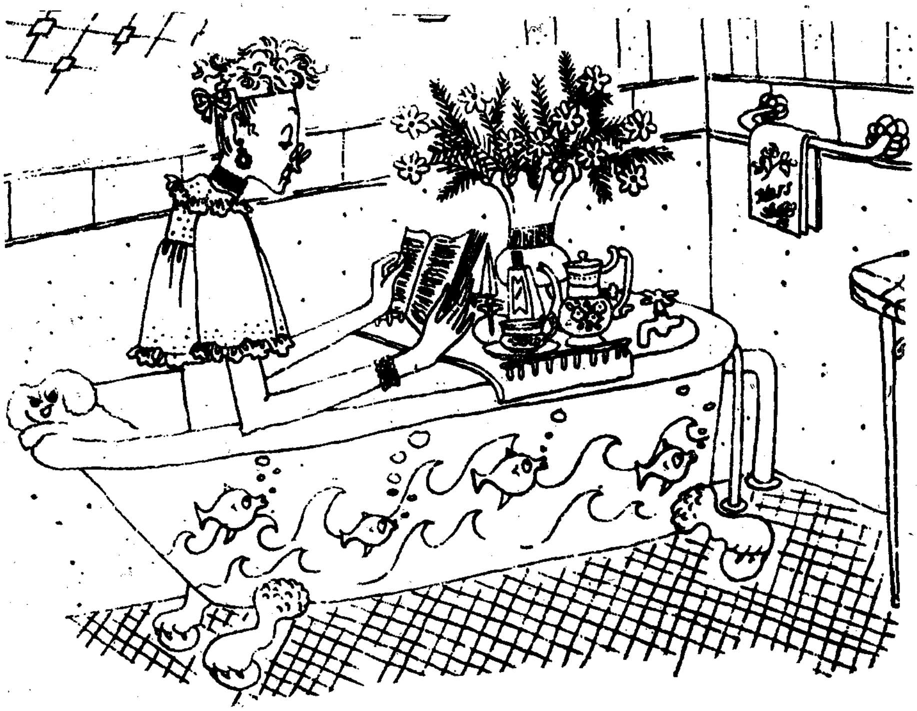

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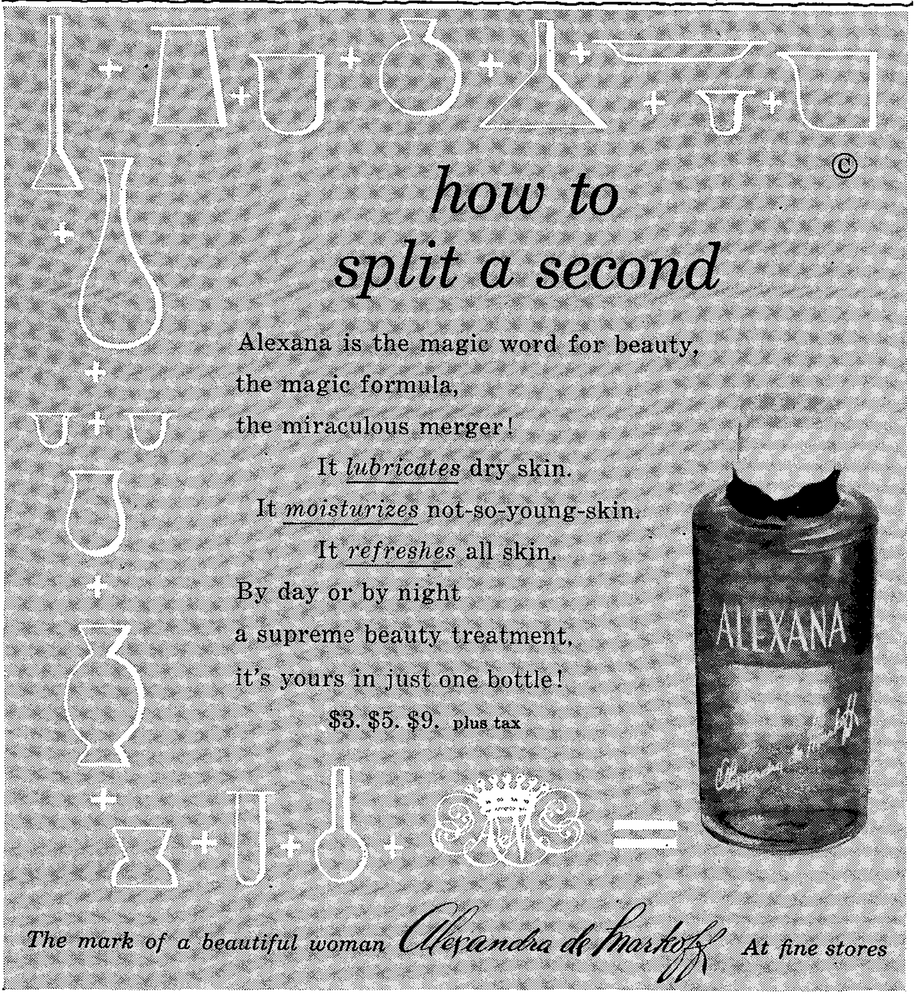

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By day or by night
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ALEXANA

The mark of a beautiful woman Alexandra de Markoff *At fine stores*

dissatisfactions have worried both the Laniel government and Parliament. The Chamber's current full-dress debate on agriculture marks the most important political and administrative crisis in France right now. —GENÊT

•

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[*From the Taneytown* (*Md.*) *Carroll Record*]

THE FIREMAN'S WIDOW

The "Fireman's Widow" is not a widow at all,
She's the wife of a Fireman who's out on a call,
Someone in distress has called him away,
It may be an hour, or even all day.
Minutes and hours go flitting by,
The Fireman's Widow begins to sigh;
Dinner's all ready, the corn bread is hot,
She just took the ham out of the pot;
The cabbage the tatoes and corn on the cob
Won't be fitt'n to eat when he's finished this job.
She wanted the car to go see Aunt Mary,
But that Fireman of hers is ne'er in a hurry.
He comes back from the fire all sweaty and wet,
He's still at the fire house, he isn't home yet.
She gets on the phone and dials the number,
The boys at the Fire House begin to wonder
If that's the Old Lady or somebody else;
She was mad as the devil when he left the house,
Over the phone comes a voice loud and clear,
One that's indignant and not filled with fear;
Come home this minute and I don't mean tomorrow
If you're not here in five, it'll be to your sorrow.
But sweet-heart, darling, we're loading the hose,
The truck must be finished before everyone goes.
Johnny and I are the only ones here,
I'll be home shortly, don't worry, dear.
She hangs up the phone in complete disgust,
When in comes Mrs. Jones, a gossipy cuss,
Her tongue starts to wiggle, the words start to flow
And all the town's gossip the widow will soon know.
I just passed the fire house a minute ago
And there was your husband, all a-glow.
Jack's not a member, and I'm mighty glad of it,
For the Beer and the Cards is the reason they love it.
THAT'S NOT THE REASON, the Widow snaps back,
It's love of their neighbor that keeps them intact.
If Jack had the guts to get on the ball,
He'd join the Department and give them his all.
Our Firemen are human and may make mistakes,
But they're banded together for humanity's sake.

BY C. EARLE WYVILL

Where splendour falls on castle walls

BLOW, BUGLE, BLOW! This is the grim, scarred fortress of Dunluce on the coast of Northern Ireland, ancient stronghold of warrior kings named MacQuillan, O'Neill and Sorley Boy Macdonnell. Dunluce is another testament to Britain's fierce, rugged past. For cross reference, see Stirling Castle in Scotland where crumbled walls still echo the battle cry of Wallace's men. Or proud Harlech in Wales, inspiration for the stirring Welsh anthem "Men of Harlech, on to glory." You'll find a castle for every mood in Britain. Gloomy, frowning castles with battlements still haunted by the ghosts of murdered kings. Or story book castles like Sir Walter Scott's Kenilworth and Tintagel, legendary birthplace of King Arthur. Romantic castles? There's Royal Windsor itself, which Samuel Pepys called "the most romantique castle that is in the world"—and where, arriving for her honeymoon, Queen Victoria wrote in *her* diary "I and Albert alone, at last." All told there are hundreds of castles to see in Britain, each with its own fascinating story. And this includes Culzean, President Eisenhower's Scottish home during the war years. So see your Travel Agent now and Come to Britain.

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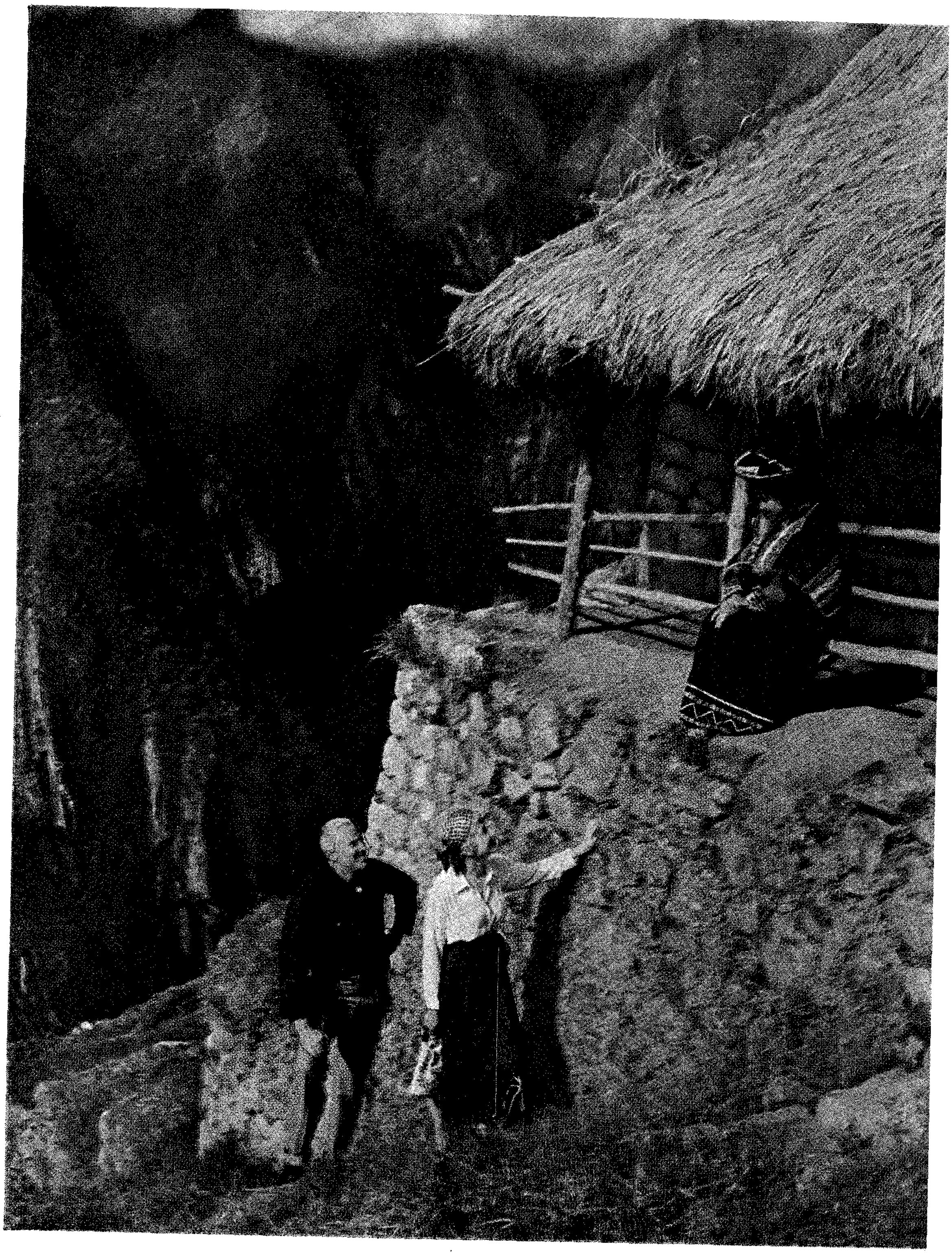
"You haven't lived 'til you've skycruised



"**At the entrance to Machu Picchu** in Peru, Jack said, '*What a perfect way to visualize early culture in the New World.*' Hidden on a huge ledge between two peaks . . . surrounded by deep gorges and lofty mountains . . . vast deserted palaces, courts and temples tell their proud story."

No Spanish Grandee
ever set foot
in this Inca city.
Gene and I stayed
overnight at the Inn,
saw the sunrise
at Machu Picchu.

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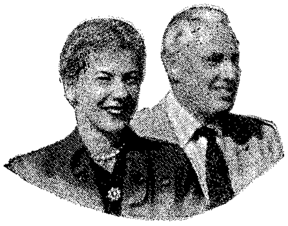


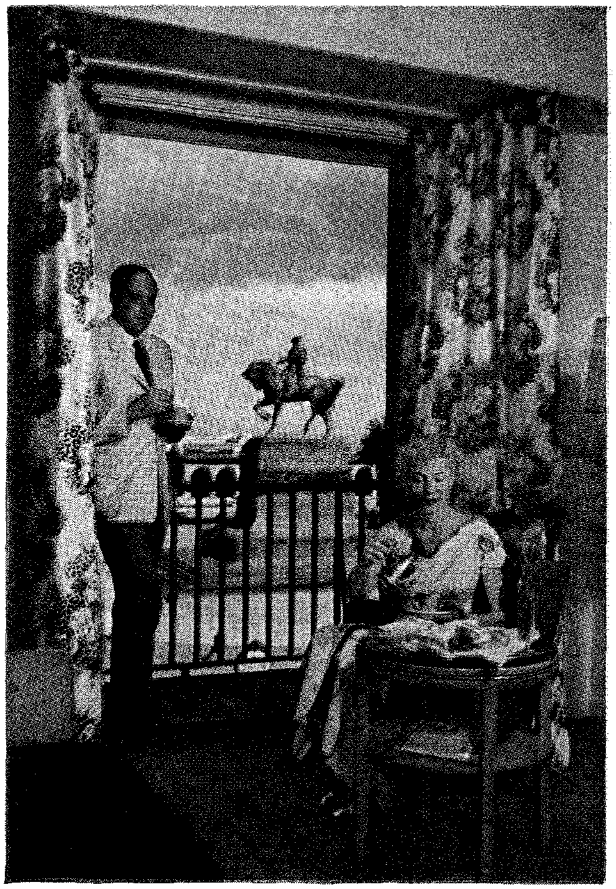
The Bennetts of Flourtown, Pa., flew Panagra and Pan American 'round South America

"Each city we came to was marvelous—and so different. Our pictures give you an idea of the amazing sights we saw. I've identified each picture. The comments in handwriting are Jack's. We both agree that you really haven't *lived* 'til you've skycruised South America!"

Go one way, return the other

You can skycruise South America in as little as two weeks, see both coasts! You fly Pan American's *Super-6 Clippers** on the East Coast from New York to Buenos Aires. *El Inter-Americano* DC-6's from "B.A." to Miami via Panagra's West Coast route. Berths at modest charge.

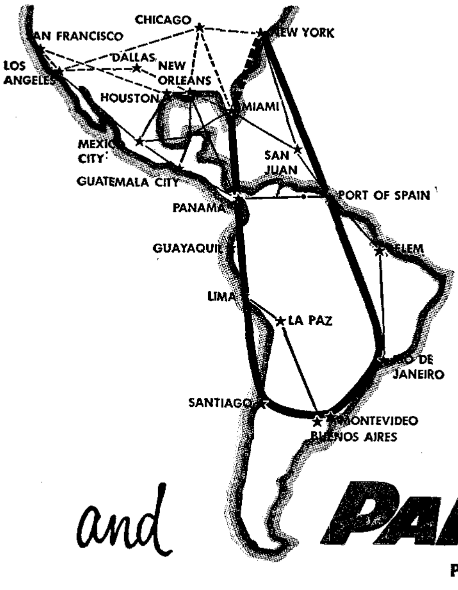
First-class fare from New York is $\$988^{20}$ round trip in either direction. Similar fares from any major U.S.A. airport via Miami, New Orleans, Houston or Los Angeles. Savings up to 20% on tourist service by pressurized 4-engine planes flying 'round South America. Call your Travel Agent or Pan American.



Gene said the wonderful hotel service made her want to stay on and on.

"**Montevideo** delighted Jack and me. Here you see us at tea time in our luxurious room at the air-conditioned Victoria Plaza. That's Artigas, Uruguay's George Washington, on the horse."

"This shot of Jack buying me flowers in Buenos Aires makes me long to go back. The big, gay city reminds you of Paris, with sidewalk cafés, race tracks, night-clubbing. '*For once,*' Jack tells people, '*I had all the steaks I could eat!*' (And no worry about cost. Usually under $1.)"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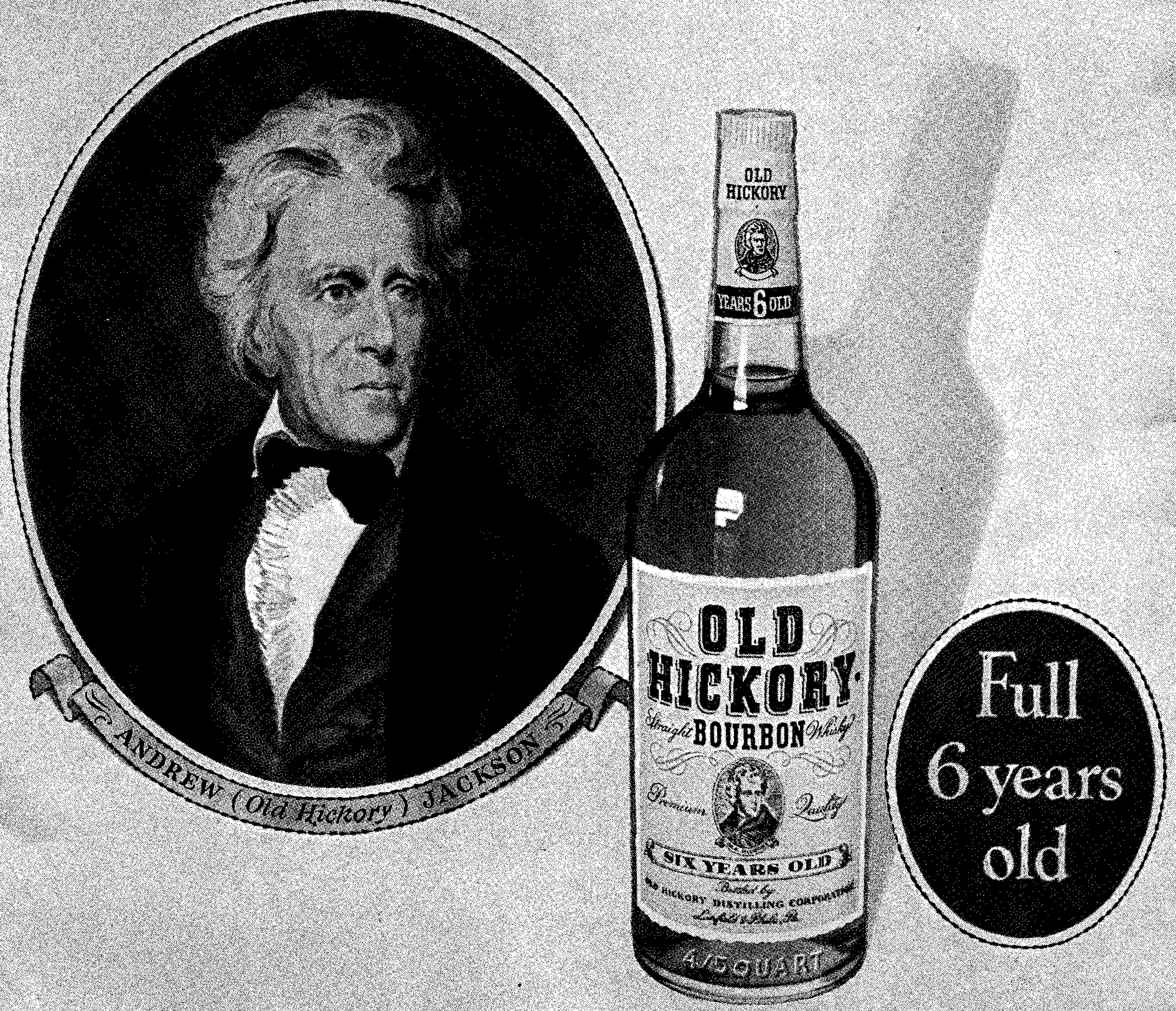
PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS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WOMEN MUST WEEP

I COULDN'T have been more than nine years old when Mrs. Stevens became our next-door neighbor, yet I can sharply remember the day she moved in. It was in autumn, and it must have been a Saturday, for I was not at school. I stood on the sidewalk of our cobbled North of England village street and watched the great pantechnicon van being unloaded, and heard her shyly begging the men to be careful of her sideboard. She was a pale, slender woman—very different from the healthy, pink-cheeked sort usually admired in that region—and I stared at her for quite a long while before I decided that she was uncommonly pretty.

"Grace!" a man's voice called harshly, and I looked up and saw, in an open second-floor window, a thin, sharp, red face that reminded me of a fox's. "Come here and say where all this stuff is to be put!"

"Yes, Fred," she answered meekly.

I went into our house. In the living room, Mother was peering out curiously from behind a curtain. Apparently she felt ashamed to have me find her behaving so furtively, for she immediately stepped away from the window, and a little later, when we heard the red-faced man, now on the sidewalk, shouting orders to the movers, she went out and asked him if she or my father could be of any help. I followed her.

"We want nobody's help, thanks," the man said brusquely. "We can manage."

Mother flushed angrily, and then, catching sight of me, bundled me back into the house, where she loudly expressed her indignation to Father. He said he hoped it would teach her to leave strangers alone in future.

"I'll certainly leave *them* alone!" she cried. "Such a man isn't fit to *have* neighbors!"

But my mother couldn't hold down her philanthropic impulses for long. The house next door and ours had a common—and rather thin—wall, and one afternoon, convinced that she heard sobbing in the Stevenses' living room, she picked up an apple pasty she had just baked, and hurried to their door. For quite a while, Mother told Father later, nobody answered. Then Mrs. Stevens, with whitish powder on her nose, opened the door, thanked Mother gently for the pasty, and offered her a cup of tea. Mother accepted, and from that minute they were friends.

WHAT Mrs. Stevens had been crying about that day, Mother never learned, but soon after, declaring that the poor young thing was lonely and needed distraction, she endeavored to interest her in worthy public causes, for which Mother herself had a great weakness. It was the third year of the First World War, and Mother believed that the fighting would soon be over and that few people were properly preparing for peace. To her delight, she succeeded in enticing Mrs. Stevens to a lecture on the future of democracy. "You can't help liking her," Mother told Father the next day. It was a Sunday afternoon, and Father and Mother and I were sitting by the fire in our living room. "She's such a gentle little thing. They've only been married six months, and at first they lived with her sister, but there was a bit of trouble, so they got a house of their own."

"I don't fancy *him*," Father said thoughtfully. "Drinks like a fish—and not beer, same as other working chaps, but whiskey. He's up at the Blue Ball every blessed night, bragging about hisself and telling folk what to think."

"You keep on *going* there, all the same," Mother said crisply.

"We had some right good arguments till he came," Father said. "And what is he, anyway? A blooming furniture remover!"

"A *foreman* furniture remover," Mother said.

"Well, I know this much—I wouldn't work under him for all the brass in England," Father said. "And is there another man in this village that treats a wife as shamefully as him?"

"Hush!" Mother said, with a warning glance at me, and they said no more about the Stevenses.

However, I knew almost as much about the Stevens marriage as Father and Mother did, and a great deal more about Mrs. Stevens' family background. She and I had become intimate friends. I ran nearly all her errands to the shops up the High Street, and she always gave me coffee, very sweet and milky, as a reward. Then, as I drank it, she would tell me about her childhood, about her elder sister, Sarah, now married to a

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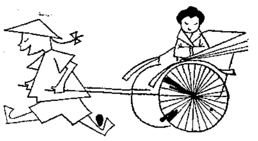

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If Confucius didn't say "cook with hibachi", it must have been an oversight — everyone who's tried it is a fan.

Perfect for boat galley or hunting camp, living room fireplace or patio. It's imported from Tokyo where sage orientals have performed wonders with it for centuries. Just 11" in diameter and 10" high; made of heat-holding cast iron with hardwood base and handles, stainless broiler grill. Draft door so you can regulate the heat, too.

Lights easy as a candle; holds its ashes in a hurricane; cooks a meal from a handful of charcoal. Order one for yourself —and one for your favorite gourmet this Christmas. No C.O.D.'s please. Shipped prepaid with booklet of Far Eastern recipes 21.95.

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prosperous ironmonger, whose name was Tom, and about her wonderful brother, Joe, who was in the Army. Sarah and Tom—and Joe when he was at home—still lived in the family's house in a suburb of Huddlesford, ten miles away, for though Sarah's husband was rich enough to buy her a villa, she preferred her old home, Mrs. Stevens said.

"Don't they ever come to see you?" I asked her once.

"No," she said, blushing. "They like me to go there. It's easier."

I remembered the drunken footsteps that passed our door each night, the loud rattling of the latch when Mr. Stevens couldn't find his key, the half-crazy shouting that followed the opening of the door, and the thud of falling chairs, and often the sound of weeping. No wonder Mrs. Stevens' brother and sister refused to visit the home of such a monster!

Thereafter, I often used to wish he might die, but without much real hope. He had twice been rejected for military service, I knew, so it was no good wishing the Germans would make an end of him. I had heard Mother say he'd suffered a rupture lifting heavy furniture, and though I hadn't the remotest idea what a rupture was, I understood, regretfully, that it was never fatal. Sometimes when I met him striding purposefully along the street (he staggered only in the evenings), he would give me a curt nod, and I would reply with a feeble and reluctant hello, disliking to accord him any civility but fearful of arousing his anger.

WHEN Mother discovered that Mrs. Stevens was expecting a child, she told Father he would have to speak to Mr. Stevens and tell him that unless he stopped terrifying his wife out of her wits, the police would be informed. Father refused at first. Then, one night when Mr. Stevens was less drunk than usual, Father walked home with him from the Blue Ball. "I think I've managed it," he said the next morning. "But I never mentioned the police. The likes of him isn't frightened of *them.* I told him I'd got two of the chaps that work with me to promise they'd help me give him the thrashing of his life if he ever laid another finger on her. It was a lie, of course," Father added cheerfully, "but he believed it."

After Father's threat we no longer heard sounds at night through the dividing wall. Mrs. Stevens seemed happy and, in spite of her spreading figure,

Circulation That's Typed

Harper's
MAGAZINE
THE Atlantic
STRAVINSKY

The greatest circulation in the world is the circulation of the blood, but it has to be "typed" before modern medical science can use it effectively . . . Same with magazine circulation . . . If an advertiser's product is "typed" for people who count, then his magazine circulation should be "typed" for those particular people . . . The 360,000 paid circulation of the *Atlantic* and *Harper's* is made up of receptive, responsive, and financially responsible citizens . . . People with the taste to appreciate and the money to buy the best, and who occupy the position in life which *Harper's* and the *Atlantic* give to the advertiser . . . "Two on the aisle."

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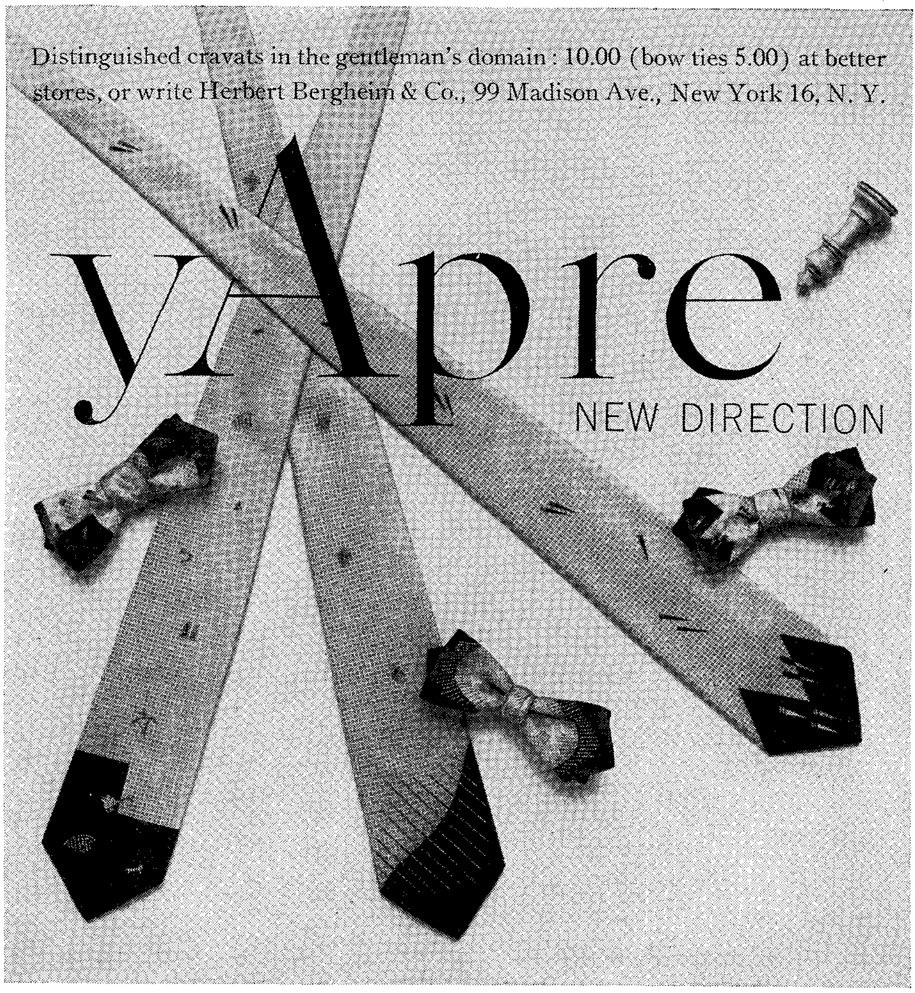

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looked lovelier every week. She told Mother proudly that Fred had quite changed with the expectation of fatherhood. He was still a trifle irritable, of course, his job being a responsible one, but he was no longer violent. To such a gentle creature, that was enough cause for rejoicing.

In the weeks that followed, Mrs. Stevens turned her strong maternal feelings more and more toward me. She gave me candy and glowing hair ribbons. At Christmas, she bought and decorated a little tree for me, and on my birthday, in February, she gave me a box of water colors. And in the spring, she said she would like to take me to visit her family. Her brother Joe was coming home on leave, soon, and she thought it would be nice if I could meet him. I was always willing to go anywhere, and a journey to Huddlesford was a treat. It was decided that we should go the next Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Stevens and I went to Huddlesford by a fussy little steam train, then took a streetcar for a couple of miles up the town's long main road, past dirty factories and rows of desolate stone houses. Mrs. Stevens didn't seem to notice the ugliness. She kept pointing out places of interest—churches, museums, a department store—and once she said, pointing eagerly to a grimy building on our left, "That's where I used to work. I was in the cashier's office. I had a very responsible job there, looking after cashbooks, and so on." She hesitated. "They said I could always go back," she finished, almost in a whisper.

We got off the car in a neighborhood of pleasant, tree-lined streets and went to a house at the end of a row of handsome houses. As we walked up the paved path to a tall white door, I saw how excited Mrs. Stevens was. She clanged the brass knocker, and when a woman opened the door she cried, "We're here, Sarah!" in a voice so young and joyous I hardly recognized it.

Sarah, a much older and plainer woman than her sister, flung her arms around Mrs. Stevens, then smiled down at me. "Come in, both of you," she said. "Take your hat and coat off, Grace. You, too, love. Let me hang them in the cupboard."

As I handed her my things, I looked around at the furnishings of the hall—a carved cupboard of black oak, an antique coffer, and a scantily clothed bronze female on the newel post of the stair, holding aloft an electric lamp—and I was amazed that Mrs. Stevens could have borne to leave such elegance to live in an ugly cottage in our village.

"How are you, Grace?" asked Sarah in a fierce undertone.

"I feel *very* well," Mrs. Stevens said. "Where's Joe?"

Just then a tall, sunburned, yellow-haired youth in civilian clothes ran lightly down the stairs. Mrs. Stevens held out her arms. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you!" she cried. "You don't look a bit different!"

"I'm fatter," Joe said, embracing her. Then he turned to me. "So this is the little lady from next door?" He picked me up and held me so high my head nearly touched the ceiling. "My word, she's a terrible weight!" he said. He set me down and leaned against the banister, pretending exhaustion.

"Don't be silly, Joe!" Mrs. Stevens said, laughing. "Did he frighten you, darling?"

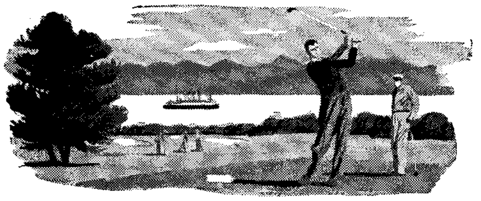
I shook my head. I had been deliciously stirred by Joe's eccentric greeting but not at all frightened.

"This way, ladies," Joe said. "We've lit a special fire in the drawing room. As a rule, we only sit in there on Sunday."

"He likes talking nonsense," Sarah said indulgently, but I believed him, and when we went into the drawing room, it seemed plain why they didn't often sit there. The tables, the bookshelves, and the mantelpiece were so littered with china that one could hardly move without risking the life of a shepherdess, or endangering a lustre jug or a fluted cup and saucer. I squeezed myself into a corner of a chintz-covered settee, hoping that there I would do no damage, and when Joe bumped lightly against a table, bringing a bell-like tinkle from the fancy crockery on it, I shuddered with apprehension.

Sarah went off to make tea, and Joe sat beside me on the settee. Mrs. Stevens, deep in an armchair, and looking lovely and at peace, listened and smiled while Joe gaily questioned me about school and about the books I liked.

It seemed scarcely a minute until Sarah came back to say that tea was ready in the living room. I carefully skirted the tables once more and arrived without mishap in a room full of solid Victorian furniture—a dark, rich clutter of mahogany, lit here and there by the gleam of a silver coffeepot or candlestick. A rectangular table was covered with a lace-edged cloth on which were a tea tray, plates of ham and tongue, a salad, a dish of canned pears, and a



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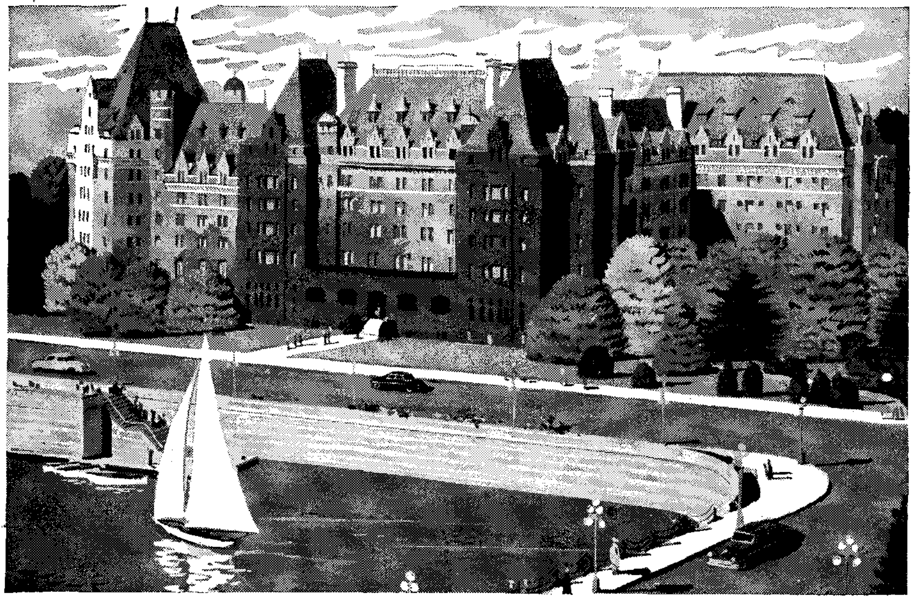

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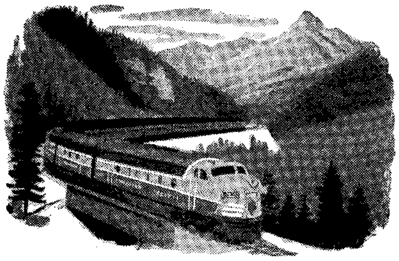

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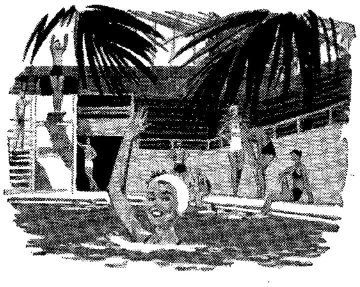

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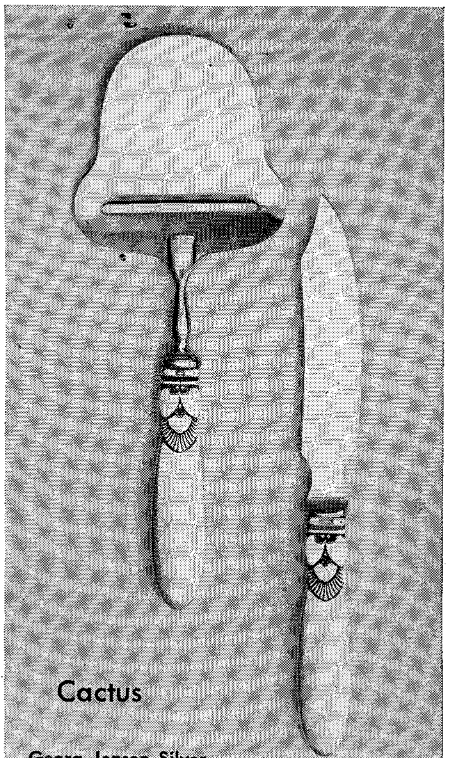

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splendid fruitcake—a North Country high tea.

"Tom won't be here," Sarah said, and I saw that she was embarrassed. "He's got a meeting this afternoon, and tonight he has a club dinner. He's sorry to miss you, Grace, and he says if ever you'd like to come back—"

"But he's so annoyed that I haven't already come that he's staying away for the day," Mrs. Stevens said, and laughed.

"Is Fred really any different, Grace?" Joe asked abruptly.

"Yes," she said, and added softly, without giving me a glance, "Remember the guest."

There was no further mention of Mr. Stevens during tea, but almost as soon as it was ended, Sarah asked Joe if he'd like to take me for a walk.

"I certainly would!" said Joe. "Put your bonnet on, Miss, and we'll take a walk while they wash the dishes."

THE streets we walked along were dignified and the trees a tolerable size, but they were tame to a country child, and I decided that walking in a suburb might be dull unless you had Joe for company. As it was, I found it entrancing. When we got to the main road, I clung tightly to his hand, just in case we might be going to cross through the traffic, but instead of crossing, we went into a candy store, where a particularly pretty girl was sitting behind a counter. She smiled invitingly at Joe, and I detested her.

"I'm bringing my new sweetheart for some toffee rolls, Miss Brooks," said Joe. He turned to me. "Or is there something else you'd like better?"

I would have preferred sugared almonds, but I was too enraptured at finding I was Joe's new sweetheart to question his judgment. If he had ordered cough candy, I would have eaten it. "I love toffee rolls," I said.

When we got back to the house, we found the others still in the living room. I was certain Mrs. Stevens had been crying, and Joe gave her a sharp look, then said jovially that, since the dishes were unwashed, he supposed the pair of them must have been gossiping like old women. However, he added, he was quite willing to go on entertaining the visitor while they did the job.

The sisters went to the kitchen, and Joe and I played noughts-and-crosses, but as we were both experienced players, every game ended in a draw. Then Joe brought out a snakes-and-ladders board, and we played several games, in which the luck was chiefly mine. After

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a while the rattle of crockery in the kitchen ceased, but the murmuring voices of Sarah and Mrs. Stevens went on.

"My goodness, how women talk!" Joe said, winking at me. "They'll probably gossip till midnight."

I didn't care if they did, and said so. But at last they emerged, and Mrs. Stevens said it was half past eight and she had promised my mother I would be home before ten.

"We're a wonderful pair," Joe said, while Mrs. Stevens and I were preparing to leave. He fixed my beret at a becoming angle. "I can see I shall have to marry you when you grow up. Then we can play snakes-and-ladders every day."

"Yes!" I cried joyfully, not for a second doubting his seriousness.

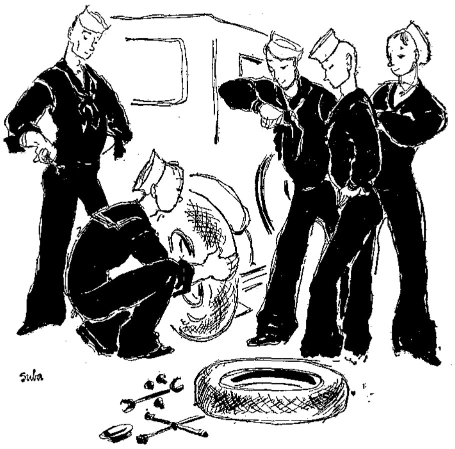
He walked with us to the streetcar, but though he held my hand, he talked only to his sister. He asked her if she would come home to have the baby. She said it was impossible. "Then Sarah must come to you," he said, and she told him her husband wouldn't agree to that, either.

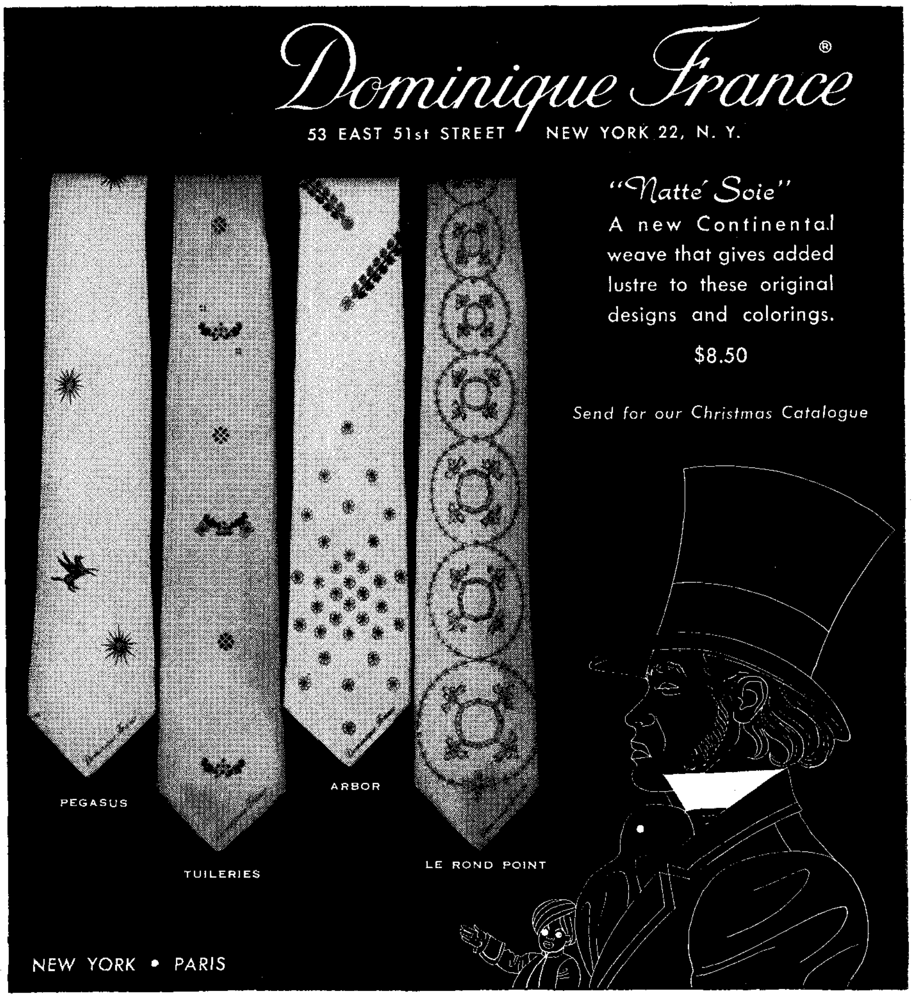
"You mean you'll lie there alone, day after day?" he asked furiously.

She said soothingly that a midwife would come in every morning, that my mother had promised to see to the meals and the house, and that as soon as she was able, she would bring the baby to visit Sarah and Tom.

"A nice state of affairs!" Joe said, gripping my hand till it hurt. "And how shall we know you're all right when the baby comes?"

She had thought of that, too. My mother would go to the post office, she said, and send telegrams to him and to Sarah. This seemed to comfort him considerably, and he relaxed his grip on my fingers. A moment later, the streetcar came into view. He kissed his sister goodbye and then, looking down for the first time, and seeing my

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stricken face, he added, "I was forgetting my sweetheart!" and bent and kissed me, too.

THREE weeks later, Mrs. Stevens gave birth to a small and feeble baby boy. Mother sent telegrams to Sarah and Joe, and took charge of the house next door. The midwife came in daily, and Mrs. Stevens recovered rapidly. She thought the baby perfect, though nobody else did. Mr. Stevens was deeply disappointed in his son, who weighed less than six pounds at birth and cried for hours together. When I went to bed at night, I could hear his thin, persistent wailing, and once, when the child was barely a week old, I listened to a loud tirade from Mr. Stevens, followed by the sound of some object—a chair, I guessed—crashing against the wall. I shuddered, and wondered what Joe would do if he knew. But Mrs. Stevens would never tell him, I was certain.

That October, an influenza epidemic rushed across the country. Mother caught the disease, and so did I. Though I had never felt so sick in my life, I learned later that Mother and I both had mild cases. My grandmother came to nurse us, but as she had to cope with her own household, too, and my unmarried aunt, who lived with her, was running a higher temperature than either of us, she could spare only a couple of hours a day. Mrs. Stevens said that now she could repay Mother's kindness. She brought invalid dishes every morning, did our laundry in her own kitchen, and prepared evening meals for Father. She never brought the baby near any of us, of course, and she soused her hands in disinfectant before she touched him. We didn't see her in the evenings. Her coming at all was a secret from Mr. Stevens, who had forbidden her to enter our contaminated house.

One morning after our fever had gone and Mother and I were lying, exhausted, in one great bed, Mrs. Stevens came in with a dish of junket and a jug of orange juice. She had been in earlier and had seemed unusually quiet and preoccupied. Now she drew up a chair beside the bed and, speaking in a low voice, said she had decided to leave her husband. She was afraid for the baby, so she was going to live with her sister.

"He'd never hurt a child!" Mother exclaimed.

"He's tried to already," Mrs. Stevens said calmly. "He can't bear to hear the poor little thing crying. It drives him almost insane. My sister'll look after

Mary Gibson

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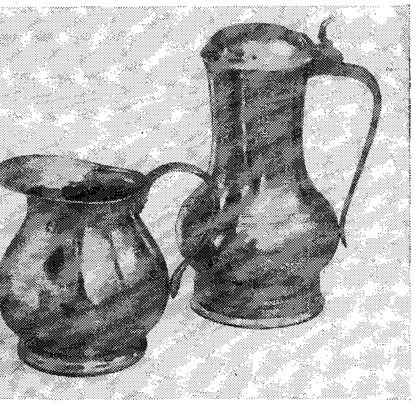

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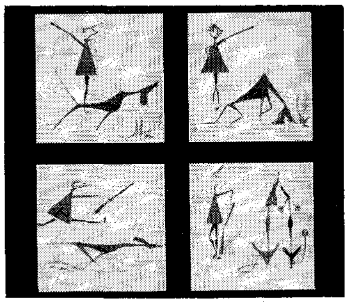

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the baby while I go out to work, so I shan't need money from him."

"You must make him support his own child," Mother said, starting up from the pillow and falling weakly back again.

"I'd rather he didn't," Mrs. Stevens said. "If I need money, Joe will help me. He's already promised me part of his pay—he's a corporal now—and he says he'll go on helping me even after he's married, though I know I shan't need it."

"Married?" Mother repeated. "Is he thinking of it?"

"He's been engaged for over a year now," Mrs. Stevens said. "The girl lives in the south, so I've never met her, but she seems the right person for him. Anyhow, he thinks she's wonderful. They'll get married as soon as the war's over, and it can't be long now. I wish you'd met him. Everybody likes him." Then, seeing me staring at her, she added, "*You* liked him, didn't you, darling?"

"Yes," I said. I turned to the wall so they couldn't see my face. But it was no use. I couldn't control my tears.

"What ever's the matter, love?" cried Mrs. Stevens.

"Give her a drink of orange juice, will you, Mrs. Stevens?" Mother said. "She's weak from the influenza. Believe me, I could cry myself. I know just how she feels."

—WINIFRED WILLIAMS

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FOOTBALL

Same Old Story

IT'S beginning to look like one of those old-fashioned wartime seasons, the ones in which Army and Navy laid waste the countryside and all the other Eastern football teams were in a distinctly minor league. Army's beating Dartmouth so badly a fortnight ago was not especially significant (after all, who isn't beating Dartmouth badly these days?), but Army's beating Duke, 14–13, last Saturday, tight squeeze though it was, is significant. Navy got off to its traditional walking start—this happens no matter who is coaching or playing for Navy, it seems—by letting William and Mary get a tie, 6–6. Its triumph two weeks ago over Cornell, which has been having organizational and technological difficulties for some years, was nevertheless decisive enough to indicate what was going to happen to Princeton, which for the past four or five seasons has been having things pretty much its own way. All Princeton was able to save out of the 65–7 disaster at Palmer Stadium last Saturday was its scoring record; Princeton has been able to knock off at least one touchdown in every game since sometime back in 1945. It was this ability to score that made national monuments of Princeton's coach, Charlie Caldwell, and his single-wingback scheme of attack. Princeton has lost only two games in four seasons, and there are still a few good men on its roster. Never before, though, had anyone been able to run up ten touchdowns in an afternoon against Princeton, and from here on in anything can happen to it.

From here on in, it is likely that nothing much can happen to Navy, if it can overcome its long-standing habit of annually losing to Notre Dame. At the moment, Navy must be the smoothest, fastest, best-equipped team around. Not many of its moving parts can be remembered from other years, aside from Eisenhauer and Olson in the line and Monahan in the backfield, but it is operating, at least against the opposition that can be mustered on the North Atlantic seaboard, as though all hands were well acquainted and had been doing this sort of thing for years. The most prominent hand is the quarterback, who, for better or for worse, is always the most prominent man in the T-formation offense. Generally, he is John Weaver, a tall, spare third-year man with a brisk way of thinking and moving, a remarkably steady head, and a remarkably steady throwing arm. Other times—and frequently against Princeton—he is George Welsh, a second-year man, who looks only fair compared to Weaver but topnotch compared to most other Eastern quarterbacks. The rest of the time he is George Knotts, a fourth-year man, and a tiny one, weighing less than a hundred and seventy pounds, which makes him only half the size of practically every other Navy player. He, too, is very good indeed.

Track coaches are forever complaining that the football coaches have snaffled their best sprinters. This fall's Navy team looks like a track team in football uniforms. This fall's Princeton team looks as though there had been absolutely no proselytizing among the track men. Several Navy touchdowns came about simply because ballcarriers who should have been floored by the opposition literally ran rings around it. Let it also be said that Navy has been in training longer than any of the Ivy League teams, that it outweighed Princeton, and that the average age was considerably higher. Well, that is one way of getting a good football team.

ANOTHER celebrated player returned last week from a tour of duty with the Armed Forces—Carroll Lowenstein, who resumed his important place in the Harvard backfield. Unfortunately, neither he nor any of his fellow-backs got much protection against the Columbia line, and Columbia finally picked off its first Ivy League victory of the fall, 6–0. Pennsylvania, which would probably much rather have had Harvard (or Columbia, for that matter) on its schedule last Saturday, went bravely ahead with its tomorrow-the-world project and was beaten by Ohio State, 12–6, although the story seems to be that this is not a very good Ohio State team, as teams are measured in the Midwest. And Yale improved itself in everyone's estimation by journeying to Ithaca and, still without its favorite backfield man, Ed Molloy, standing off Cornell with a 0–0 tie. It could just happen that Yale is going to stave off, or even sneak past, everyone this year. —J. W. L.

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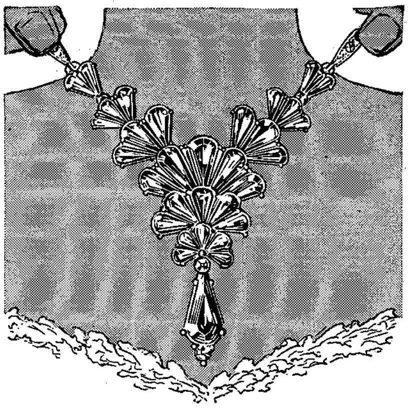
—*Adv. in the Mexico City Excelsior.*

Our knee goes to sleep, Fräulein.



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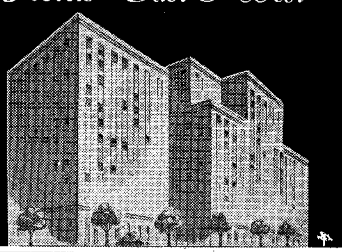

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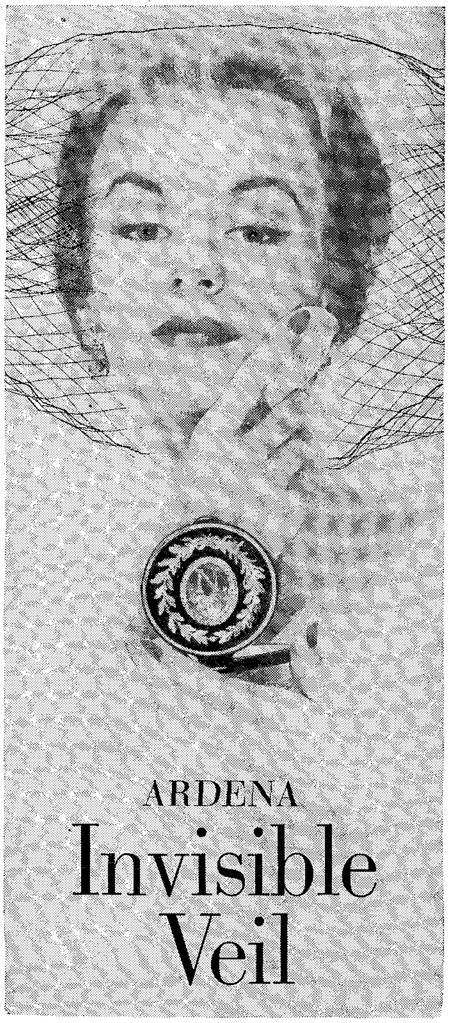

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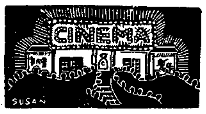


RUTH GORDON, an actress who has always commanded my respectful attention, in 1946 wrote a play called "Years Ago." The work, now processed in celluloid under the title "The Actress," is a very smooth business, which has as its heroine a young lady from New England who is determined to make her way in the theatre despite the protestations of her craggy sire. As the old man, Spencer Tracy is gruff and lovable, but he's not quite up to the high standard set for fathers by Howard Lindsay in the play derived from Clarence Day's stories. Nevertheless, both Mr. Tracy and Jean Simmons, who plays the stage-struck principal, go about their chores with commendable enthusiasm, and it's possible that if you're in a tolerant mood you'll find the film a palatable trifle. The plot structure is as elementary as the theme of a painting by Grandma Moses, so there is a considerable lack of suspense, but all the people are amiably depicted, and Miss Simmons is the kind of girl who can make all the mooning that goes with an actress's notions about the theatre seem pleasant, if something less than plausible. As directed by George Cukor, the film never attempts to be anything more than a fleeting diversion, which indicates a nice appreciation of values, and it certainly makes the environs of Boston of forty years ago seem the kind of place you'd like to raise your children in.

"THE OVERCOAT," an Italian picture based on the story by Gogol, concerns a wispy clerk whose acquisition of a well-cut garment alters his dreary situation and then leads him, after a highflying spasm of good living, to his doom. The little man grown spectacularly large is, of course, the sort of idea Chaplin has used to such endless advantage, but perhaps Renato Rascel, who is aping the Master here, needs a bit more seasoning. In spite of his comparative shortcomings, though, Mr. Rascel does occasionally rise to the sort of comic pathos that the role demands, and I think we should all wish him well.

"MAIN STREET TO BROADWAY" is one of those enterprises that employ so many actors they resemble a kind of new-day W.P.A. Written by Samson Raphaelson from a story by Robert Sherwood, it has to do with an addled young playwright and an addled young lady. He is troubled because he doesn't know what brand of drama he ought to go in for, and she's upset because she doesn't know whether to give her heart to the playwright or surrender herself to the muscular embraces of a hardware dealer. The picture has Tallulah Bankhead, Ethel and Lionel Barrymore, Shirley Booth, Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein II, Mary Martin, Rex Harrison, Joshua Logan, and a hatful of other theatrical types carrying limp spears in the background, while in the foreground the action centers on a pair named Tom Morton and Mary Murphy. I never heard of or saw them before, which, as it turns out, was a stroke of luck.

JOAN CRAWFORD, who used to be a bathing beauty or something, proves that she is still a handsomely configured lady in "Torch Song." She doesn't prove, however, that a plot about a Broadway star and a blind pianist can excite anything more than a faint droop in spirit. . . . "Let's Do It Again" is a jolly little horror explaining at great length and to no purpose some domestic mixups between a dull man (Ray Milland) and his painful wife (Jane Wyman). Whatever merit the thing may have is due to the dancer Valerie Bettis, who is present as a lady Mr. Milland pursues while off the marital reservation. Now *there* is a girl!

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From a letter written by Abbott Lawrence to William C. Rives, January 16, 1846, quoted in "American Issues," Volume I*]

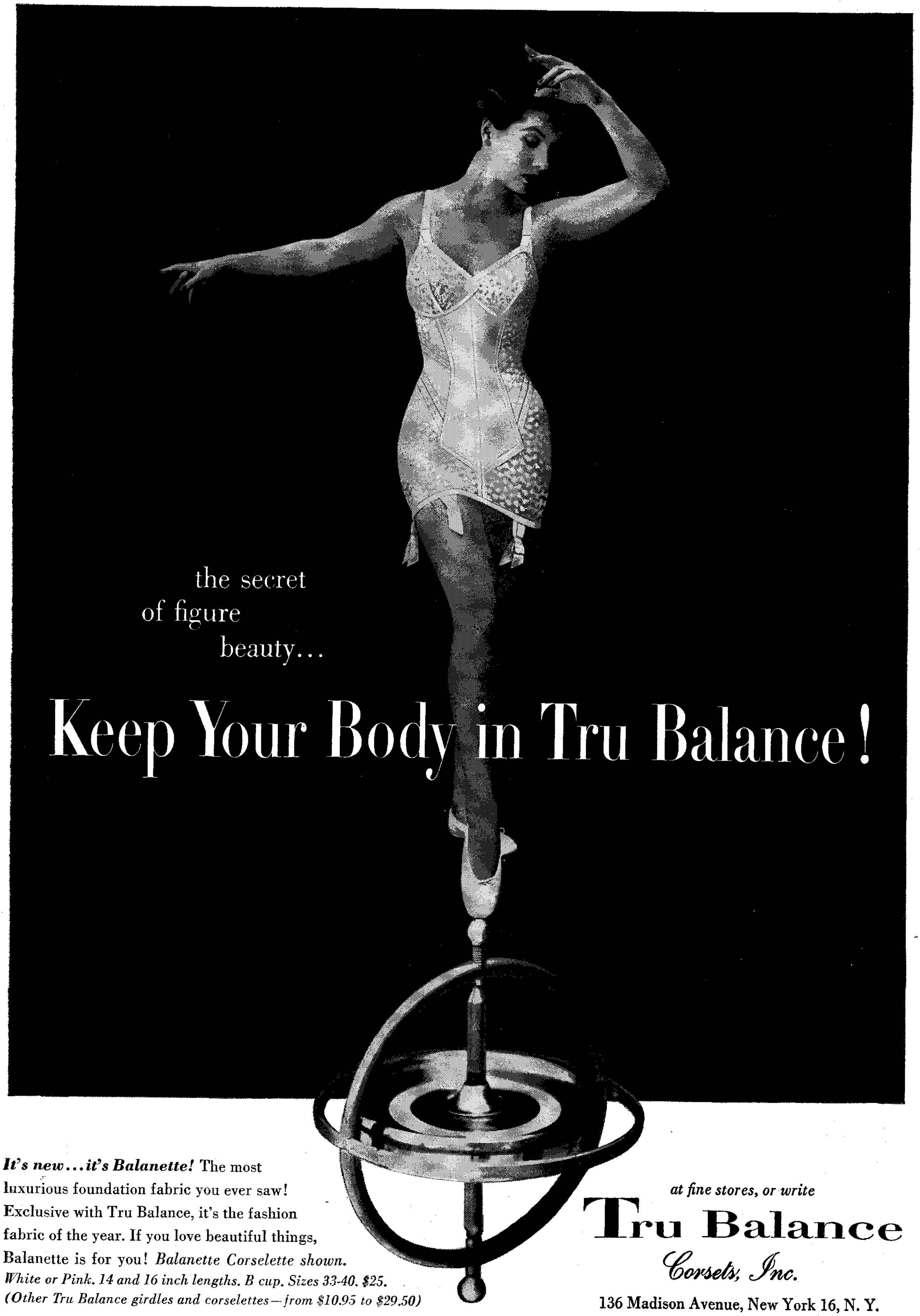
I believe the most economical member of Congress will agree that thirty millions of dollars will be required, annually, to carry on this Government, for the next five years, and that this estimate does not include large sums that may be wanted to settle our affairs with Mexico, Texas, &c.

•

Pittsburgh—(INS)—H. J. Heinz II, president of the food company which bears his name, announced today his third marriage, to Mrs. Drue Mary Maher, widow of the late Dale W. Maher.

In Holland, the newly married woman feeds her bridegroom a traditional mixture of brandy and raisins as part of the ceremony.—*Shelby (Ohio) Globe.*

Well, this isn't Holland, eh, Heinz?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A REPORTER AT LARGE

LITTLE BROWN JUG, I LOVE THEE

EVER since I came back from a town called Delaware, in Ohio, a week or so ago, I have been nudging my wife toward homicide with the song called "Little Brown Jug." It isn't a very long number.

> "Little Brown Jug, I love thee,
> Tumty, tumty, tumty, tee.
> Little Brown Jug, you and me,
> Tumty, tumty, tum-TEE-tee"

is the way I sing it when I use all the words I think I know. To be consistent, now that I look at it, the third line should be "thee and me," and I am not sure that it isn't. It doesn't much matter, though, because mostly I just hum it. I had heard "Little Brown Jug" before I went out to Delaware, Ohio, of course, but in those days I could take it or leave it alone. The tune has now been firmly beaten into my subliminal repertory because it is the leitmotiv of a pacing race called, by no coincidence, the Little Brown Jug. This has become the great event of Delaware's year, supplanting the annual commencement of Ohio Wesleyan University in that proud eminence. Delaware (pop. 12,000) is twenty-four miles north of Columbus, the state capital, and in pre-Jug days enjoyed only a mild celebrity, as the birthplace of Rutherford B. Hayes and the seat of Ohio Wesleyan. Presidential birthplaces and universities are both of such high incidence in Ohio that people forget which of them are where. "We realized that 'My Old Kentucky Home' has helped make the Kentucky Derby what it is in the running-horse field," an officer of the Delaware County (pop. 25,000) Fair, which puts on the Little Brown Jug as the principal drawing card of four days of exhibiting and racing, told me. "In founding a classic horse race it is well to choose a name with a built-in theme song."

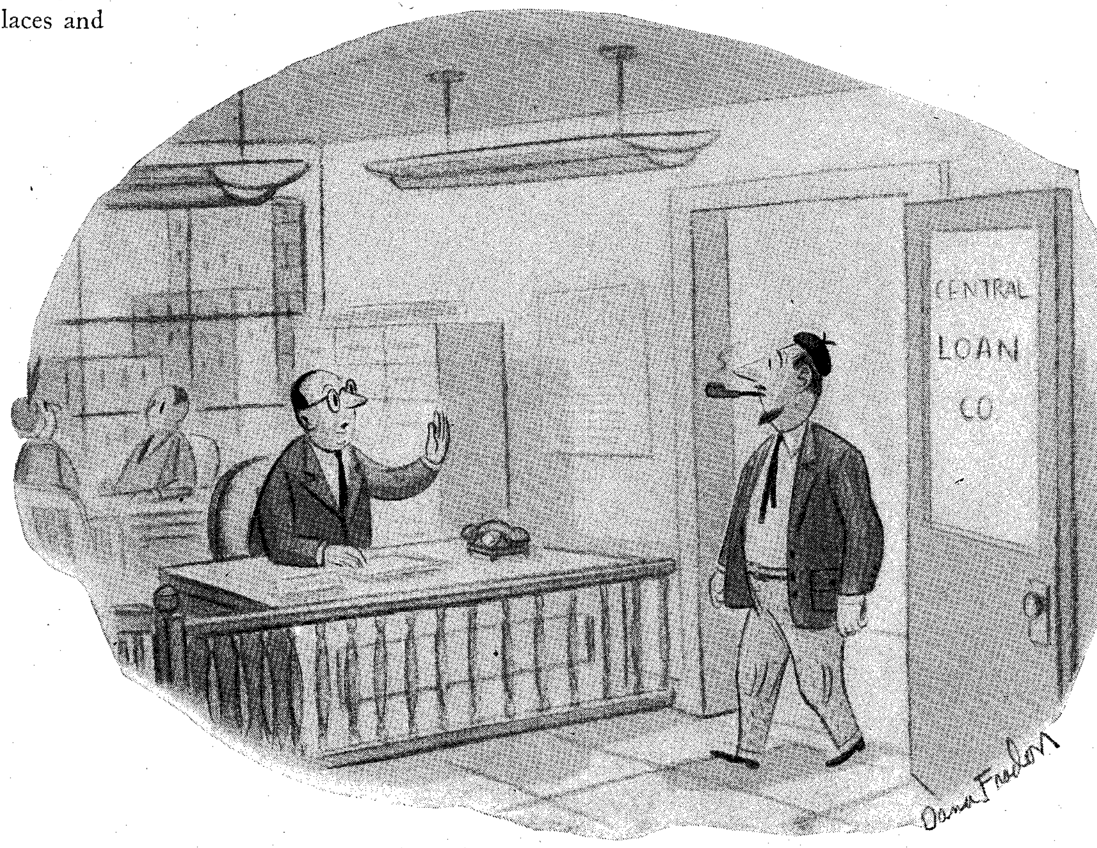
The co-ed band of Willis High School, in Delaware—an outfit called the Tigers—rehearses during the whole year for its appearance before its largest audience. (There were forty thousand people at the Jug race this time.) But no matter how skillful the performance, the musical "Little Brown Jug" suffers from excessive brevity. The band plays it repeatedly as the horses jog past the stands, warming up for the first heat, and again, twenty minutes at a stretch, before each succeeding installment. The Jug isn't decided until one horse wins two heats of a mile each. This year, there were four heats. The high-school band gave up and went home right after the third. It was pretty dark by that time, and I suppose parents were growing anxious. But the track management rose to the occasion. It played a recording of "Little Brown Jug" over the public-address system:

> "Little Brown Jug, I love thee,
> Tumty, tumty, tumty, tee . . ."

The winners of the first three heats finished the fourth, and deciding, dash under the grandstand floodlights, which are ordinarily used to illuminate the Duke of Paducah Hillbilly Show and the catch-as-catch-can wrestling the management of the fair puts on in the evening.

I AM no harness-horse man; in fact, until the first time I went out to Delaware, in 1952, I didn't even know that a pacer is a horse that progresses by simultaneously advancing the two legs on one side of its body, whereas a trotter simultaneously moves the legs at diagonally opposite corners of itself. This fall I went out the second time, because a man named Joe Neville, whom I had met at the 1952 Jug, had a horse that looked, early this season, as if it might win the 1953 race. Neville is Delaware's most prominent citizen, architecturally and every other way—a vast, affable man who, when I had last seen him, weighed something over three hundred pounds, and who is known throughout Ohio as Jugger Joe Neville, because the race is his particular baby, which he seems to carry in his capacious arms all year round. He is an attorney who has always been too busy with harness racing to practice law very much, a sacrifice facilitated by the circumstance that his father and uncle at an early stage in the history of the automobile industry acquired a state-wide agency for one of the companies that eventually disappeared into General Motors.

Neville's horse, Iosola's Ensign (harness horses as a rule are almost as peculiarly named as Jersey cows), was to be driven by Curly Smart, a driver and trainer who makes his home in Delaware, and if the two won, it would be the same kind of pleasant sporting

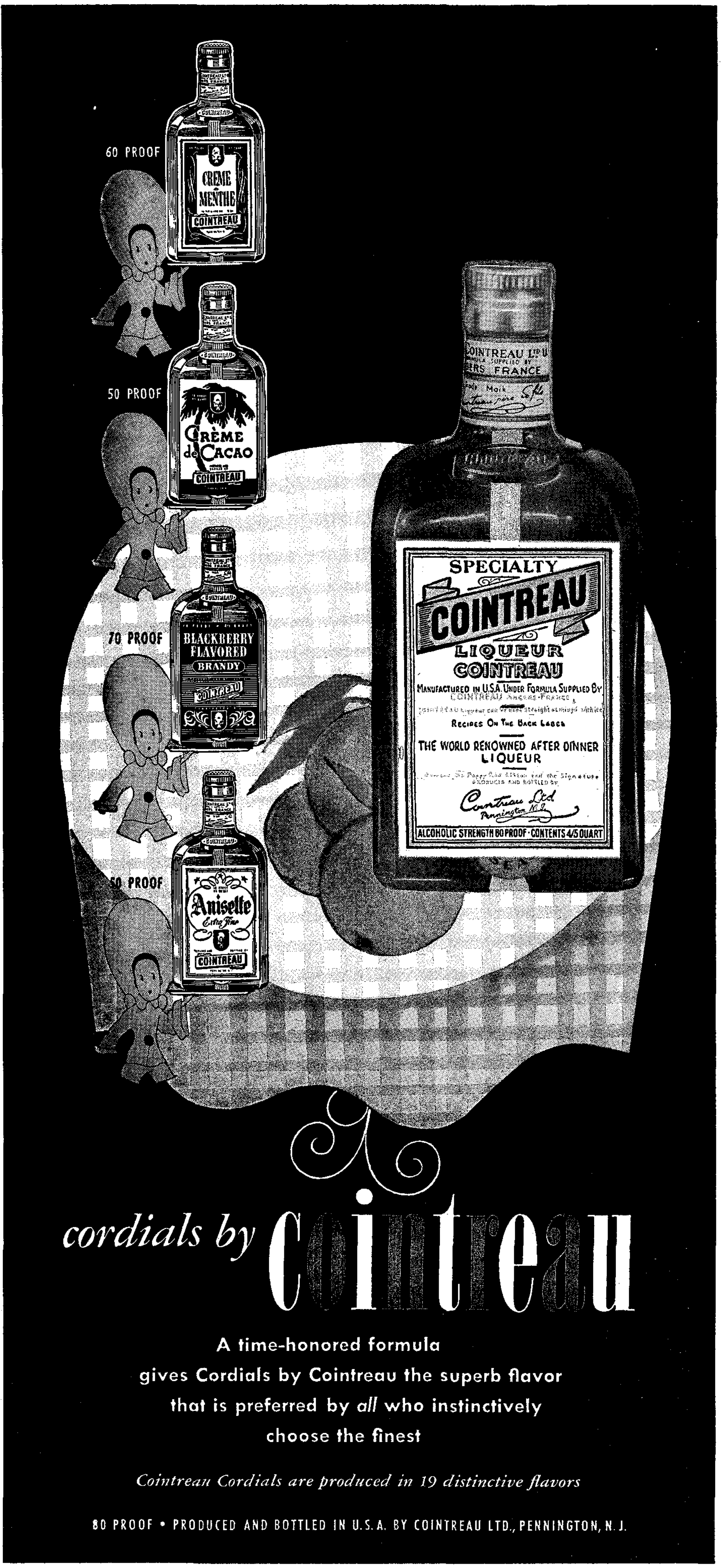


"No."

episode as the victory of the Greek Spiridon Loues in the marathon at the first modern Olympic games, in Athens. So I went out there hoping to see them do it. Besides, Delaware in Fair and Jug Week, as I discovered last year, is one of the most congenial places in the country for a man who wants to get away from every other preoccupation.

AFTER leaving the sleeping car at Columbus on the morning of the first Delaware racing day, I learned as I read the *Ohio State Journal* at breakfast in the station restaurant that Iosola's Ensign had gone lame and been withdrawn from the race. I also learned that the United States Trotting Association, which supervises both trotting and pacing races in this country and has its headquarters in Columbus, had barred Smart from driving or training anywhere for a year, because the Michigan State Harness Racing Commission had suspended him in that state. I knew about the Michigan suspension, which was based on the charge that a horse owned by a stable called Castleton Farm and technically under Smart's supervision had been stimulated with Benzedrine before a race in Detroit. Stories about horse-doping usually get a good play on sporting pages, and this one had made headlines in New York. Smart had been in Springfield, Illinois, racing another division of the stable, when the horse in Detroit ran, and won, but under the rules of racing he was responsible just the same. I had also read that Curly and his chief employer, Frederick Van Lennep, who owns Castleton Farm, had got a court order in Michigan setting aside the suspension in that state, so I had thought Curly was all right for the Delaware meeting.

It appeared, though, that the struggle had just begun. The *Ohio State Journal* said Curly and his attorneys were going before an Ohio judge that very morning to seek a restraining order against the U.S.T.A. I began to suspect, as I ate my second stack of wheatcakes, that I was getting into something more like "Bleak House" than a horse race. I remembered Curly well—a barrel-chested, bull-necked little man in his fifties, with a wide, pink, bespectacled face, an authoritative manner, and a position in Delaware just about as solid as the Delaware County Bank's. He had driven the 1952 Jug winner—a horse from Louisville, Kentucky. The paper said that in the event he could get in this time, he would drive a Castleton three-year-old named Dutch Dandy, who had a chance. And as I read, I couldn't help thinking what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a fine thing it would be if Curly were reinstated in time to win the Jug again.

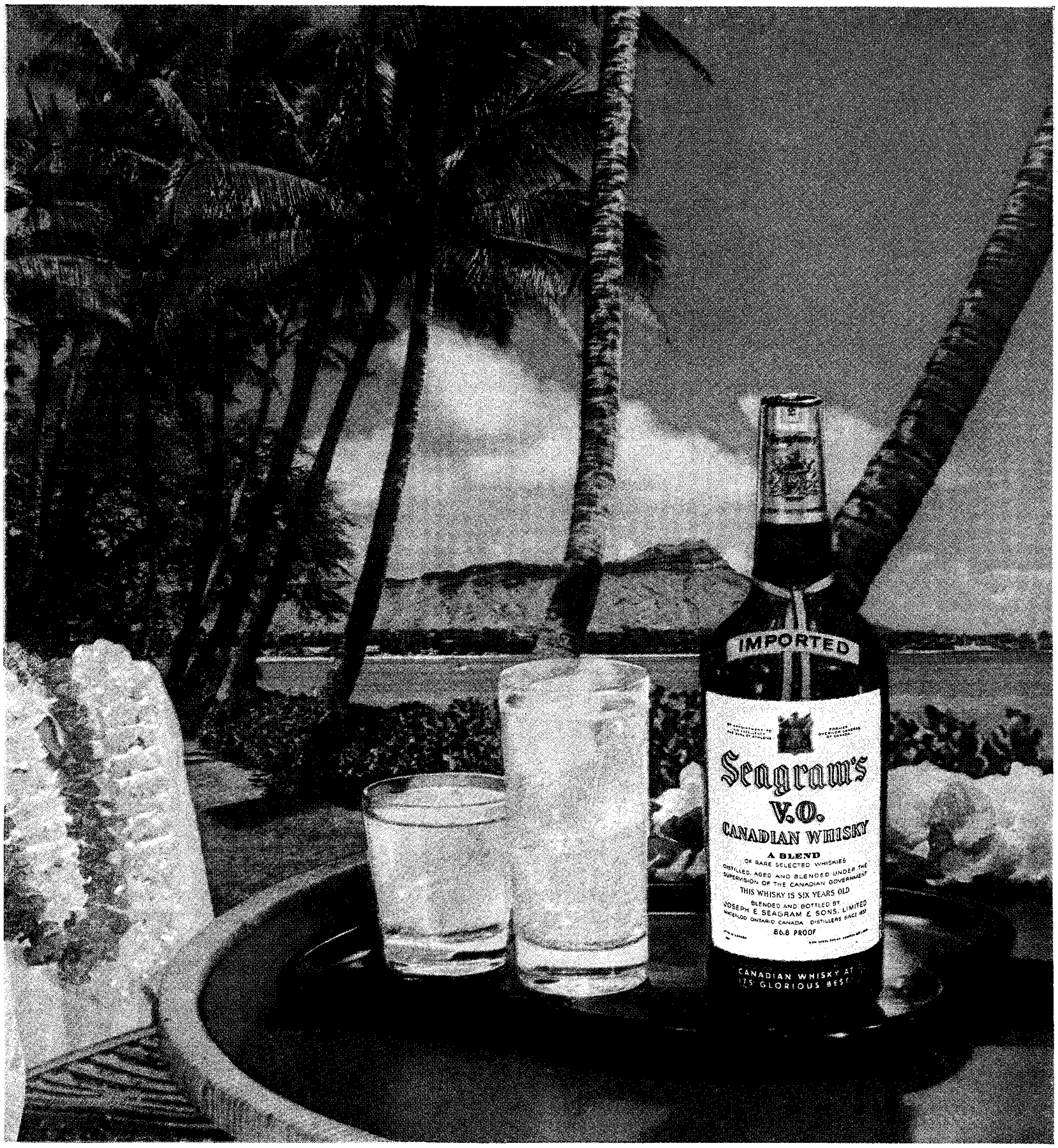
One of the papers I bought at the station had a picture of Joe Neville standing all alone between the shafts of a racing sulky. It was captioned, "No horse, no driver, Jugger Joe Neville has only a sulky." He looked a lot thinner than I remembered him, and later, when I saw him, I learned that he had taken off a cool hundredweight and got down to two hundred and some-odd pounds.

I sat up in front with the driver of the cab I hired to take me out to Delaware, and looked around again at the peaceful, reassuring countryside, where intermittent wooded stretches serve as a backdrop for rich farmland, and signs along the way offer apples and antiques and bird dogs and turkeys and Shetland ponies. About halfway to Delaware, we passed a motel called the Pearly Gates, which I recalled thinking the year before had a hell of a name. The fair was being held a week later this year than last, and the trees were a bit farther on the turn—yellowy, but not yet red. It struck me as a boxed-in countryside, with no distant mountains, no sea, and no wide horizons, either, on account of the trees, but none of the wooded stretches sufficiently continuous to give the impression of a forest. There was nothing about it to suggest there was any place else anywhere.

I got to thinking, as I rode along, how I had happened to hear of the Little Brown Jug in the first place. A man named F. Beverly Kelley, whom I had known before the war as a press agent for Ringling's circus, had written me a letter during the summer of 1952 confessing that he was leading a double life. A carefree publicist on the road, Kelley intimated that in his home town of Delaware he was a university trustee, the proprietor of a furniture store, and vice-president of the Delaware County Fair, and, in the last capacity, one of the chief instigators of a precocious classic of the turf—the world's richest stake for three-year-old pacers, worth around sixty thousand dollars at each annual recurrence. In 1939, Kelley informed me, the fair board, with a subsidy from the Public Works Administration, had built a half-mile harness track as an adjunct to the fair. The track turned out to be so glib—a harness-racing term for "fast"—that practically every race held there resulted in a world's record for the standard harness mile over a half-mile track. World's records in harness racing, like universities in Ohio, are not exactly uncommon. The *United States Trotting Association's Year Book* lists two hundred and ninety-two "world-championship records," "world records," and "interesting performances."

Owners like a glib track because they can establish fast time records on their horses. These increase the theoretical value of the animals for sale or breeding. The Delaware County Fair grew so popular it got dates on the Grand Circuit, the big league of harness racing. So the Delaware racing men decided to found a fixture corresponding to the Hambletonian for three-year-old trotters, which is held at Goshen, New York. Since Goshen had preëmpted the trotting field, Delaware picked the pacers. In his letter, Kelley wrote that Delaware differed from the night tracks near the big cities in that there was no profit in it for anybody concerned; all the fair's take from the pari-mutuel concession went back into the next year's purses and premiums. Kelley explained that the revenue from this and other sources, such as grandstand admissions and concessions, enabled the fair board to contribute about ten thousand dollars to the stakes for the Little Brown Jug, but in the other races the owners competed for their own money and the fees forfeited by nominators who dropped out. Subscription to the Jug entailed a series of rising antes—from ten dollars, to nominate the foal *in utero*, to a five-hundred-dollar starting fee, twenty-four hours before the race. The one great bugaboo of the fair, Kelley wrote, was rain. Since the fair lasted only four days, there was no chance to recoup losses later in the season, as, Kelley noted, was frequently possible with the Big Show. A heavy rain on Jug Day would be a disaster. And in 1952, as if Kelley had had a premonition, it happened. A crowd only slightly smaller than usual—thirty-five thousand—assembled for the Jug under threatening skies, but after the first heat a cloudburst ended the race for the day, since, unlike runners, harness horses do not perform over a sloppy track. The potential bettors scampered off with most of their money still in their pockets. Only a fraction of the crowd returned for the continuation of the race the next, and final, day of the fair. Most of the spectators come from outside Delaware County, and it is hard for them to arrange a second excursion within a week. I hoped that nothing like that would happen this year, and the empty blue sky and dry, cool air seemed to promise that it wouldn't.

AFTER I left my bag in my room at the Fort Delaware Hotel, which, along with three blocks of stores,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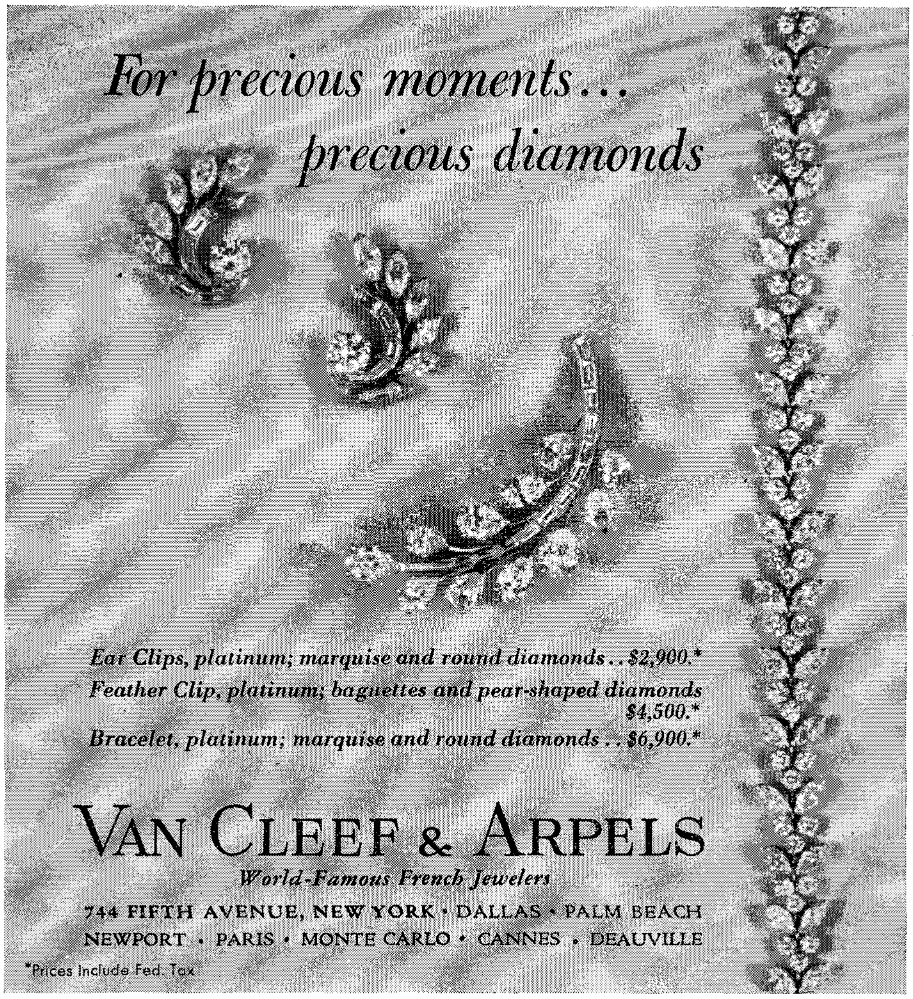
THE GENERAL TIRE

the courthouse, the library, and Joe Neville's house, stands on Sandusky Street, Delaware's main thoroughfare, I checked in at Kelley's furniture store, the Blair-Kelley Company, but Kelley wasn't there. I left word that I would meet him on the midway at around lunchtime, and then started out to the fairgrounds. The town, which I had found as exotic as Kairouan the first time I was there, now struck me as homelike. I had come to accept the fact that you walk through a candy store to get to the lobby of the hotel and that the race-track followers dress like grain merchants, except that they wear ties with hand-painted horses' heads and diamond horseshoe stickpins. This modified dandyism, I suppose, dates from the old, untrammelled days when a cheating driver might feel a sudden need to disappear into a rural crowd. He could blend with the background simply by changing neckties. If his clothes had been cut sharp, like a running-horse tout's, this would have been impossible. At the fairgrounds, I wandered around among the exhibits before going out on the track, and the booths looked familiar, too—the Fuller Monument Works, featuring a nice line of tombstones in Rock of Ages Granite, and the Ramsey-Bennett-Brown Funeral Home tent, with folding chairs set out under it and placards of invitation reading, "Rest a Bit," as if Ramsey-Bennett-Brown altruistically wished to minimize thrombosis during Fair Week. There were swine, and muscovy ducks, and rolling-ball games, and chocolate milk shakes you could stand a straw up in, and artificial roses in glass globes labelled "Little Brown Jug, Delaware, O." I made part of the cost of my ticket from the Atlantic seaboard by saving two dollars on a wondrous tool, which I was assured sharpens knives, scissors, and lawnmowers and cuts glass better than any diamond that ever came out of the Kimberley mines of Africa, because it has a genuine stellite cutting wheel. With it you can cut a pattern in plate glass "as crooked as a dog's hind leg or a Chicago politician," the man demonstrating it said—and proved. "This demonstration is like my mother-in-law's tongue," he said. "It goes awn and awn. This article is advertised on a national television program for three dollars, but I have been authorized by the manufacturer to sell it here for only one-ninety-eight as a get-acquainted offer. But, gentlemen, for just this one hour," he went on, picking up a sheet of glass in his left hand, "I am going to cut the price right"—here he laid the glass on a tripod before him and ran



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his stellite wheel, keener than any diamond that ever came out of the Kimberley mines of Africa, down the middle—"in two!" With that, he snapped the halves apart, and added, "You may have it for one dollar." It occurred to me that half of one-ninety-eight is ninety-nine cents, but I dared not haggle, for the hour might be nearly up. To celebrate my bargain, I had a sandwich of Ohio Swiss cheese and a drink of Swiss-style lemon blend at a trailer fixed up like a Swiss chalet, and then I walked on out to the track, which is situated in the part of the grounds farthest from the gate, so you have to pass the cash traps to get to it.

WATCHING the activity on a harness track in the morning is one of the most agreeable forms of self-hypnosis I know. It is perhaps even more beguiling than watching an icebreaker's bow bite into a frozen river while you drink coffee on the glassed-in bridge. On the icebreaker, you say to yourself that you will go below as soon as the ship has bitten her way up past a wooded point over there on the left bank. But after the point is abaft, you wait until she makes the steeple on the hill half a mile ahead on the right bank. So you stay all morning. At the track, you hang over a rail fence, watching two circles of horses move in opposite directions—the horses on the outer edge of the track jogging clockwise, and those on the inside moving much faster and counterclockwise, as in a race. The men in the sulkies, an elderly lot, seem to hold the horses between their legs, stretched out along the shafts. They drive as if on some mysterious errand along an endless country road—the hurried ones on the inside to get a doctor for a sick child, perhaps, and the leisurely ones on the outside to get a pound of bacon at the village store. On a harness track, men and horses work in the full sun of midmorning, and not, as on a running track, in the cold after-dawn. You hear what the drivers say to the horses and to one another, and try to pick up the thread of the conversation when they come around again a lap later.

At Delaware, the stables are strung out behind the second turn and the backstretch, and the especially wise men gather around the gaps in the fence where the horses pass to and from the track. "How's the track, Doc?" a wiry fellow calls to a driver, and the driver, out of a bony old face like Harry Truman's, calls back, "They'll go enough, don't you worry 'bout that."

" 'Don't you worry 'bout that,' old Doc says," the wiry fellow reports appreciatively, and everybody within earshot laughs and repeats, "Doc says, 'Don't you worry 'bout that.' "

I walked along the rim of the track, stopping every few feet to hang on the fence some more, and making digressions into the stable area, where horses were poking their heads out over the half doors of their stalls—mild, ruminative heads, without thoroughbred arrogance. Colored grooms were working over pieces of harness while comfortable old people (the owners, or the owners' friends, I suppose), some of them fat and some of them leathery, were sitting on campstools under the overhanging eaves and scratching the ears of stable dogs that knew a bitch or two in every trotting-track town from Old Orchard, Maine, to Lexington, Kentucky. My stroll eventually brought me to the Jug Cabin, a one-story building faced with logs, which houses the speed secretary's office and a room furnished with armchairs and cases of soft drinks for visiting horsemen and reporters. "Speed secretary" is the harness-horse colloquialism for "racing secretary," and the one at Delaware is Hank Thomson, who is also editor of the Delaware *Gazette*, a daily that has been in his family for a hundred and thirty-five years, which may be some kind of record.

In the Jug Cabin, I renewed my acquaintance with Leon Duffy, who writes the "Feed Bag" column for the *Harness Horse*, a magazine published in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Mr. Duffy, a wisp of a man with the profile of a kindly old rooster under the slouch hat he perpetually wears, can tell you the time record and idiosyncrasies of every winner on the Grand Circuit in the past half century, and if he cares to, he can throw in something about the horse's owner, and the owner's family and business associates as well. Of a well-meaning but unpredictable millionaire, he once said to me, "He's like one of those cows that gives five quarts of rich cream at a milking and then kicks them all over before you get any." But usually Mr. Duffy does not speak harshly of others. He attributes his circumspection to something he learned as a trap boy at a national shooting tournament sometime before 1900. "There was a fellow in it who used to say hello every time he saw us kids," Mr. Duffy recalls. "When he come up, we used to loosen a screw on the trap so it would just lob the bird in the air. There was another fellow was just as good a shot, but he used to holler at us. So we would tighten the screw and shoot one straight at him. I leave you to guess who won."

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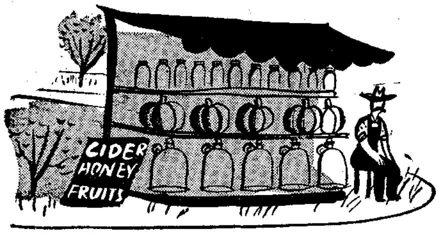
the collar drawn up around his chin even on sunny September afternoons, as if he got so chilled attending meetings on ice long ago that he hasn't yet thawed out completely, and he has about him a stoic good humor that comes from association with a sport in which until recent years nothing was ever decided in a single heat. A bit of ill luck or a mistake on a jockey's part may irretrievably lose a race for a running horse, but on a harness track a horse is usually sure of another chance. In Duffy's young-manhood, the big races were decided on a basis of three heats out of five, and he once saw a race go to ten before one contestant took his third victory. Two out of three is the rule now in races like the Jug and the Hambletonian, and if a different horse wins each of the first three heats, only the three winners are eligible for the final, which makes four heats the limit. With the rise of the big-city tracks and their new public of impatient bettors, one-heat races, or "dashes," have become common, and Mr. Duffy thinks they are softening the breed. "Dash horses!" he says, with a contempt in his voice that my preceptor on the running turf, the late Auguste Grenet, used to reserve for the intoning of the epithet "Trotting horses!"—a term he considered so pejorative that he never employed it before ladies. (I have, naturally, not felt called upon to quote Mr. Grenet to Mr. Duffy.) "I never bet on single heats, nor shoot craps, either," Mr. Duffy frequently remarks. Mr. Duffy notwithstanding, some bettors, even at Delaware, play the pari-mutuels on a heat-by-heat basis.

When I asked Mr. Duffy, as is ritual on the first day of the meeting, who he thought would win the Jug this year, he said, "Keystoner is the *stoutest* colt, if he can just get by the first two heats." From his tone, I could tell he thought that a race, to be a true test of stoutness, should start with the third heat and that the first two should be run only as an hors d'oeuvre. Mr. Duffy's stoicism enables him to receive the outcome of races calmly. If an outsider scores over the public's choice, Mr. Duffy says, after a small chuckle, "Well, well, the calf got loose and killed the butcher."

Mr. Duffy told me that Joe Neville, whom I had hoped to see there, was in



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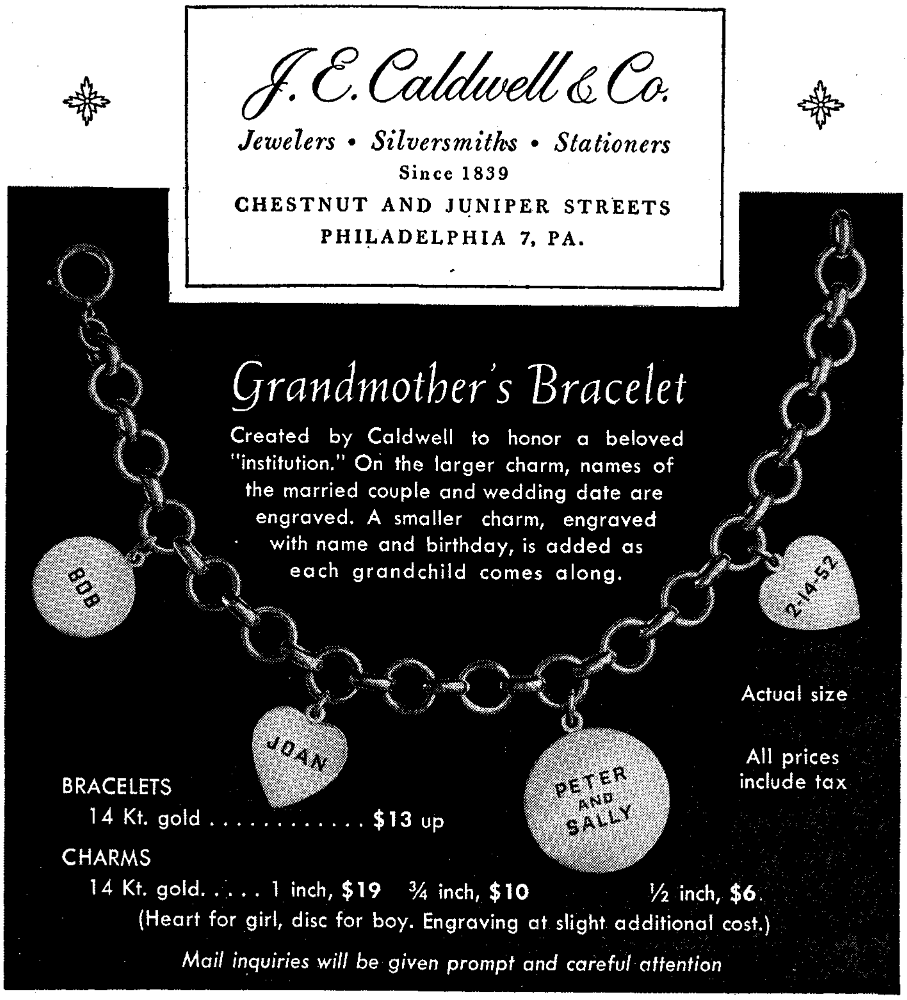
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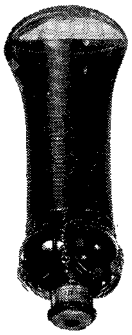

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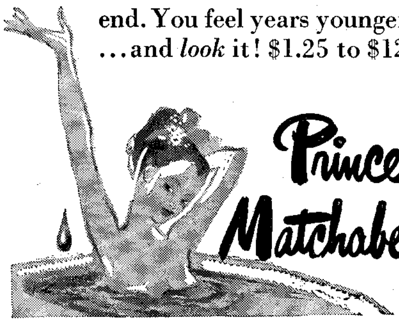


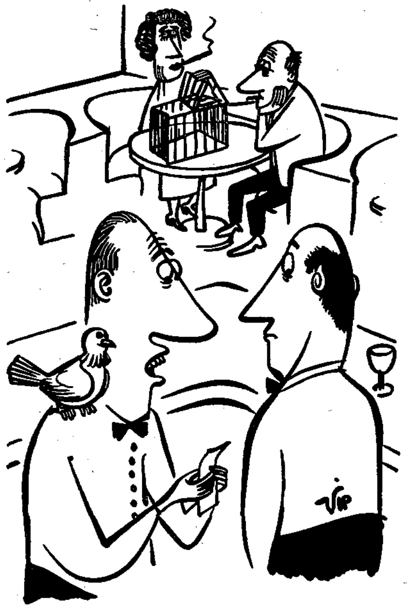
Prince Matchabelli

Columbus with Curly Smart and a platoon of lawyers. So after a bit of talk I made my way back to the midway, this time cutting across the infield, with its beds of calla lilies and salvia and its batteries of boxed geraniums, which reminded me of the dampened annual party at a nearby country club after the storm the year before. The only jubilant soul there had been a Mr. Gibson, the local greenhouse man, who nurses the track's flower beds through the summer for their week of glory. "Damn good thing this dry spell ended," Gibson said, "or we wouldn't have had a flower left for tomorrow."

THE midway was crowded by this time, but I had no trouble finding Bev Kelley. A tall, graying man, of mock-sombre visage and radiant apparel, Kelley is himself without interest in horses, except for a lingering affection for the heavy draft breeds formerly associated with the circus business. He was waiting for me at the southwest corner of the Scioto Valley School District restaurant tent, which had been our favorite fair-time eating place the year before, although the Cheshire Methodist Church and the Kilbourne Grange also set hearty tables. Delaware County lacks *cassoulets* and *écrevisses*, but fried ham with cole slaw, potato salad, baked beans, sliced tomatoes, and sliced onions is an acceptable *plat régional*, and all the pies are good, especially the boysenberry. When, after a third piece of pie, I went out to the judges' pagoda to watch the races, Kelley left me flat. He thinks of the Little Brown Jug primarily as a gimmick to draw the crowd to the rides and rolling-ball games.

The judges work on the upper deck of their pagoda, which is surrounded by the track. Beneath them is a veranda, set aside for friends of the house. Watching the racing from the veranda, you turn counterclockwise with the horses, making one complete revolution on your heels every time they complete a half mile, until you feel like the hub of a wheel. The Delaware track is more nearly circular than most tracks and has wide turns, which is partly why it is so fast, for the horses are able to maintain a higher average speed than on conventional half-mile tracks, with their two long straightaways and four sharp turns.

The veranda is a place for hearing as well as seeing, and the talk there that first afternoon was more of the Smart case than of the racing. (Anyhow, the opening day's program was fairly mild.) The consensus among Curly's friends



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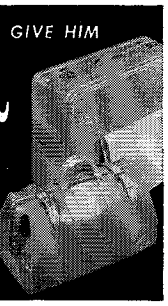

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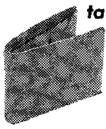

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was that some person unknown had tampered with the horse—an animal named Abbasong—either to win a bet or to get Curly and Van Lennep into trouble. The highly reputable laboratory that made the test showing the presence of Benzedrine had, with what seemed to me remarkable disregard for its significance, thrown the test specimen away. Curly's assistant trainer, a young man named Larsen, had admitted giving medicine to the horse a couple of hours before the race, as he had been doing regularly, on a veterinary's orders, but the medicine, he said, was ACTH. ACTH, which is sometimes prescribed for human beings suffering from arthritis, contains no Benzedrine. The young man had thrown the medicine bottle away before he turned up for the hearing by the Michigan stewards. Curly and the veterinary had sworn that the only medicine administered was ACTH, but there was the laboratory slip saying Benzedrine. Finally, Curly had taken a lie-detector test, which indicated he was not lying. Larsen had taken the same test, with the same result. I have always believed that if a perfectly innocent defendant consents to take a lie-detector test and flunks it, his goose will be cooked with any trial board. But by passing it Curly apparently flunked it just the same. The Michigan State Harness Racing Commission had invoked a rule against administering or conspiring to administer any drug with the intention of affecting the speed or condition of a horse, and slapped the suspension on Smart, Larsen, and the veterinary, too. Smart's friends on the veranda said that the rule about drugs, if literally construed, would prevent a trainer from administering *any* medicine to a horse, since all medicines are intended to affect a horse's condition in some way. They pointed out that the rule carries no fixed penalty, and that a much lighter one would have been in order unless the Commission meant to imply that Smart had willfully doped the horse. "Curly has driven dozens of winners of big stakes, and under U.S.T.A. rules there's a test on every winner where there's pari-mutuel betting," one of Smart's friends said. "There's never been a positive test on one of his horses. Only a fool would give Benzedrine to his own horse, anyway, because if the horse wins it's bound to show up." Everybody agreed that the unkindest cut of all had been the decision of the president of the U.S.T.A. to side with Michigan.

The veranda inner circle also felt that Van Lennep, who is social and wealthy as well as horsy, had got in

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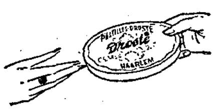

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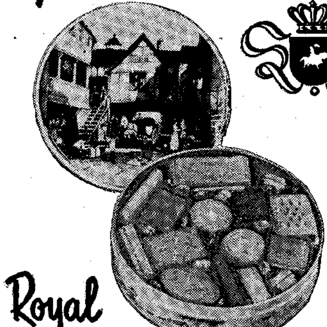

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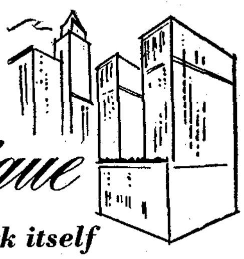
bad with a faction of the Michigan underworld by putting money into a new trotting track there. The men on the veranda professed not to have heard of the row about racketeer connections with the New York night tracks; the meeting at Yonkers had not yet been suspended on Dewey's orders, and it is probably true that the murder of a New York union boss doesn't mean a great deal to newspaper readers in central Ohio. But we all agreed it was a bad thing how the change from a rural sport to a nocturnal gambling racket was affecting trotting. And, indeed, looking at the Delaware County fairgoers in the bleachers under the blue sky and at the beauty queens of the Delaware County high schools, who were to present the first day's trophies, I found it hard to believe sinister forces controlled harness racing anywhere. "Anyway, the night tracks have sure increased the demand for breeding stock," somebody said.

Along about the first heat of the third race, Smart and Joe Neville and Van Lennep, a handsome, youngish man, irrupted into the stand, exuberant. The judge in Columbus had granted an order restraining the U.S.T.A. from interfering with Curly's pursuit of a livelihood. "I always drive a straight road," Smart said piously, "and I figure if you drive the straight road you'll come out all right." Then he added, a trifle less exaltedly, "What do you think of a son of a bitch'll condemn you without a fair hearing?"

Neville said the legal victory wasn't conclusive, because the U.S.T.A. was going to apply to the same judge, in the same court, the next day to dissolve the order he had just issued. "If he does," Neville went on, kindling with legal fire, "*we'll* ask for an order restraining him from dissolving his own order. But I don't think he'll reverse himself without asking both sides to present evidence and setting a hearing a good few days ahead. And by that time the Jug'll be over."

NEXT morning, when I reached the track, nursing the sequelae of hospitality, I learned that thirteen three-year-olds would start in the Jug, meaning that thirteen owners had decided on the day before the race to put up the five-hundred-dollar starting fee as a final testimony of confidence. The draw for post positions in the first heat had been held, and Dutch Dandy, Smart's horse, had drawn No. 10, which meant he would have to start in the second row of contestants, since the Delaware track, like most harness tracks, is only wide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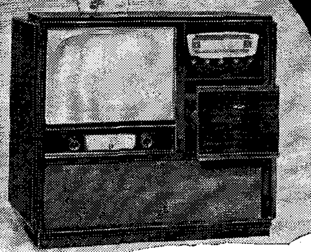
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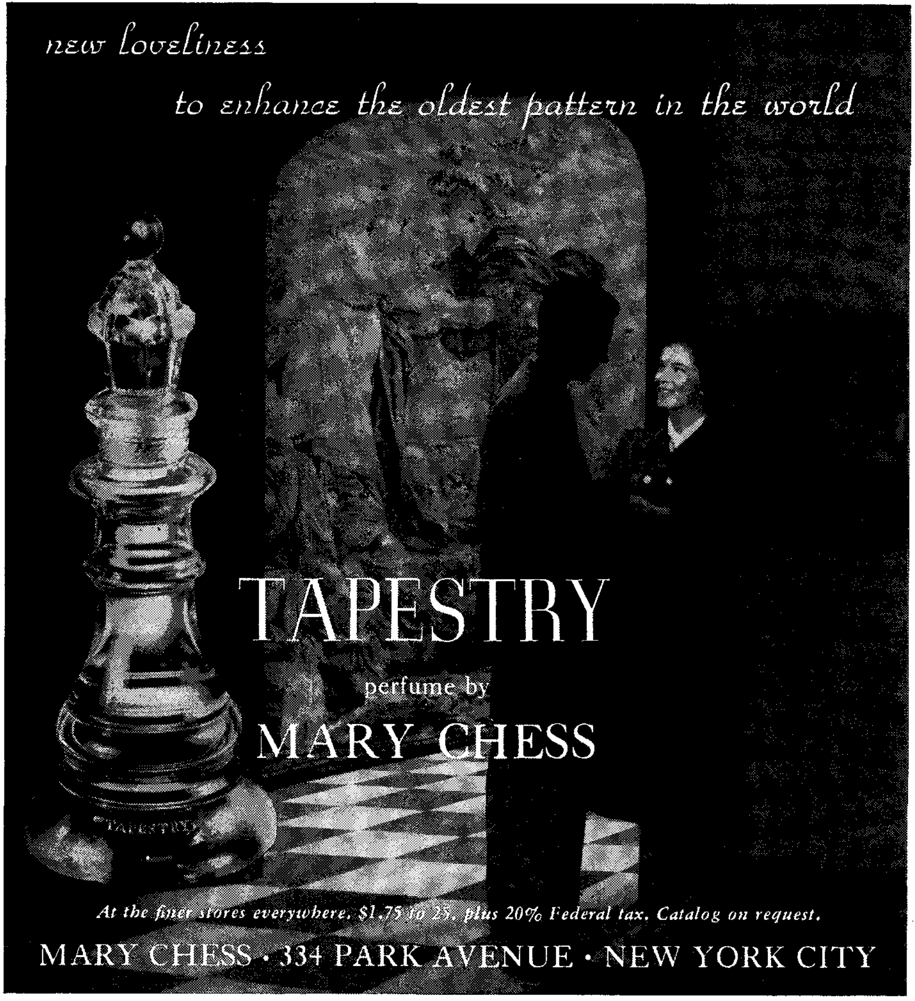
enough for eight horses to run abreast. This is a serious disadvantage but need not be fatal, because in the second heat horses take post positions corresponding to the order in which they finish the first heat. I strolled up to the Castleton barn and had a look at the Dandy in his stall. He was standing with his left foreleg swathed in bandages, like an eighteenth-century victim of gout. Still, I thought, the stable wouldn't put up that last five hundred dollars unless they had a pretty good idea that his health would improve.

Hillsota, one of the favorites, had also drawn a position in the second row—No. 9. Keystoner, Duffy's tip, had drawn a good position, No. 4, in the middle of the front row. Newport Chief, another horse that figured to do well, had drawn No. 8, on the outside of the front row, which is considered almost as bad as nothing, since it means a horse must come around seven others to get to the rail. The sentimental favorite of the crowd, a filly named Countess Vivian, had drawn No. 7, just inside him. The Countess, a female phenomenon, had won thirteen out of twenty-two starts during the season, including a mile heat in 1:59—unparalleled speed for a three-year-old pacing filly. (She had set this mark over a mile track. Times over a half-miler average three or four seconds slower.) Somehow, though, I couldn't believe she would beat all those colts. Only one filly has won the Kentucky Derby in the seventy-nine years it has been run, and it didn't seem probable to me that sex would count less among harness horses. The Countess was pretty, though.

In the pagoda that afternoon, we waited for word of Curly's return bout with the law. Meanwhile, we watched a card of rather better races than the first day's, including a companion race to the Little Brown Jug named the Old Oaken Bucket, whose contents are considerably less precious—$6,750 this year, compared with $54,972.21 in the Jug. The Bucket, which also has a built-in public-address-system theme song, is a trotting race, a consolation event for owners who paid the first subscription fees to the Jug under the impression that they had pacers. The studbook, officially called the *Standardbred Register*, lists both pacers and trotters, and although breeders advertise sires as "p." or "t.," according to the animals' racing proclivities, there is no guarantee that foals will not change over, or, for that matter, change over and change back again. This year, for example, both the Little Brown Jug and the Old Oaken Bucket had colts sired by Hoot Mon, while in 1952 both races had entries



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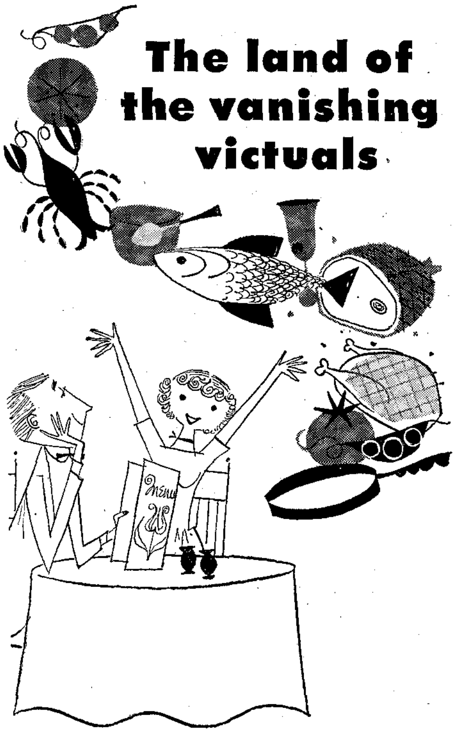

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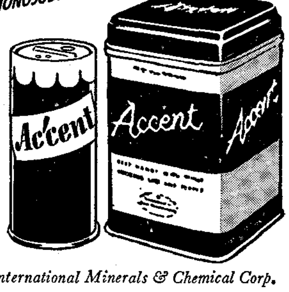

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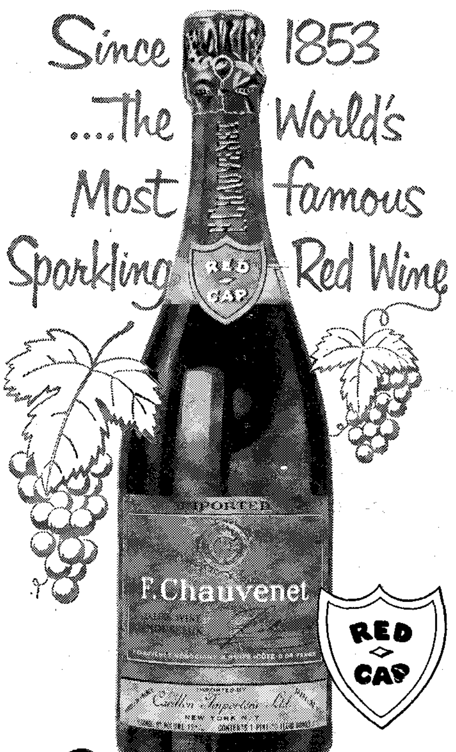
sired by Volomite. The *Harness Horse* sometimes carries the ads of owners who are having trouble on this score. In a recent one, a man wanted to sell a nice, sound four-year-old who "just can't make up his mind, and I haven't any more time to fool around with him."

Ignoring my own reasoning of a short while before, I backed a filly in the second heat of the Bucket and won twenty-three dollars and twenty cents. About that time, news reached the pagoda that our side had triumphed again at Columbus, which made it certain Curly would drive the Dandy.

WHEN I opened my eyes at the hotel the next morning, I saw that there would be no cloudburst this Jug Day. There wasn't a cloud in the sky. I got out to the grounds in time to witness the judging of Poland-China gilts, the end of the auction of standardbred yearlings, and the finals of the sheepshearing contest, the preliminaries of which I had all but missed the previous evening because of watching a wrestling match in front of the grandstand. The evening had been chill, and the wrestlers, two vast hulks covered with gooseflesh, too inept to keep each other warm. Their repertory consisted almost exclusively of agonized moans—"Doan! Doan!"—when either held the other's wrist, and of by-play with the referee, whom I recognized as Archie Turner, the grandstand hot-dog concessionaire. Mr. Turner, livelier than either contestant, and a less listless actor, would inquire solicitously, whenever either clod grasped the other, "Are you all right, Louie?" or "Wanna give up, Nick?" The answer would be a sound of simulated strangulation. Once, a woman at ringside complained to her companion that she was cold. One of the near-naked behemoths, a mauve one with blue spots, turned to her and said, "*You're* cold!" I'll never know how it ended. The sheepshearing contest was more fun, and it occurred to me that the wrestlers could have used a once-over lightly on chest and belly themselves.

General admission to the race track on the first, second, and fourth days of the fair costs a dollar, but on Jug Day it is free—or, rather, it is included in the dollar-and-a-half admission fee to the fairgrounds that on the other days is seventy-five cents. The three thousand grandstand seats and the five thousand seats in the bleachers are sold out weeks in advance to Jug fans, many of whom never see any other horse race. Some of them arrive equipped with chairs and with crates to stand the chairs on. Others



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park their automobiles around the rim of the track; the most comfortable rig I saw was a truck loaded with bales of hay, which were arranged in steps like a grandstand. There are ordinarily about fifteen pari-mutuel windows under the grandstand, and on Jug Day extra booths are set up at strategic points along the backstretch; the sellers work with machines of an archaic model, which look like old covered typewriters. All the betting is handled by a contracting concessionaire, who brings along his own men and gear, and splits his take with the fair. This Jug Day, the betting amounted to two hundred thousand dollars; with more booths and greater efficiency it could possibly have been doubled. But most of the people who attend the Jug don't bother to bet. They are about the happiest racing crowd anywhere, despite the fact that they can't get a drink unless they bring it with them.

In 1952, which was, of course, an election year, there were pre-Jug speeches by Charles Taft, the Republican candidate for governor, and by the then lieutenant governor of the state, a Democrat. There was also a cross between a bacchanal and a pastorale—like the advertised four-year-old, it hadn't made up its mind—by a group of barefoot high-school girls wearing straw hats and carrying brown jugs. The fair board may have reasoned that without so much of this extraneous ornament, there might have been time to decide the Jug before the cloudburst came. At any rate, there was less in the way of ornament this year, but there was quite enough. The five co-ed beauty queens of Ohio Wesleyan, who were slated to hand out the various race trophies, were presented to the crowd, one by one. Charles Coburn, the former Broadway and present Hollywood actor, who owns a fast pacer named Rush Hour, too old for the Jug, was introduced—as he had been the year before—from the tonneau of an ancient automobile and told a funny story. "When I was a boy, my father told me never to go to a burlesque show," he said. "He warned me I might see something I shouldn't see. Well, I went, of course, and I did see something I shouldn't have seen. I saw my father." It was the same funny story Coburn had told in 1952, but it went off even bigger.

At last, the Jug horses came out, each with a brown jug painted on his saddlecloth, and the Willis High School Tigers went into their big number. (They had disposed of "The Star-

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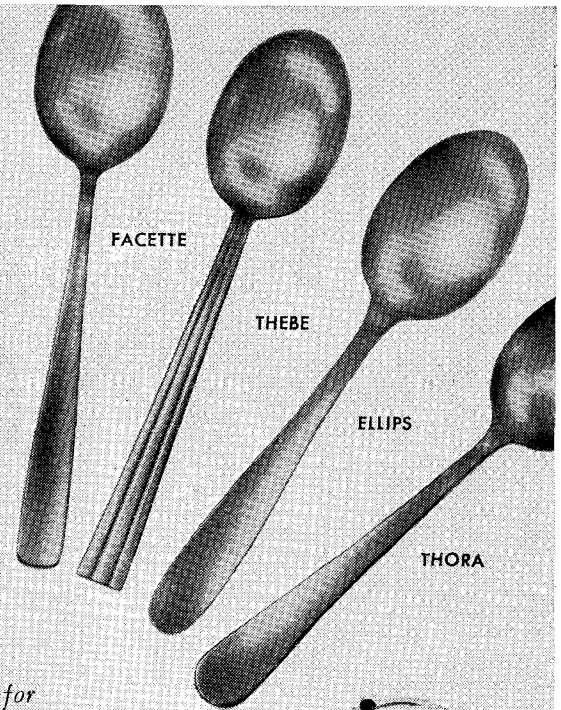

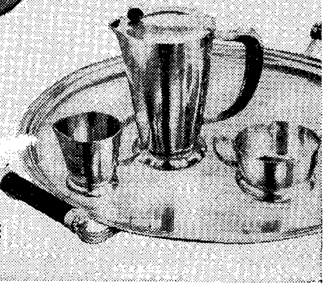

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Spangled Banner" earlier in the day.) The parade to the post was headed by a local cowpoke in rodeo glad rags, riding a palomino horse and carrying an American flag. A rig drawn by a high-stepping hackney pony followed him, and behind this were the Jug entries. As they passed the judges' stand, the race caller and announcer, Charley Hinkle, introduced each horse and driver. The biggest ovations were for Countess Vivian, qua horse, and Curly Smart, qua man.

Harness horses start behind a moving gate, a white metal barrier mounted on the rear of an automobile, which they reach a quarter of a mile before they get to the starting line and which, until they reach the furlong pole, moves at a speed that, in the language of the rule book, "will enable horses to be on stride;" then the driver of the automobile accelerates to bring the horses to full speed as the gate crosses the starting line and pulls clear of equine competition. The starter rides on the gate, facing the oncoming horses to see that there is no banging about.

As the horses went away in the Jug, the Countess showed in front for a few strides; then Newport Chief, a little black horse, came over from the outside and won all the rest of the way, with Hillsota coming up halfway through the second lap to displace the filly and finish second. The time was 2:02⅗—good, but a couple of seconds off the Jug record. As a tyro at harness races, I think I am doing well if I catch the first three horses past the line, so I missed Dutch Dandy completely at the finish. I heard a moment later that he was eighth. He had hit his bad leg with his own following hoof on the backstretch and was withdrawn from the race before the second heat. That finished Curly just as decisively as the U.S.T.A. could have done, so I settled down to watch what for me had become simply another horse race. It turned out to be a fine one.

So far, Keystoner, Duffy's stout choice, had shown nothing at all, and you could have had a good price against him in the second heat. But in that one, in which Hillsota was first, Keystoner came up from behind, just as Hillsota had done in the previous heat, and nearly beat the latter on the wire, Newport Chief faded, finishing fourth, and an outsider named Times Square, on which I should have had a hunch bet to show, finished third. The Countess was nowhere. In the third heat, it was Keystoner first, Hillsota second, and the Countess third, all by whiskers, and then in the fourth, in the gathering dark, the three heat-winning colts—Newport Chief, Hillsota, and Keystoner—had it

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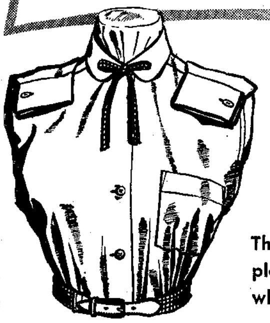
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out. By that time, the odds had shifted solidly to the stoutest horse; Keystoner was even money in a three-horse field. But he was still a plugger, a trifle slow off the mark, and Newport Chief jumped him and got the pole. Del Cameron, the Chief's driver, kept the pace ridiculously slow for the first half mile—1:08$\frac{3}{5}$. This is a strategy known as "backing them up," but the Chief was so obviously through that it offered no hope. Keystoner went along right behind him, with Hillsota farther back. It was Hillsota that Keystoner's driver, Frank Ervin, was worrying about. He could see that the Chief was blown, but he couldn't tell about the horse behind. If he moved out and around the Chief, he might tire his own horse just enough to leave him open to a successful rush by the trailer. But, approaching the last turn the second time around, he had to take the chance. He went around Newport Chief, passed him easily, and won all by himself. Hillsota, the most blown of the three, broke stride and didn't challenge at all.

After that, there were the presentations. Ervin, a Missourian of statesmanlike appearance, shook hands all around and accepted the embraces of his wife. "It was uphill the whole way," he said. "A weight of responsibility. I tell you, I hated to think of the people that bet money on me." I saw Mr. Duffy grinning as he slapped the driver's back. "The calf got loose and killed the butcher," he said.

When it was all over, I walked back across the infield with Neville and Van Lennep. Neville was euphoric; it had been the biggest Jug Day ever, he said, and a hell of a race. To hear him talk, you wouldn't have thought that he had once counted on winning it, or that he was probably reflecting that if the Ensign had stood up, he might very well have beaten that well-balanced but unremarkable field. "You know, Freddie," he said to Van Lennep, "there's only one improvement I can think of for next year. We've got to hire somebody to write about another half a lap on that Jug song." —A. J. LIEBLING

•

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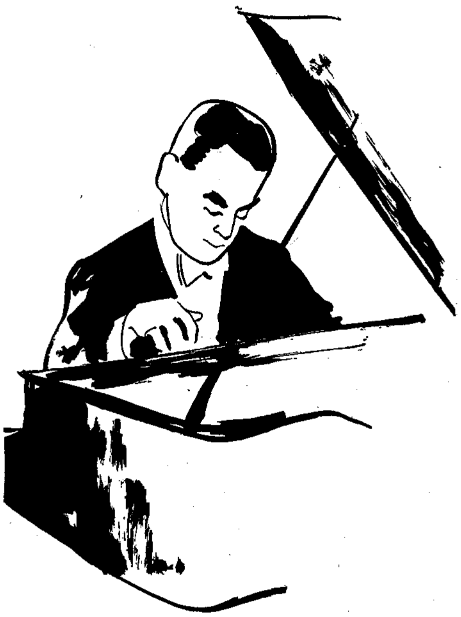

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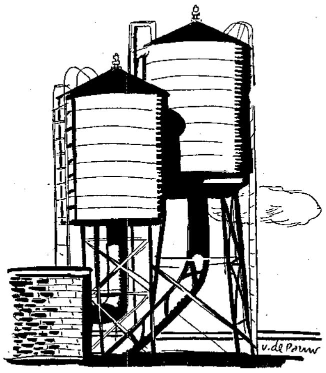
THE DAY WE GOT OUR OWN BACK

ONE afternoon some unfriendly men dressed in civilian clothes and carrying revolvers came to our house searching for my father, or for information about him. This was in Dublin, in 1922. The treaty with England, turning Ireland into the Irish Free State, had just been signed. Those Irish who were in favor of the treaty, the Free Staters, were governing the country. Those who had held out for a republic, like my father, were in revolt. My father was wanted by the new government, and so he had gone into hiding. He was on the run, sleeping one night in one house and the next night in another, and sometimes stealing home to see us. I suppose my mother must have taken us to see him several times, but I only remember visiting him once, and I know I found it very odd to meet him sitting in a strange person's house, and to leave him there when we were ready to go home. Anyway, these men had been sent to find him. They crowded into our narrow little hall, and tramped around the house, upstairs and downstairs, looking everywhere and asking questions. There was no one at home except my mother, my little sister Derry, and me. Emer, my elder sister, and my mother's chief prop, was out doing errands. Derry was upstairs in bed with a cold. I was settled comfortably on a low chair in our front sitting room, threading a necklace. I was five.

After the men had searched the house, they crowded into the room where I sat, from which they could watch the street. They brought my mother in with them. They camped around the room, talking idly among themselves and waiting. My mother stood against the wall farthest from the windows, watching them. She was very tense. She feared that my father would risk a visit home and that he would be trapped, and that we would see him trapped. One of the men came and stood over me. He pointed out a blue glass bead for me to add to my necklace, but I explained to him that the bead was too small to slip over my needle and that I had already discarded it. This exchange with this strange man made me feel very clever. He leaned closer to me then.



"Tell us do you know where your Daddy is," he whispered.

I stopped threading and began to think, but my mother flew across the room at him. She is a very small, thin woman with a pointed face and straight brown hair that she has always worn in a bun at the back of her head.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" she cried. "Asking the child questions."

The man drew away from me, and she went back to her place against the wall. At that time, in 1922, she had been through a good many years of trouble and anxiety. All the first years of her marriage were dominated by the preparations for the Rebellion of Easter, 1916, and she had seen my father captured and condemned first to death and then to penal servitude for life. At the time that I was born, he was in jail in England and she was alone in Dublin, not knowing when, if ever, she would see him again. Actually, he was released less than a year later, and in 1921 we moved into our house in Ranelagh, where we now waited to see what was going to happen.

Suddenly my mother, thinking of Derry, alone in the room above, abandoned her wall and darted to the door leading to the stairs, but one of the men was before her, with his revolver raised against her. She stood with both hands against the doorjamb, staring up at him, half smiling. I have often seen her smiling like that when she is agitated.

"You can't open that door," the man said.

"Didn't you see the little one sick upstairs?" my mother said. "She'll be frightened by herself."

"Never mind about that," the man said. "You're not getting out of this room."

Again my mother retreated to her wall, and I returned to my necklace, and the men continued their talk. After a while, they abruptly got up and went away. My mother remained anxious, suspecting that they might be watching the end of the street for my father's arrival. She went upstairs to speak to Derry, and when she came back, I followed her down the three steps into the kitchen, which was small and squarish, with a red tile floor and a door that gave out onto the garden. She sat down at the kitchen table. I asked her if she

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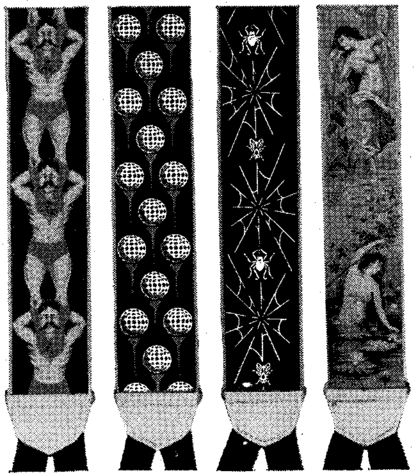

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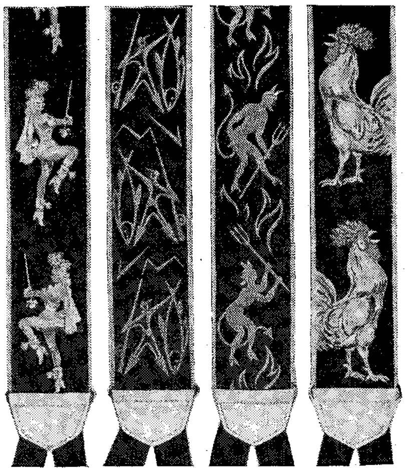

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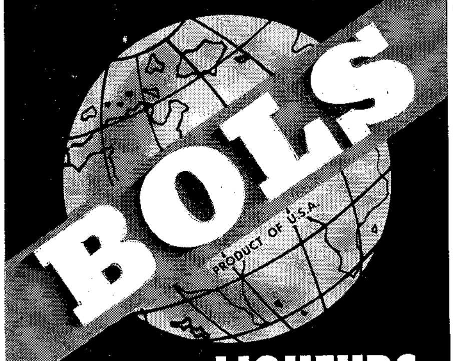

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would like a cup of tea, and she said yes, she would like a cup. I filled the kettle, splashing water all over the floor, but she wouldn't trust me to light the gas, and in the end she had to make the tea herself. Some time later, Emer came home, and my mother gave her tea, and told her everything that had happened and all that had been said, not forgetting the question that had been put to me. Listening to her, I was once again spellbound with gratitude, excitement, and astonishment that the strange man had included me in the raid.

THE only other raid I remember took place about a year after that, and the men were rougher. Again there were in the house only my mother, my little sister, and I. This time, the men came in the morning. My mother was getting along with her housework, and she had an apron tied about her waist. She had shined the brass rods that held our red stair carpet in place, and now she was polishing the oilcloth on the dining-room floor. The men crowded in as before, with their revolvers, but this time they searched in earnest. They pulled all the beds apart, looking for papers and letters, and they took all my father's books out of the shelves and shook them, and they looked in all the drawers and in the wardrobe and in the kitchen stove. There was not an inch of the house they did not touch. They turned every room inside out. The newly polished oilcloth was scarred by their impatient feet, and the bedrooms upstairs were torn apart, with sheets and blankets on the floor, and the mattresses all humped up on the bare beds. In the end, they went back to the kitchen, and they took down the tins of flour and tea and sugar and salt and whatever else there was, and plunged their hands into them, and emptied them on the table and on the floor. They took all the cups and saucers and plates down. Still they had found nothing, but the house looked as though it had suffered an explosion without bursting its walls. At last, they got ready to leave, but as they were on the point of going, one of them, a very keen fellow, rushed over to the fireplace in the front sitting room and put his hands up the chimney and shoved his face as far into the grate as it would go, trying to look up and see what might be there. A great soft shower of soot came down around him, covering his shoulders and his face. He pulled hastily back into the room, with black hands and a black-mottled face. Some of the soot had gone up his sleeves. Some of it was still drifting out over the

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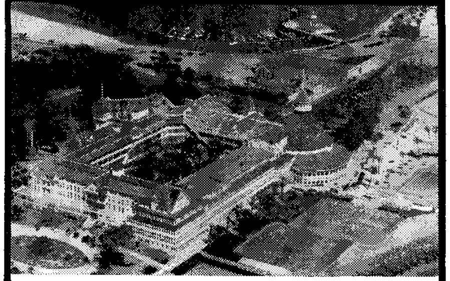

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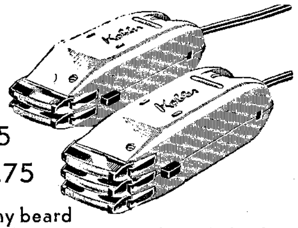

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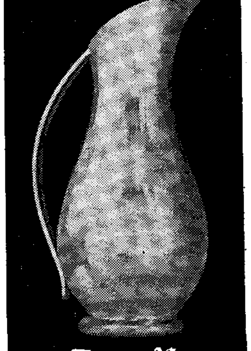

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carpet. He glanced at his companions and pawed at himself, and then they went away.

When they had gone, my mother gazed about her at all the work they had made. It would be a long time before she had the house neat again. We all trailed down into the kitchen and surveyed the mess there. This time, there was no question of making tea, because the tea was on the floor, along with the flour and the sugar.

We had seldom heard my mother's voice raised in laughter. She has a very quiet, almost secret manner in amusement. Now, however, she began to tremble and to smile.

"Oh," she cried, "to see the look on his face when he came back out of the chimney!"

My little sister and I began to jump around, cackling.

"Oh," cried my mother, "what warned me not to have the chimney cleaned? Oh, thanks be to God I forgot to have the chimney cleaned!"

And with us chattering a delighted, incredulous accompaniment, she laughed as though her heart might break.

—MAEVE BRENNAN

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

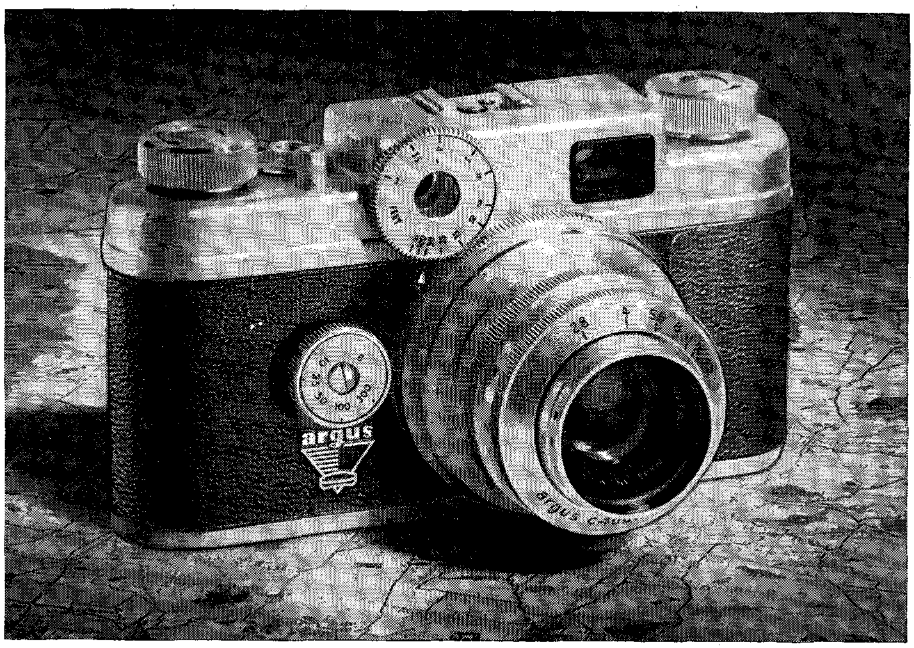
[*Instructions for assembling Angel Bell, a Scandinavian devotional toy*]

1. Attach spiral firmly on tube and place bell on each arm.
2. Upon small tube, slip on three prong angel holder, then the fan and attach angel toe cap. Handle cap only to avoid breaking, or twistling the angel to which it is attached.
3. Take unit assembled in step three and place on spindle top. Attach angels on three prong angel holder.
4. Place candles in candle holder. Do not allow bells to hang directly over flame. Adjust spiral and spindle to obtain necessary freedom of movement.
5. The top, which keeps the screew and the top-angel, is composed a tube and a little bud. Of the treangular for the angels yuo must take off the bud and when that is done steudely put it on again and lay the screew-peg-top on the top of the bud and then put on the top angel.

•

Metro has taken "Huckleberry Finn" off the shelf, given it a new title, and it will be Gene Kelly's next picture after "Brigadoon." Danny Kaye, originally announced as Gene's co-star, is out of the picture as of now. The story has been changed to place less emphasis on Huck himself and give the play to the two riverboat showmen; so the film is being called "I'm From Missouri." Arthur Freed is still set as the producer and Vincente Minnelli as the director.—*The News.*

Who's the author?



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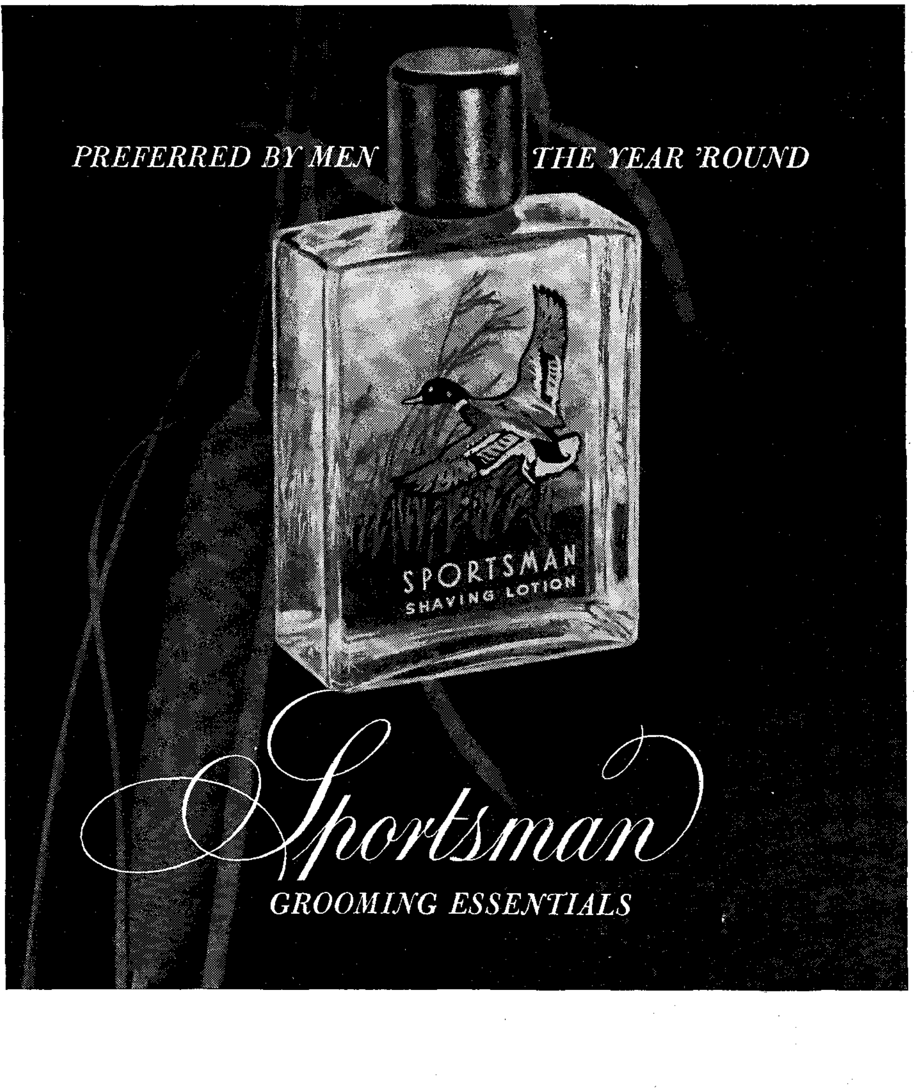

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

IT'S NOT HOME

TAIPEI, FORMOSA

THE Chinese Nationalists who are now resident on this island—through no desire of theirs or of the islanders—suffer en masse from schizophrenia. One half of every Nationalist mind is fixed upon the future, when, as all good Nationalists firmly hope, Chiang's armed forces will invade China and, with the help of the populace, drive out her Communist conquerors. The other half realizes that the great day may be long in coming, and that they, the mainlanders, are going to have to settle down where they are, make the best of things, and develop Formosa—or Taiwan, as the island is generally called in this part of the world—as much as possible.

"It is hard," a Chinese Nationalist said to me. "You think about it every time you start to do anything, even such a simple thing as putting in a vegetable garden. Is it worth while planting these tomatoes? Am I not surrendering to despair if I put in trees—am I not admitting to myself that I may be here forever? The best thing to do, of course, is to stop thinking and plant the trees, and never mind who is going to sit in their shade. I only hope it won't be me or my children. I would love this place if I didn't have to stay here, but there it is—I'm staying, and it's not home."

The Nationalists' Taiwanese neighbors, watching the tree planting, also have mixed reactions. They approve of such enterprises on general principles, but they resent the implication that the mainlander, intruder that he is, may never go away. Actually, most of the Taiwanese arrived on the island under much the same circumstances as the Nationalists. They are not true Formosans, either, though their claims to the prerogatives of residence run back a good deal longer—about three hundred years—to the time when their ancestors came over from the mainland with another Chinese army. The true Formosa aborigines are genetically related to the natives of the Philippines and the Dyaks of Borneo, rather than to the Chinese. They had the island almost entirely to themselves until early in the seventeenth century, when the Dutch sailed in and raised the Netherlands flag. Dutch missionaries set to work converting the aborigines, and they made quite a bit of headway; even today, many aborigines refer to foreigners—mainland Chinese, Taiwanese, and Westerners—indiscriminately as "Dutchmen." The Dutch stayed here nearly forty years; then in 1661, Koxinga, a Chinese warrior from Fukien Province, invaded the island and forced them out. Koxinga had devoted his life to resisting the march of history and progress by defending the expiring Ming dynasty against the Manchus. For a while, he did very well in his campaign, but he was eventually driven to the Chinese coast, at Amoy. Seeking a refuge off the mainland, he decided on Formosa, a hundred miles to the east. Without more ado, he attacked the Dutch, got rid of them, and moved in with what was left of his army. Once on the island, he spent all his time preparing for a return engagement in China with the Manchus. Modern chroniclers can seldom resist the temptation to draw the obvious comparison with Chiang Kai-shek, but if they are addressing adherents of the Nationalist cause, and if they are tactful, they do not pursue the analogy too far; Koxinga never got back. He died in Taiwan, and the Manchus annexed his island and made it a part of the Chinese domain.

In time, the descendants of Koxinga's troops, along with other émigrés from the mainland, took over the country from the Formosan aborigines. Today, the tribesmen are distributed, like our Indians, among various reservations, most of them in the hills and forests. What we think of nowadays as a typical Formosan, or Taiwanese, is a man of Chinese stock and name who speaks the language of Fukien Province. Like Hawaiian-born Chinese, the Taiwanese are usually taller and heavier than their cousins on the mainland. In addition, they have a lot of Japanese mannerisms—a natural manifestation of their fifty-year subjugation by the Japanese, which started in 1895, when China was beaten in the Sino-Japanese War; from then until 1945, they were managed and educated according to the pattern their new governors preferred. Formosa became a wealthy Japanese colony. It is nowhere on record that the Taiwanese, once colonized, were notably insurgent against the Japanese or gave them much trouble, which may have been because they lacked any consuming nationalistic spirit. The island was mainly a peasant community, without interest in politics, and the Japanese were strict but just administrators, very keen on modern improvements. A lot of Taiwanese built themselves Japanese houses, with sliding doors and paper walls. Good roads were laid out, plenty of fertilizer was provided for the rice paddies, government schools were built all over the island, and Formosa could soon claim a literacy percentage of more than eighty. There were not many chances to get higher education in Formosa, however; cannily, the Japanese arranged to have the brightest Taiwanese sent over to Japan for that.

When, in time, nationalism did raise its head, as it

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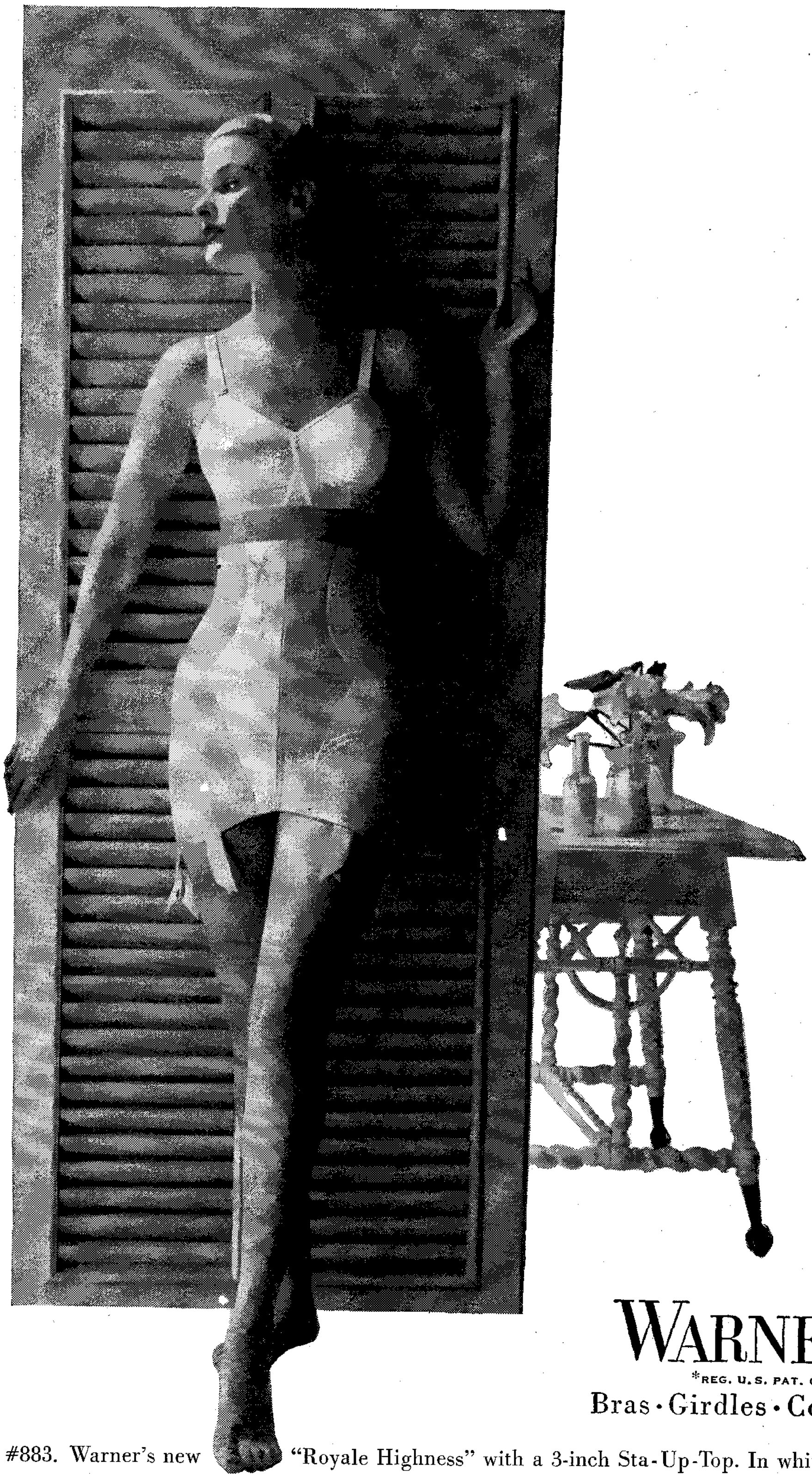

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#883. Warner's new "Royale Highness" with a 3-inch Sta-Up-Top. In white only . . $25 inevitably did after the 1911 Chinese revolution against the Manchus, the Japanese discouraged it swiftly and effectively. When the Japanese started to invade China in 1931, large numbers of Taiwanese appeared in the Japanese armed services. This aroused sharp resentment on the mainland. The resentment increased when the Second World War came along and yet more Taiwanese appeared in the Japanese ranks. The mainlanders felt that these people with Chinese names and faces and language had turned on their own people—that they were contemptible traitors. Consequently, there was no sentimental rejoicing on the mainland at the end of the war, when Formosa, along with its train of little islands in the Strait, was given back to China. The Chinese were glad to have the territory, naturally, but they were not filled with tremulous joy at the prospect of getting together with the Taiwanese once more after such a long divorce. Nor were the Taiwanese filled with joy at seeing the Chinese again. In fact, in 1947, a Taiwanese uprising broke out, and the Chinese colonial officials were able to put it down only after a protracted struggle and many deaths. Scarcely three years later came the large-scale influx of defeated Nationalist troops (minus the many who went over to the Communists and plus a number of Red infiltrators), under Chiang Kai-shek. The Taiwanese probably comforted themselves with the thought that the sojourn would not last long; either the Nationalists would go back to the mainland or the Reds would come over and root them out, and then maybe everyone would go away and leave them alone. But the war started in Korea, the Reds never came, the Nationalists dug in deeper, and Americans began to arrive with all their official agencies—lots of Americans, more than had ever before been seen here in peacetime. Proportionately, there are not so very many Americans in Taiwan—about two thousand in all. But those few stand out, and most forcefully. Without them, it is doubtful whether the mainlanders and the Taiwanese would ever have stopped their sporadic fighting and almost constant wrangling. As it is, balance is maintained, however uneasily.

LIKE most island retreats, Formosa has its share of old-time Western residents—fond foreigners who have come to feel proprietary about the land. Before Pearl Harbor, they led, and appreciated, a quiet life, though they may sometimes have felt apprehensions over the Japanese attitude toward their presence. The island's mild, if wet, climate is well suited to foreign escapists. There are frequent earthquakes and typhoons, but no more frequent and no worse than those in Japan, and in those days there were such Japanese amenities as cleanliness, good roads, and general orderliness and politeness. It is doubtful whether the world offers a more fertile or beautiful place than Formosa. Flowers must be restrained rather than encouraged, and Taiwanese gardeners, by precedent and custom amateurs of the austere Japanese style of landscape, generally have to give in to the climate and allow their gardens to be overrun with sheer exuberance to a vulgar degree. Everywhere there are giant ferns, dozens of varieties of fantastically tall bamboos, hydrangeas three times the size of ordinary ones in circumference. The rice paddies, having been worked for centuries, need a lot of fertilizer, but when they get it, they do so well that Formosa still exports rice, though its population has nearly doubled in seven years and only twenty-three per cent of the land is arable. Along the western coast, the terraced ricelands descend to the sea in great rimmed curves, like stairs in arcs. Mountain ranges cover the eastern half of the island. They are rugged but not forbidding; thick forests soften their contours, and soft sweeps of green riceland fill the valleys between like velvet drapery. The vivid green creeps everywhere in the lowlands. It crawls up crevices, spreads out on tiny ledges, and spills over the edges of the valley bowls, appearing wherever a farmer can get a foothold. There are also tea gardens in Formosa, and melon patches and orange groves, and papaya trees and banana trees and the famous pineapples. The fruits are large. Snails abound—enormous ones that eat away at the trees—but there are always more trees. Stinging caterpillars hang from spidery threads, and they, too, eat tree leaves, without any noticeable effect on the landscape. Even the Taiwan snakes are bigger than life, and there are plenty of them, including the murderous Formosan cobra. It rains often—mostly in the north in winter, mostly in the south in summer, but always somewhere—and there are plenty of deep, swift rivers. In the north, near Taipei, hot sulphur springs in the mountains provide water that is piped, steaming, straight into the houses. Grass Mountain, overlooking Taipei, sends up smoke and sulphur fumes. The smell of sulphur is always with you on Grass Mountain. At night, it mingles with the scent of the lilies or the acacia or whatever fragrant flower

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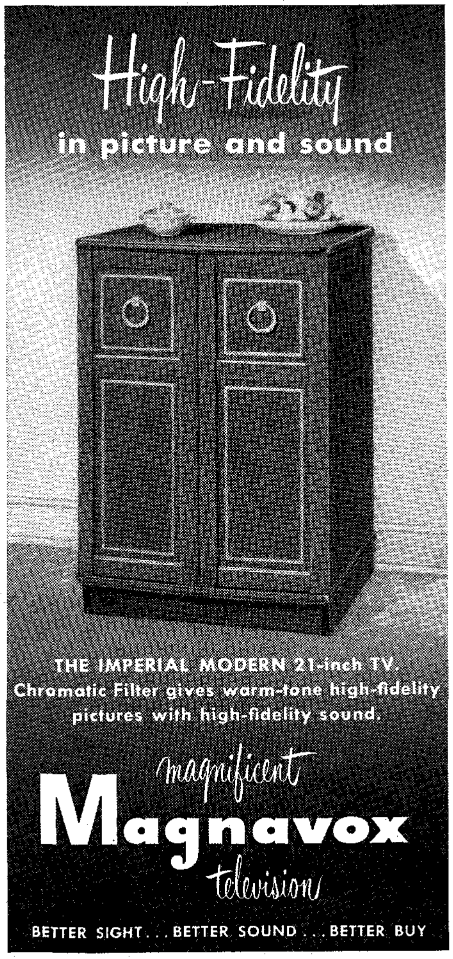

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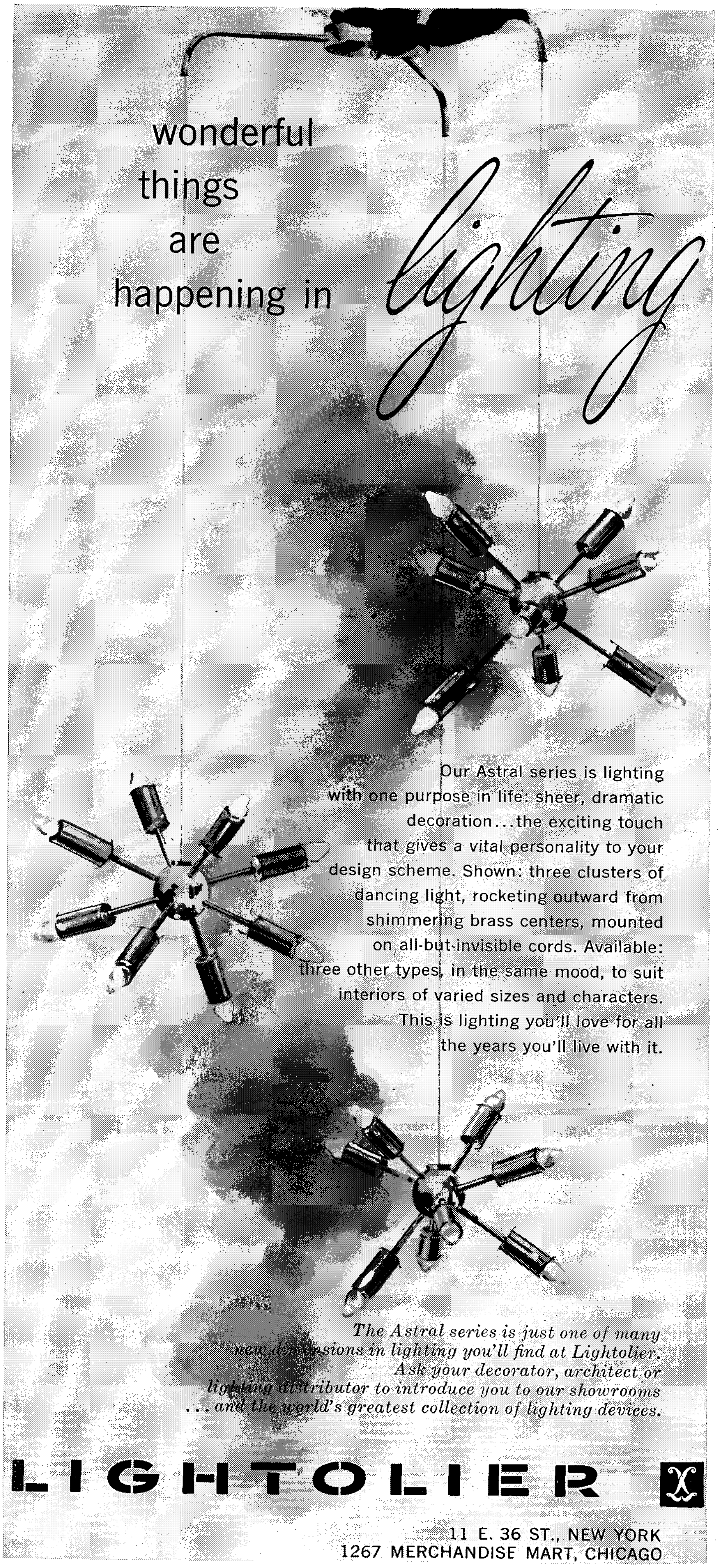
When the war came, all the Westerners who could get out did so. The Japanese strengthened their island defenses. The Allies bombed military installations and inflicted a lot of damage here and there, but Formosa in general was not badly scarred, and when the Western lotus-eaters returned after the war, they thought at first that all might be unchanged. They had no way of knowing that their Formosa was soon to become Free China—not merely a piece of it but all of it. They could not anticipate the sudden arrival of two million Chinese, or a housing shortage, or rising prices. In the old days, the island's economy was comfortably geared to its population of six million. Now the population is ten million, and growing every day. The old Western residents resent these changes fiercely, and they do not know who is more to blame—the mainland Chinese or the Americans who are helping the mainlanders in their struggle to survive and rehabilitate themselves. On the whole, the old residents are inclined to resent the Americans more. Americans have a way of altering landscape and culture patterns more radically than other people, and in record time. With the best of intentions, and with widespread benefits in their train, the Mutual Security Agency (on the first of October, this became the Foreign Operations Administration Mutual Security Mission to China, but nobody here can get used to that jawbreaker, and the old name sticks), along with the Military Assistance Advisory Group, the Joint Commission on Rural Reconstruction, and all the others, have transformed the island.

TAIPEI, the capital city, shows the most violent transformation. From a distance, to be sure, it looks like any Chinese town that has been left relatively untouched by Western influence. The roofs are tiled in the familiar way, and have the familiar upswept curves. Seen at closer range, the illusion vanishes. Taipei is still predominantly Oriental, but it is an Oriental amalgam of Japanese-built mat houses, "modern" edifices, and old Formosan temples with cement pillars and roofs of an ornate design seen nowhere else. Firecrackers pop off in the startling old Chinese way, roaring loudspeakers in the streets pour forth the gongs and wails of Peiping opera, and the food shops are redolent with Chinese smells. But while Taipei smells like China and sounds like China, it is not China. It



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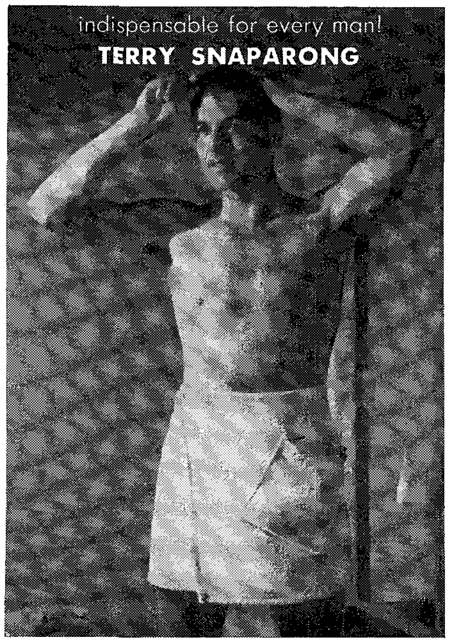

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is not home for the mainlanders. Oxcarts still trundle along the streets, but they are outnumbered by glittering American station wagons and battered Army jeeps. The main street of Taipei, the once sleepy Sun Yat-sen Road, where the oxcarts used to amble without challenge, has waked up to such an extent that traffic lights have had to be put in. The people do not even wear Chinese clothes; the women have evolved their own costume of blouse and skirt, and the men, who at one time copied conservative Western dress right down to the collar and tie, now affect Hawaiian shirts, like the ones worn off duty by the omnipresent American pilots they admire so much. New housing developments, neat but without charm, have cropped up at the edges of the town. The main square of Taipei—and the entire city, for that matter—is dominated by Chieh Shou Hall, a long, hideous red brick building with a sudden tower, which was built years ago by the Japanese. In front of it is a big open court, excellent for military displays. Inside it are the offices of the Generalissimo and the important officials of his government. The focal point of the American colony, the Mutual Security Agency building, is not far away. To get to it, you have to pick your way along an arcaded street between men selling melons and clusters of litchi nuts and tightly bound bundles of cannas. Within the M.S.A. building, the scene abruptly changes. You are in shining halls like those of an American bank. The rooms are wide and sensibly breezy, with electric fans perched everywhere. From these offices comes a flood of printed matter—booklets, diagrams, pamphlets, and reports in such profusion that one begins to understand why more and more people and funds are needed to explain to the United States why more and more people and funds are needed to keep M.S.A. going. The city is too crowded, the old residents complain, and it is true that while the Americans have not added appreciably to the crowd, more and more foreign names are being painted on Taipei's mailboxes and shopkeepers have added English words to their old Chinese signs. Children no longer stare wonderingly at foreigners but call out, like modern children almost all the world over, "Hello!" and "O.K.!"

"It's so bad for the children, all this," a disgruntled Englishwoman who has lived in Formosa for years said to me. "They used to be so well behaved. When you met them in the street, all neat and clean, with their schoolbags and little caps, they would stand in a row and bow to you. Now they're just hoodlums. It's heartbreaking." She paused and regarded me for a moment, obviously trying to be fair. Apparently she decided that this unhappy state of affairs was not entirely the fault of the Americans, for she continued, "I put some of the deterioration down to this Mandarin language they have to learn now. It's so unsettling for the poor little things. First they learned their own language, and then the older ones went through the business of learning Japanese at school, and now they've got to start all over again and learn Mandarin."

WE are apt to make easy generalizations about the patience of the Chinese, but the present situation here calls for a degree of patience almost impossible even for them. If the Nationalists did not believe they were sooner or later going to make the attempt to get back to the mainland, their cohesion would dissolve and Taiwan would slip into Communist hands by default. The Nationalists have no choice; they must continue to prepare for battle. For the armed forces, life is not quite as trying as it is for the civilians. Soldiers are used to waiting, and these troops, most of whom have experienced plenty of fighting, are content to go on training. Their rations are good and they are paid regularly. Their days are full of action of a sort, however repetitive. But the Nationalist civilian officials and clerks are relegated to a dull, curtailed version of the wartime life they led for so long under siege in Chungking. In Chungking, the reality of the war was brought home to the smallest functionary by constant air raids; in Taipei, there are no genuine air raids but only precautions against raids, and with the passage of time, despite all that the minor civil servants can do to keep themselves keyed up, the whole affair has become make-believe. Most Nationalist civilians are hard up. The civil servants are paid only token salaries, and they could not keep up appearances and would go hungry if they did not have private means of one sort or another—bank deposits abroad, or, more frequently, heirlooms to sell. Those who have no bank accounts abroad and no heirlooms to sell are in a bad way indeed.

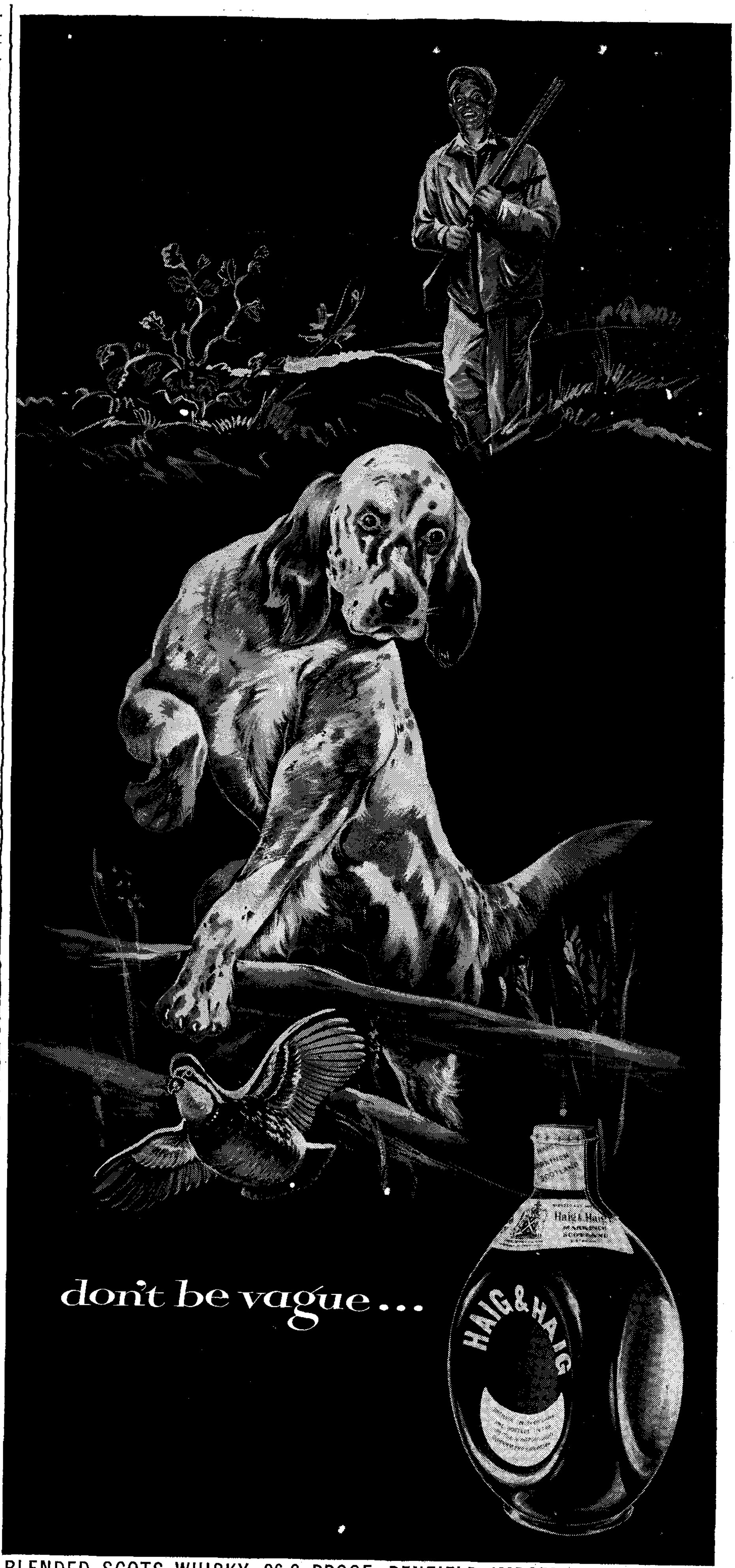
As is the case with all exiled governments, the Nationalists have an embarrassment of rank, an oversupply of V.I.P.s. This situation is reflected in the National Taiwan University, where all the escaped Free Chinese professors have congregated. Space for classes is limited, and enrollment is restricted by means of very stiff entrance examinations. Consequently, there are not enough students to go around among the professors, and quarrels arise. The high-ranking officers in the armed services are better disciplined and less vocal than the professors, but the Christian missionaries are not. Of all the uneasy groups in this wartime community that is trying to adjust itself to a peacetime tempo, they are probably the most turbulent. Like the professors, they are overconcentrated and don't quite know what to do with themselves. As a result, some of them have developed grievances that one never heard of on the mainland. One thing they have come to object to is a custom that has been honored in China for years—bowing to the portrait of Sun Yat-sen. Chinese people bow to Sun's portrait on practically every important occasion, and on a good many minor occasions in between. At weddings, at official functions and meetings, and at the beginning of the school day, they turn toward the portrait or photograph that hangs in every public room and bow three times.

"You are bowing down to idols," the missionaries tell the Chinese.

"But bowing means respect, not worship," the Chinese reply.

The missionaries are terribly in earnest; they will not give in. The dispute has lately been exacerbated by the enforcement of an old ruling of the Chinese Ministry of Education—a ruling that had always been more or less let slide on the mainland. As a result of this tightening up, no religious teaching is permitted in any government educational institution, and all pupils *must* bow to the portrait of Sun Yat-sen at the beginning of the day's work. Pupils who refuse to bow cannot continue to be pupils. The missionaries are not used to this kind of treatment—until now, the Christian missions of China were rather favored by the Methodist Generalissimo and Madame—and they have cried out against what they take to be interference with religious freedom. Nevertheless, the rule stands, and who is to say that the issue is not, on the whole, salubrious, lending excitement to an existence otherwise lacking in intellectual stimulation?

IN theory, the Nationalists have not changed their philosophy of government since they arrived from the mainland—the Nationalists are full-fledged citizens and the Taiwanese are provincial subordinates. Actually, the government has been condensed and simplified, with all its energies directed toward one



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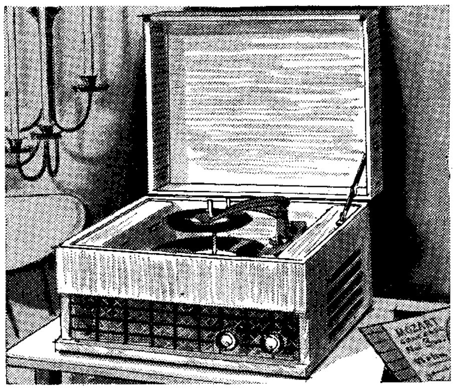

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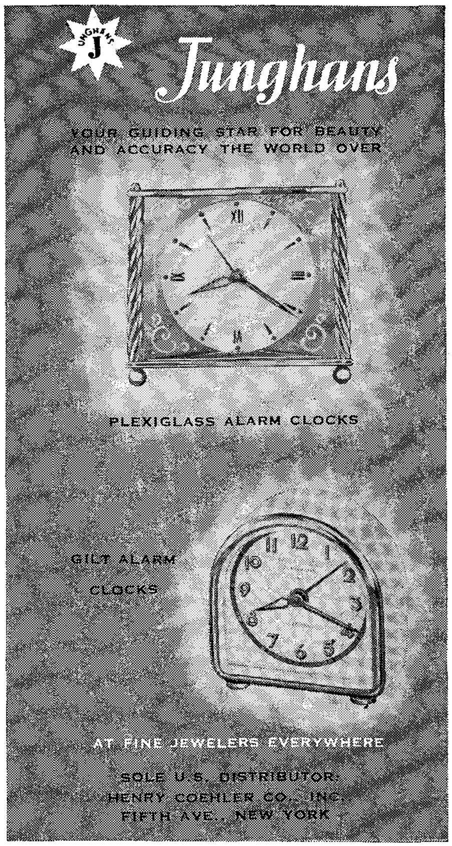
end. Its chief interest is the same as Koxinga's: to get itself reinstated on the mainland. Naturally, no government in this frame of mind can pay full attention to local affairs, and this has led to the establishment of a local Provincial government, which works side by side with the Nationalist government and in many respects dovetails with it. There are no Taiwanese in the upper echelons of the Nationalist body; there are many at every level of the Provincial, although the head man is O. K. Yui, the former mayor of Shanghai. To the Nationalists' way of thinking, no such thing as peace exists today; Free China is at war with Red China, though war activities are for the moment in abeyance. Their government therefore is military. Chiang Kai-shek is both Generalissimo and President. (He was elected President in 1948, in the first general election ever held in China.) In other words, he is in control of all government activities. But he does not insist upon seeing to all his duties himself, as he used to do; he has taken to trusting the men who surround him, and he has a tendency to select younger people for subsidiary posts. The day-by-day routine does not interest him. His government is a government in suspension; all emphasis, for psychological reasons, is placed on the temporary nature of the island sojourn. The aim of the Chinese is to develop the Provincial government to the point where all its members will be Taiwanese. Even now, the Provincial government has a good deal of responsibility. It handles almost all the taxes on the island, and in the past year balanced the budget. Local management of many kinds—reconstruction, agriculture, forestry, health—is in its hands. In effect, the Chinese have said, "Take care of the ordinary business of living—your own and ours—while we concentrate on your defense and on our future plans." The system appears to work, but whether it actually does is a moot point, and likely to remain one for a long time. The Taiwanese are not chatty on the subject. Those whose grievances spring first to foreign attention are, unsurprisingly, the wealthiest ones, who were in touch with the Western world before Pearl Harbor and whose downfall has been dramatic. In the old days, they were permitted to share in the benefits of Japanese economic monopolies, and they were hard hit when the Chinese grabbed those properties after the war. They have been further hit by taxes, which the Provincial government is assiduous in collecting. Most of them have drawn in their horns and quieted down, doing their best to sit on whatever wealth they



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still have. Many of their houses in and around Taipei have been rented out or sold—or confiscated—and are now occupied by American officers or Chinese dignitaries.

There is a garden near here known as Lin's Garden. It was constructed by the Lin family, an immense Taiwanese clan, during Japanese times. The Japanese have set ideas about what nature should look like when it is controlled; the Chinese have different ones. In Lin's Garden, everything goes. The profuse rocky mazes and moon gates are Chinese in style, the bridges and many of the pavilions are Japanese, and the huge, luxuriant trees are Formosan and could be nothing else. According to gossip, when the present head of the Lin family was told he must pay enormous taxes on the garden every year, he refused to do so, and simply abandoned it in protest. It is now being intermittently used as barracks for troops. This Army occupation has been disastrous for the garden. The ornamental pools are dry or silted up. The stone benches are overturned. Trees that were carefully pruned to exhibit their oddly twisted branches have been splintered by storms, and no one has cleaned up the brushwood. Walls in which the bamboo-and-paper windows have perished are boarded up crazily, dingy laundry flaps in the wet courtyards, and fowls wander about. None of the Nationalists I talked to seemed to know much about Lin's Garden, but I found an article describing it in a prewar Japanese guidebook, which announced that it was one of the world's best and rarest gardens. (The Japanese were fond of making such categorical statements about their Taiwan; the editor of the guidebook selected the island's eight best views and twelve beauty spots, and commanded the reader to go look at them immediately.) The Japanese would have been able to tell me all about Lin's Garden, but they have gone. The Nationalists, when I spoke to them of the ruin, said vaguely, "It is probably the responsibility of the Taiwanese." They did not care; Taiwan is not home.

IN the Orient these days, any government that wants to stay in power must give attention to land reform. India has taken radical steps, at least on paper. Japan, under the American occupation, put through a program. The Chinese Reds were most direct of all; they simply confiscated the land and executed the landlords. The Nationalists were determined to think of a more acceptable system. They tried out their brand of land reform on the mainland

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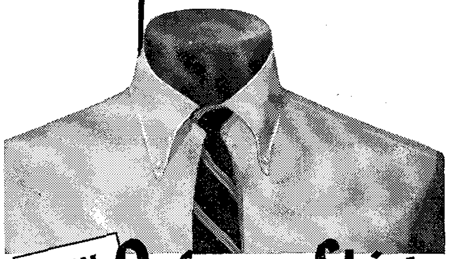

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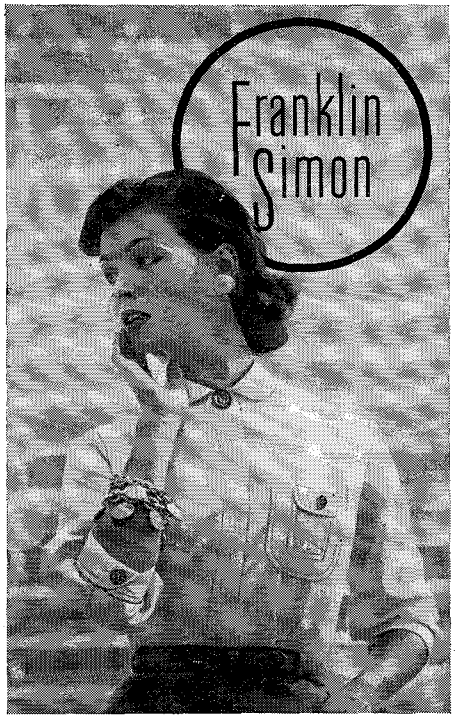

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for a few seasons, but before anyone could tell whether it was successful, the program was of necessity dropped. They are now applying the same plan in Formosa, but its value here is marred by the fact that it was shaped for a country of large landowners, and Formosa is not that.

Nationalist China's land-reform program was inaugurated in 1949 with a reduction of land rent, and stepped up in 1952, when excess government-owned land was sold. The third stage of the reform, the so-called Land to the Tiller Act, was signed by President Chiang last January. It provides for redistribution of privately owned land that is considered "surplus," and this, of course, is the joker in the whole scheme. The aim is redistribution without confiscation, but Taiwanese farmers who own "surplus" land are apt to get the terms confused. The government points out that the redistributed land is to be paid for; the farmers retort that the payment will be in government bonds, and they have no confidence in them. The land-reform program is a matter of intense discussion at the moment, as application of the Land to the Tiller Act gathers momentum. When it was announced recently that the final decision as to the amount of each farmer's surplus was soon to be made, there was a wild scramble to get out from under by selling property. According to Taiwanese law, riceland cannot be sold without government permission, but building land can. Therefore, farmers hastily built houses over their paddy land and sacrificed the grain. As owners of building property, they would be able to get money—however little of it—instead of bonds in return.

The other day, a friend took me to see a farmer he knew. We drove in a rain along the back of Grass Mountain, and he suddenly—and arbitrarily, it seemed—stopped the car at the side of the road. We found a narrow flight of stone-slab steps that was nearly concealed in the thick woods growing up to the roadside; it led abruptly down into a deep, tight ravine filled with bamboo, pine, and hardwood. At the bottom of the slope, a path beside a tumbling, noisy brook led us upstream through bamboo groves to a neat wooden bridge, and from there we went up another stone stairway, on the opposite slope. Halfway to the top, we came upon our farmer's house. It was of red brick and had five rooms, laid out side by side in a straight line. The middle room was fitted up as a shrine; the household god sat in a shelter in the middle of a new black teakwood table, and the paper lanterns sus-

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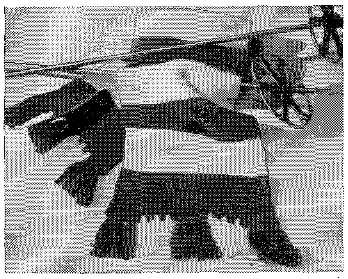

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pended from the beams hung down in front of him. There was a pleasant smell of aromatic wood all through the house.

"This house was my grandfather's," the farmer told us. "He planted some of the orange trees in the grove behind it, and his father planted others. I have some trees more than a hundred years old. The paddy is down the hill in front." I asked him how much land was being taken as surplus. None of his rice paddy, he said; he was losing his oldest orange grove instead. He smiled politely as he talked about this unpleasant matter. "So now I have less land and no money," he said. "They gave me a piece of paper instead of money." It seemed futile to go into long-winded explanations of bonds and modern times and all that. After a while, we said goodbye and started down the stone steps in the rain. The wet air smelled of the farmyard. Behind us someone was calling geese; it sounded like hog calling in the Middle West.

"YOU'LL find things turned around," an old China hand told me. "Back in Shanghai, it used to be us, the foreigners, who were efficient and prompt; the Chinese drove us crazy with their vagueness about appointments. But here the foreigners seem to have adopted Chinese habits. Time means nothing to Taiwan Americans, whereas the Chinese are right on the dot. Complete reversal." I found that he was right. Probably the explanation is simply that time is less important to Americans, under present circumstances, than it is to Chinese. The majority of the Americans have one thing in common, which is the reason they are here: the American aid-and-assistance missions. Like the Nationalist Chinese, these Americans have not been on the island very long, but, unlike the Nationalists, they have no vested interest in the place. They are visitors, with a tour of duty that lasts eighteen months to two years. The Chinese are here indefinitely; pessimists say they are here for life. No matter how genuinely the Americans want to do their jobs well, they are not deeply, personally involved with Taiwan; it is not their adventure. There is another discrepancy. Americans are richer than Chinese. Taiwan Americans have been told that they should work democrat-

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ically—arm in arm, hand in hand, and so on—with the Chinese. To the best of their ability, they do so, for they are a conscientious crowd. But it is not easy for an American officer to establish a warm friendship with a Chinese officer when one of them is getting American pay and the other is getting the equivalent of ten dollars a month. Moreover, the Americans buy their food and general supplies at a commissary—frozen chickens from the States, tax-free liquor, and toothpaste and aspirin and hair tonic. The Chinese live off the land and get their commodities in the open market, but the more they become acquainted with Americans the more they seem to want toothpaste, aspirin, and all the rest of it. This fact—that Americans have money—is always evident, and all the friendship in the world cannot blot it from sight. The Americans know that they are giving and the Chinese know that they are receiving. Try as the Americans will, and meaning as well as it is possible to mean, they are inevitably tempted to lapse into an occasional insistence, a direct command instead of the courteously indirect request that takes so much longer and means so much to a Chinese. That a certain amount of friendship actually exists between the two communities in spite of all this is a considerable tribute to both. The Chinese are patient and know they must continue to be so; the Americans are kind, and even, quite often, understanding.

Bored though the Americans may be, they carry on with their customary bustle, and the Chinese and Taiwanese observe them politely. The Americans are excellent sports, and cheerfully adapt themselves to the novelty of living under Oriental conditions. Still, after a few days of humoring the customs of the country, they usually get tired of taking off their shoes before entering their mat houses; it is easier, in the end, to buy new mats now and then. Most of the large-scale organizations, such as the Mutual Security Agency and the Military Assistance Advisory Group, acquire hotels and rest houses for their personnel or build their own houses. The M.A.A.G. people probably have the best time. They are the dramatic ones, the gallant men in uniform who are helping China to help herself. There are about seven hundred and fifty of them in Taiwan at the moment, but the number fluctuates rapidly with the demands of the situation. The men are carefully selected and the rules of conduct are strict. The United States authorities don't want relations with the Taiwanese and the Chinese, already peculiarly delicate, to be strained by the usual incidents

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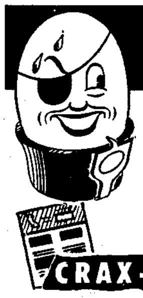

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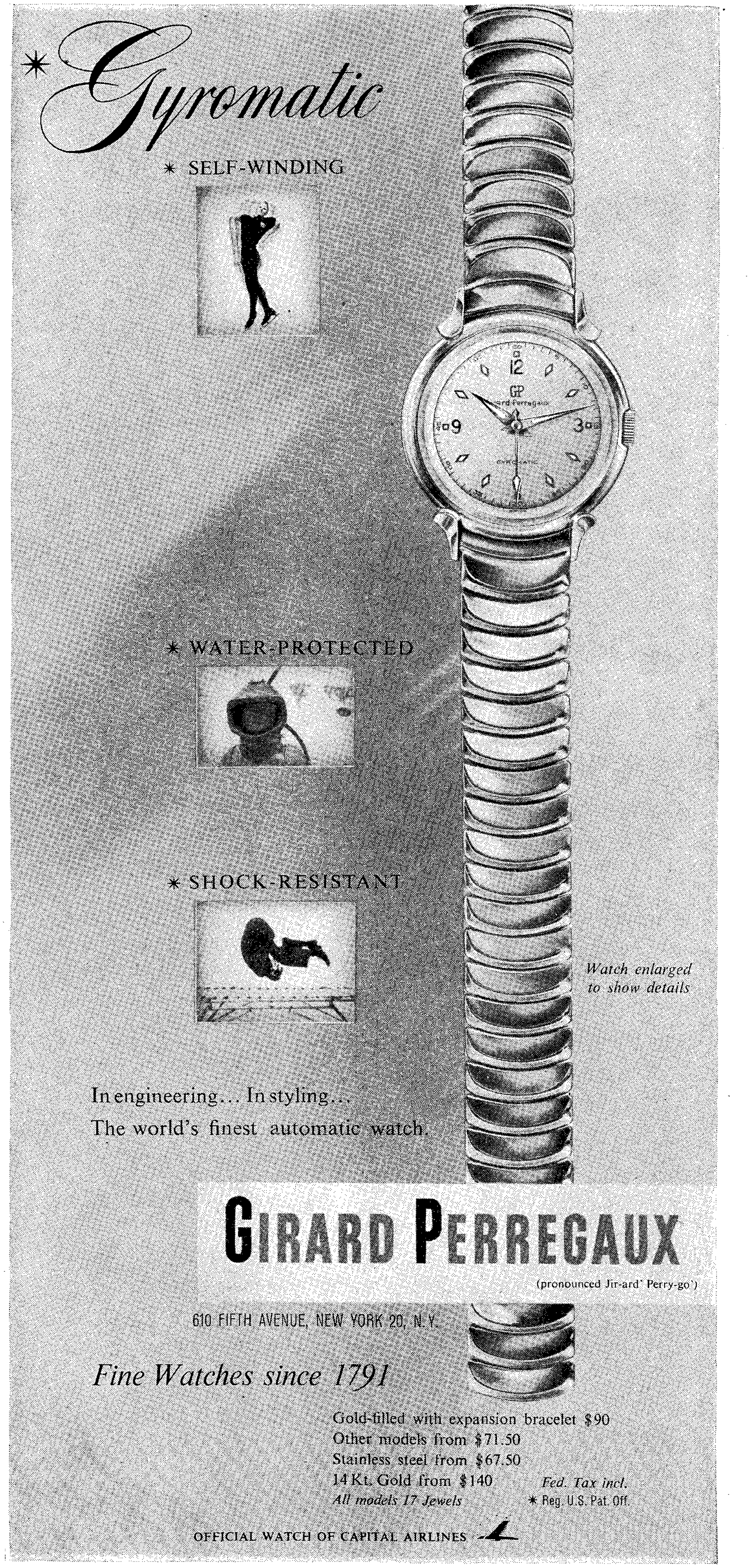
characteristic of armies serving in foreign parts. It is whispered among the rest of the foreign community that any M.A.A.G. man who becomes involved in a brawl, or so far forgets himself as to get publicly and spectacularly drunk, will be immediately sent packing.

Taipei, being the capital, is naturally the focal point of M.A.A.G.'s high brass. Even so, the officers are not overpoweringly in evidence here, except at formal government social functions; on these occasions, the white and tan and blue are out in force. The hazy Taiwan hills in the distance, the bright-green lawns, and the soft-footed servants padding back and forth with glasses all make up as pretty and as misleading a picture of nineteenth-century colonial life as any historian could wish to see. At their work in the field, the M.A.A.G. officers are even less evident. For the most part, Taiwan's training schools are located in the south, where the terrain is flat and where Japanese installations have been rebuilt and adapted to the new era. The Navy and its schools are at Kaohsiung, the big city of the south and the only good harbor anywhere in the neighborhood. The various Air Force training centers are also scattered around Kaohsiung. The Army training schools are wider spread; there is a particularly elaborate one at Pingtung, combined with one of the Air Force bases. I visited Pingtung one day, and an American-trained Chinese major showed me around the airbase, talking enthusiastically. The school system parallels the American system, as far as deficiencies in equipment and differences in the Chinese students' temperament permit. We walked through several severely utilitarian classrooms, and the students glanced up incuriously. "They work hard," said the major. "Perhaps too hard—we are considering a change in the routine, to let up a little. But that calls for a lot of thought first. The Air Force schools have the tightest schedule of any, but some of the men prefer it that way. It keeps up their morale. You know, you need something to sustain your interest when you train and train and still there is nothing to do with all that training. However, we are getting more planes now." He looked cheerful. "There was a time when I even thought I'd have to get out of the Air Force and join up somewhere else. There wasn't any Air Force, really—nothing to fly, nothing to practice on. It's a lot better now."

The major led me into one of the hangars. "These biplanes are PT-17s,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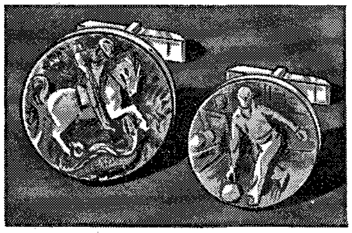

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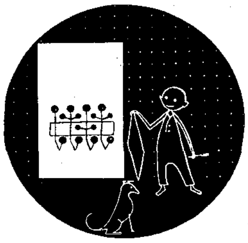

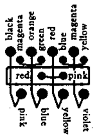

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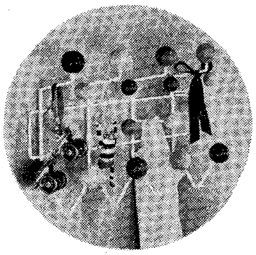

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very old models," he said. "They aren't used any more in your country. We train beginners on them. Over there is a T-6, another ancient American model; we use them for more advanced training. Being so short of planes, we aren't able to keep maintenance up to the standards your people require; that is, each plane does more hours here between routine inspections. But our checkups are as careful as yours, and we keep the accident rate pretty low." We entered a machine shop that had been rigged up in the hangar. "Everything here is being used again and again," he said. "Our workmen are thorough because they've got to be. So much depends on it. In the States, you throw away anything that may be faulty. Here, we repair it." I watched one of the men at work. He had moved the part he was repairing to the floor, where he squatted on his heels and really got down to it. The major followed my gaze and laughed a little. "The M.A.A.G. people wanted to supply more workbenches when they first saw that," he said. "But they soon found out it was a waste of money. If a man is used to working on the floor, that's where he wants to work."

At first sight, relations between the mainlanders and the Americans appear gratifyingly hearty. At American parties, there is usually a sprinkling of Chinese. Ostensibly, the Americans ignore the race barrier to an extent that the British seldom attained on the mainland. Yet somehow, before the evening is over at most of these gatherings, the Chinese are congregated by themselves in one corner and the Americans, having been polite and done their duty, are in another. "There was a funny party one night when the American instructor at our flying school was going home," a Chinese officer said to me. "You know M. L. Liu, in the Air Force?"

I said I knew Major Liu well—a charming, friendly man with impeccable manners.

"That's the one," said the Chinese officer. "We were schoolmates over on the mainland. Well, M.L. hardly ever takes a drink, as you may have noticed, but at this party he got drunk, for some reason. He made speeches. He said, 'I hate all Americans. I hate everybody, as a matter of fact—everybody in the world but my mother and my wife and my baby—but I hate Americans worst of all.' Well, the American instructor—he's a nice fellow—he said, 'Come on, M.L., you know you don't hate me.' And M.L. said, 'Yes, I do,

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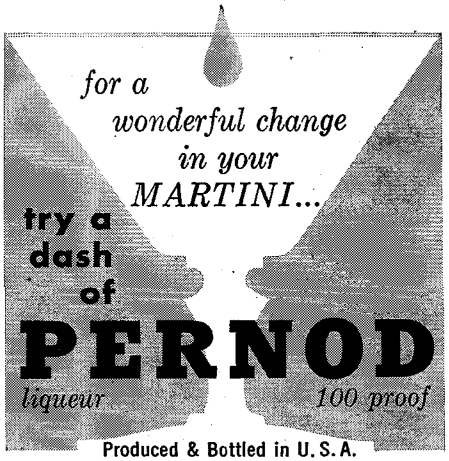

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I hate you,' and before we knew it, he'd squared off and hit the instructor on the nose."

There are other frictions—the signs on the roads, for instance. Here and there, at considerable expense to taxpayers at home, the Americans have repaired bombed or deteriorated highways. Then signs have gone up along the roads, proclaiming that the repairs were conceived and paid for by America. One can imagine the well-meaning suggestion in Washington that prompted this move: "Let those people know we did it. Outsmart the Reds by showing the Chinese in Taiwan that we're their real friends. Put up signs, so there won't be any mistake about it." The Chinese public, however, has taken offense at the signs, and there has been a buzz of criticism. Why do these Americans keep rubbing it in? Do they think we have no feelings? Oh, how long is this all going to last? "These little things make such a difference," a Chinese friend said to me. "You understand, we are very grateful. *Very* grateful. Please do not think we aren't."

American feelings get hurt, too. "Don't you talk to *me!*" a slightly drunk businessman shouted the other night at a party from which the token Chinese guests had already departed in a bunch. "Don't you talk to me about these people! Under all this smiling and bowing, they hate us. I know, I tell you. Listen. There isn't a one of them isn't proud in his heart that the Chinese Communists, the Reds—their own enemies, you understand—held us off in Korea. They're proud it was Chinese that did it. And after all we've done for them! How do you like that?" His tone was outraged—the tone of a man who has just made a shocking discovery—and his eyes were wounded.

—EMILY HAHN

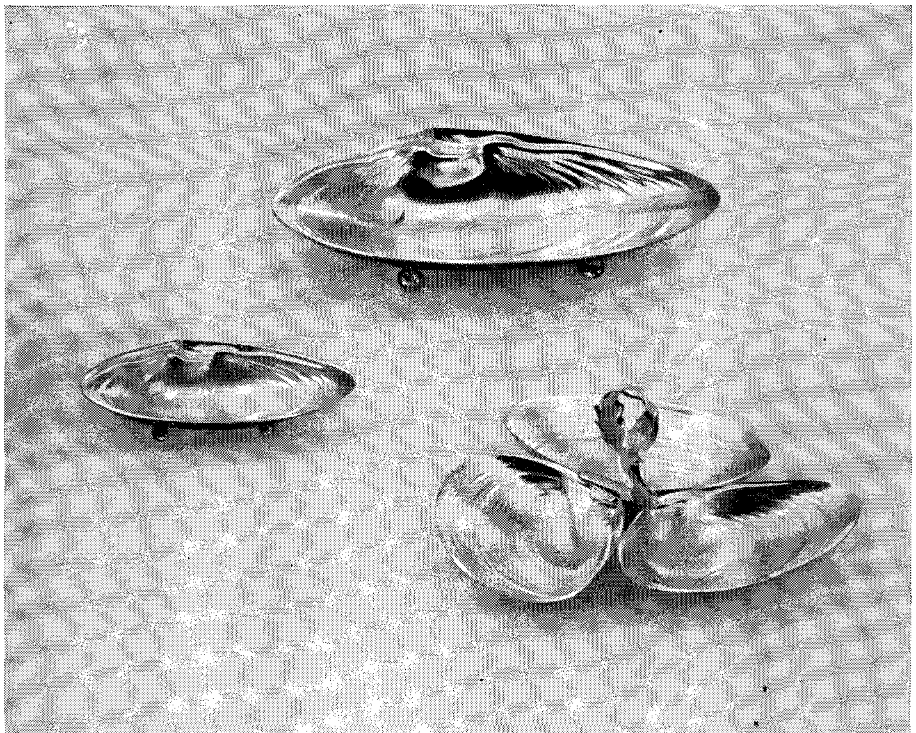
•

SONG

Autumn leaves blow
The lost lamb;
Cold rivers slow
The big dam;
And the geese go
Southward home,
Going, going, going.

Though no no no
Says the wind,
The bulbs will grow
Once it's spring;
Goodbye to snow,
Green will sing,
Coming, coming, coming.

—HOWARD MOSS



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PARIS MEMO

MAGDELEINE & Gaston's 61 Qu. de la Tournelle is one place where it doesn't pay to get into a fight with the proprietor. He happens to be a former heavyweight champ at le box. Open only for lunch, it's a must for any visitor to Paris — especially if you allow Gaston to choose your menu. But be sure to phone Odeon 0211 for a reservation. Aside from having more perpendicular ring time than most French boxers, Gaston is a great epicure. So expert he can taste a sip of wine and tell the year and birthplace—or tell which leg a partridge habitually stood on by its tenderness. I got off to an unimpressive start with Gaston by asking for my usual cocktail—very dry.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Arrau and a Capriccio

THE symphonic season got into full swing last week. Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra came to town. Leopold Stokowski appeared at Carnegie Hall with a program devoted to the music of present-day Canadian composers. Dimitri Mitropoulos again conducted the Philharmonic, and in my opinion won the rather modest distinction of providing the week's best performances. Though I dutifully covered all these happenings, I found in this large quantity of aural experience only one thing that really interested me. This was a short work, on Mr. Mitropoulos's program, called Capriccio for Orchestra, Opus 2, by the young Austrian composer Gottfried von Einem. My interest in it was heightened in advance by a couple of circumstances. Mr. von Einem, whose works are so far practically unknown here, has been rumored to be a composer of some originality and power. His opera "The Trial," based on Franz Kafka's fantastic novel, is to receive its first American performance this week at the City Center, and the Capriccio for Orchestra would presumably provide a preview of his talents. These seemed to me to be appreciable. The Capriccio, a lively, dramatic little composition, has several qualities not often found in contemporary music. It pulsates with genuine emotional vigor; it builds up to two or three refreshingly unabashed climaxes; and despite these somewhat romantic virtues, it is written in a style individual enough to indicate the presence of an authentic musical personality. It reminds one here and there of Richard Strauss and of Stravinsky in his earlier days, but it could not possibly be mistaken for the work of either of these composers, or of anybody else. Mr. von Einem, I suspect, will reward some further attention.

As for the remainder of the week's symphonic production—and somehow the word "production" seems particularly fitting—it appeared to roll off various assembly lines with reasonable efficiency and considerable monotony. Mr. Ormandy devoted most of his attention to time-tried masterpieces of guaranteed quality, giving Brahms' Fourth Symphony and Debussy's "La Mer" performances that I found quite dull and routine. Mr. Mitropoulos kept me wider awake with a rather overdramatized presentation of Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony. He also brought along Yehudi Menuhin, who was obviously not in his best form, and who played Viotti's difficult Twenty-second Violin Concerto in a manner that made all its difficulties uncomfortably evident. Mr. Stokowski's program of music by Canadian composers at least served to demonstrate, if there was ever any question about it, that there is nothing Canadian about Canadian music. It was all being performed for the first time in New York, and it all sounded terribly familiar, much of it following the Nadia Boulanger-Juilliard School of Music tradition that seems to have become our American substitute for an academic style. Mr. Stokowski stirred it around for hours without turning up a spark anywhere. But a large audience with a fashionable, diplomatic-set look seemed to like it.

MEANWHILE, the New York City Opera put on a new production of Engelbert Humperdinck's "Hansel and Gretel." I went to it in the hope that I was going to see a performance comparable to the preceding week's enchanting "La Cenerentola," and I was disappointed. My ears were gratified by some excellent singing on the part of Frances Bible, Laurel Hurley, and Richard Wentworth, and by some spirited conducting on the part of the very young maestro Thomas Schippers. But my eyes were assaulted by an unimaginative stage production that looked most of the time like something intended to decorate the walls of a Central European brewery. It is true that "Hansel and Gretel" is basically a rather ponderous piece of whimsey, in which some quite beautiful music is wedded to some awfully naïve, folksy, and heavy-handed fantasy. Still, I think a lighter and more sophisticated touch might have intensified its occasional moments of real charm and minimized the aura of sauerkraut that is so apt to envelop it. Things like the scene in which the angels descend from Heaven to watch over dear little Hansel and his sister while they snooze in the forest demand a lot of ingenuity and style if they are not to become embarrassingly mawkish. This sort of ingenuity and style was conspicuously lacking.

THE week's most pleasurable event was Saturday afternoon's piano recital at Town Hall by Claudio Arrau, the first of a series in which Mr. Arrau will play all of Beethoven's thirty-two piano sonatas. At this concert, one could relax under the spell of a superlative artist, confident that no demand upon technique or taste would strain his brilliant resources. The sonatas I heard were Opus 2, No. 3; Opus 81a; and Opus 110. Mr. Arrau played them with the magnificent dash and polish of the true virtuoso, and with an insight into Beethoven's subtlety of musical thought that made each one a fresh revelation. And all this was done with an agreeable knack of self-effacement that made one forget Mr. Arrau's formidable feats of skill and give oneself up to the sheer enjoyment of great music. There are not many pianists in the world today who can equal Mr. Arrau in the kind of task he has set himself. His Beethoven sonata series should prove to be one of the really memorable things in the current musical season.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

THE LITERARY LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT

[*From "A Practical Manual of Screen Playwriting," by Lewis Herman*]

[The] treatment then goes to the supervising producer. Copies are sent to the heads of the story department, to the studio heads, and to their assistants. That is to say, about twenty-five people then read it, comment on it, make suggestions for it, tear it apart, or build it up. The shreds of the treatment are then returned to the writer for co-ordination. He, of course, is told that he may reject or accept the suggestions as he sees fit. But if he is experienced, he rejects only minor changes and suggestions and accepts most of those made by his salary-superiors, the exact number of acceptances being in direct proportion to the importance of his critics in the studio hierarchy, and to the writer's desire to retain his job and to get further assignments.

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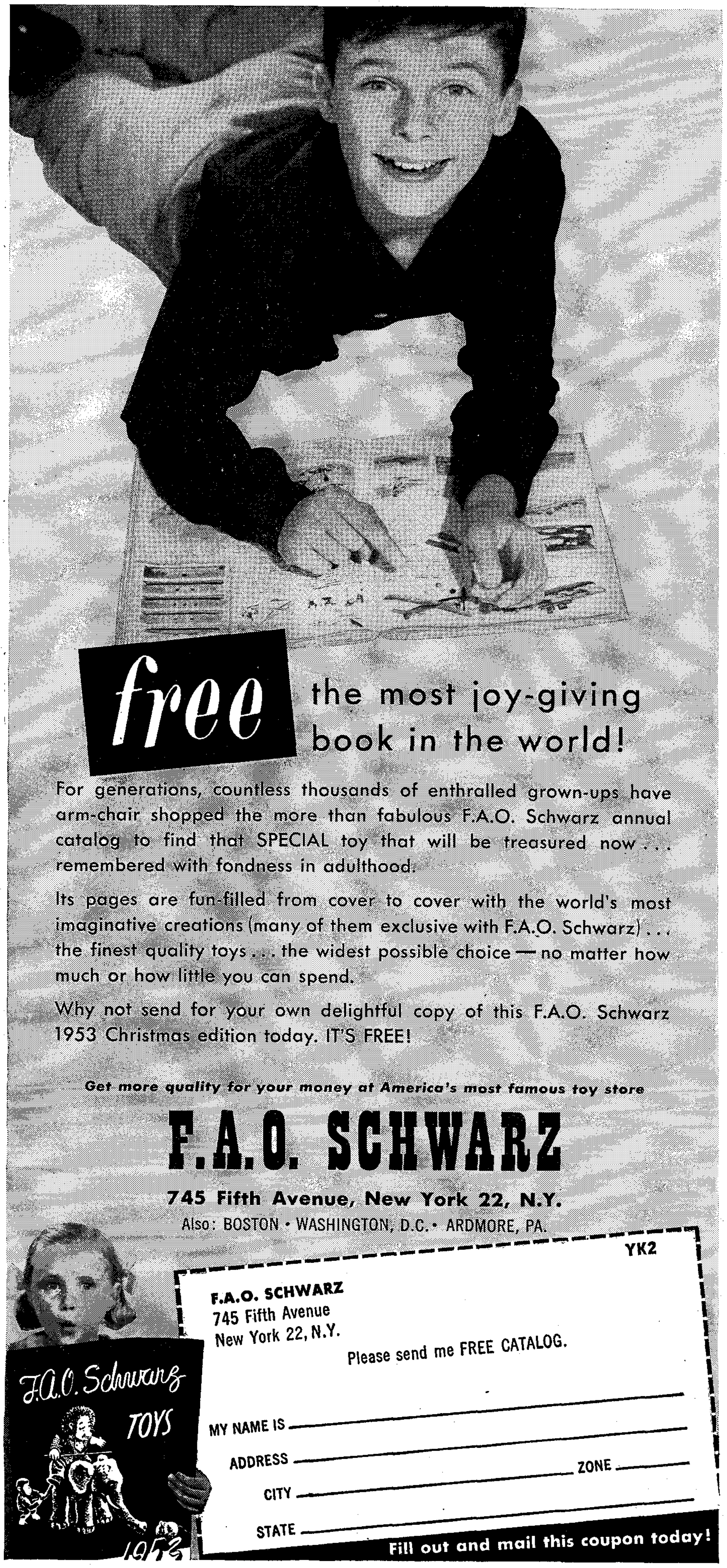
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THE RACE TRACK

A Swirl of Leaves

THERE was so much lively racing all over the place last week that I can touch on most of it only briefly. I'd best begin with the success of White Skies in the Interborough Handicap, which opened the long session at Jamaica that will continue through November 14th. White Skies has done most of his running at Atlantic City and Garden State Park, where he's the darling of people who bet on horses to show, for he has been out of the money only twice in two seasons. He's no bolt of Jersey lightning, but he's a useful sprinter. The Remsen Handicap seldom attracts the better two-year-olds, who are either resting up from Belmont at this time of year or fulfilling engagements elsewhere, so I fancy it won't make much difference in your life or mine that last week's running of it went to one Galdar. The Frizette Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, was quite another cup of tea. It brought out fourteen well-thought-of youngsters on Saturday and was a good show. Indian Legend, a swell hunch for a perfect Indian-summer afternoon, won it, getting up in the last stride or two to beat Case Goods. Small Favor was third. As for close finishes, it would be hard to top the one in the Knight Errant Classified Handicap, in which Again II and Begorra passed the winning post in that order, noses apart, with Sahib and Sandtop in a dead heat inches behind them.

JACK CAMPBELL, the racing secretary for the New York tracks, is more softhearted than he wants anybody to think he is. A couple of months ago, when he was arranging his program for Jamaica, he resolved to give racers who hadn't been very good or very lucky this season a chance at one big pot. So he made the fifty-thousand-dollar, mile-and-a-furlong Grey Lag Handicap a race for three-year-olds and upward who hadn't won as much as a thirty-five-thousand-dollar purse this year. Fifteen horses went to the post for it last weekend, and Find, a three-year-old fresh from a galloping victory in the Ohio Derby at Cleveland's Thistle Down Park, led from beginning to end. Find is by Discovery out of Stellar Role, and is owned by Alfred Vanderbilt; he didn't race last year, and has been rather overshadowed since spring by Native Dancer, but he's better than an empty stall, having won eight out of thirteen starts. His share of the Grey Lag purse—$44,700—put his stable several more jumps ahead of Calumet Farm.

THE Pimlico Futurity is one of my favorite races, but when the entries were published last weekend, I decided to give it a miss this year. It hardly seemed worth the trip to Baltimore and back just to watch Porterhouse romp around the track in front of four other colts. (Besides, I had already made plans to go down there this weekend and cheer for Tom Fool in the Pimlico Special.) Imagine my surprise when the news came over the wire that Errard King had won easily and Porterhouse had run last. Not even the jockey had an explanation for Porterhouse's performance. Errard King, who at one stage led by a dozen lengths, is another of those Jersey horses. That is to say, he won five of his seven starts there during the summer; in the two others he was beaten by Artismo, one of this department's pets.

ANOTHER big shock to horseplayers last week was the defeat of Crafty Admiral in the Hawthorne Gold Cup, in Chicago. He ran out of the money, too—far behind Sub Fleet, who won it. (Colonel Martingale says that all the parlays lost on Porterhouse and Crafty Admiral might not balance the budget but they'd run into a lovely dollar.) Crafty Admiral carried a hundred and twenty-eight pounds, but in my opinion it was travelling that wore him down; the past three Saturdays he ran on Long Island, in Atlantic City, and in Chicago.

IF you're interested in the doings of jockeys last week, Shoemaker rode his three-hundred-and-ninety-second winner of the season—a new record—at Golden Gate Fields, in California, and may have an even four hundred by the time you read these notes. I'm more pleased to report, however, that Sande rode one, at Jamaica—his first since he started his comeback. His mount was Miss Weesie, a 12–1 shot. Arcaro, on the 1–2 favorite, Will Be There, was second.

—AUDAX MINOR

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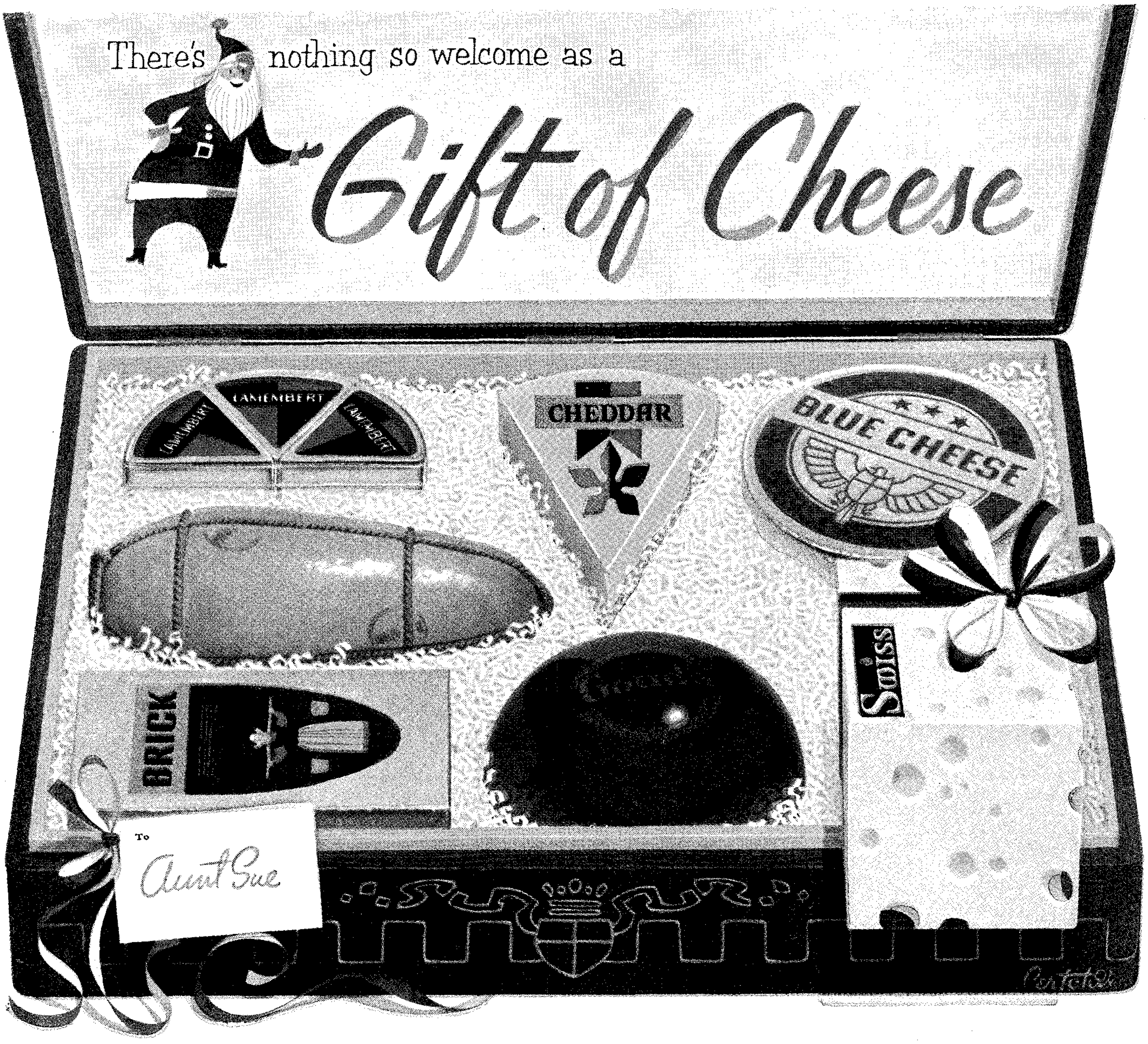
Americans are suckers for large, loose, sweeping conclusions.—*George Weller in the Saturday Evening Post.*

Like that one?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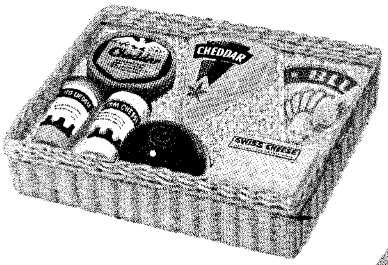
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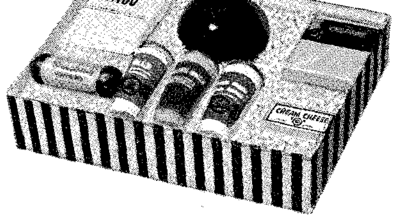
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LETTER FROM MARGATE

October 14

THE annual Labour and Conservative party conferences, which have just taken place in this Kent seaside holiday town and in a very fine imitation of Riviera sunshine, were generally voted by observers who sat through both events to have been among the best in recent years. The Labour gathering two weeks ago was expected to show up rancorous personal differences in the Party, and the Conservative conference last week was expected to be dull and dutiful, but neither came off quite as prophesied. The Socialists, with a prudent eye on the possibility of an early general election and also on the latest Gallup Poll figures, which demonstrate that they have taken the lead in popularity with the public, seemed bent on proving that they are older, wiser, and more responsible than they acted in their bitter wrangles at last autumn's conference. Their supporters are enormously heartened. On the other hand, the Tories, who are customarily far more generous with polite bouquets to their leaders on these occasions, this year seemed younger and more vigorous, and actually hurled some sharp and thorny opinions at the platform.

The big question for both parties was, in different ways, one of leadership. The Labour show was a victory for Mr. Attlee's Right Wing, which nursed its policy of moderation past the objections of the blithe minority who wanted nationalization of pretty well everything in sight at home and, in foreign policy, a velvet glove extended toward the Iron Curtain. (The Left Wing did not, however, lose a single powerful feather, for all the Bevanites were voted back onto the National Executive Committee with increased majorities.) Last week, at the Conservative conference, the all-enveloping query hanging over the packed Winter Gardens, where the day-to-day conference business took place, and over the countless little red-brick hotels up the side streets, where many of the delegates put up, and over the bar of the St. George's, where journalists and delegates and Government Ministers milled each evening, was, of course, the health of the Prime Minister. The agenda of the conference contained no reference to this, naturally, but the most important conclusion that every anxious Conservative hoped to be able to take back to his constituency was his personal one, arrived at on the evidence of his own eyes and ears, as to who would be leader this time next year (or even earlier, according to some rumors). Emotion was in the air from the start, on Thursday morning, when Mr. Eden appeared on the platform with Mrs. Eden for the opening debate on defense and foreign affairs. The proceedings had been officially speeded on their way with prayers, a speech by Margate's jolly-looking mayor, and the national anthem, sung to such a galloping piano accompaniment that the Tories on one side of the Winter Gardens were still fervently beseeching that Queen Elizabeth should be sent victorious while those on the other side were stipulating the length of time she should reign over us. Later, there was complete, earsplitting unanimity in the cheers for Eden, which were like a relieved vote of confidence in the way he looked—somewhat thin but suntanned and in buoyant form—and, still more, in the way he sounded. Over the morning coffee, for which the conference ducked out between resolutions, a Scottish M.P. observed contentedly to a friend that Eden had "a guid belly voice for a man who has had three abdominal opereetions," and this appeared to be the general satisfied feeling. To judge by the mood inside the hall and the private talk outside, there seems no doubt that the admired and trusted Eden is regarded as the inevitable heir to the Party leadership, which he has been standing by to inherit for so long that it would outrage all the British instinct for fair play if he did not get it. Another thing that emerged very strongly, though, was the growing following of Mr. R. A. Butler, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. When he subsequently spoke in the economic debate, he got a welcome that many observers felt was certainly as ardent as the one given to the returning Foreign Secretary. Plenty of Tories, especially among the younger men, appear to regard him hopefully as the embodiment of the New Look conservatism they think is the only thing that will eventually break the electoral deadlock at the polls.

By tradition, Conservative conferences do not frame Party policy, as Labour conferences do. What they provide is a sort of testing ground for the ideas of the rank and file, which the Ministers concerned can note and may heed. The foreign-affairs debate and,

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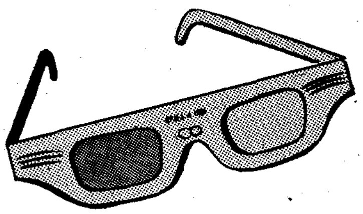

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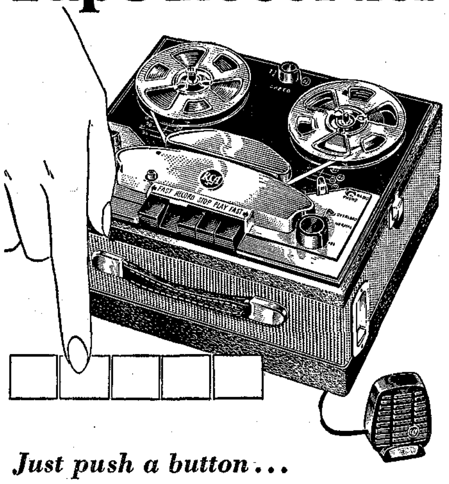
on Friday, the British Commonwealth discussions, which were heard by delegates as they cradled on their knees the morning papers with their grave headlines about British Guiana, provided several illuminating pointers on how the floor felt. On the subject of a possible high-level meeting between Russia and the West, the floor had nothing to say. Not a single resolution mentioned it, in contrast to the enthusiasm of the previous week's tenants of the Winter Gardens. The real surge and flow of Tory sentiment plainly ran in more deeply scored, timeworn grooves. There was tumultuous applause after Julian Amery's passionate speech on the iniquity of quitting Suez, and uneasy silence after Lord Salisbury's dispassionate report on the topic. Maybe in compensation for their apprehensions about Egypt, however, the delegates warmly applauded a brisk announcement by Oliver Lyttelton, the Colonial Secretary, that the Government had taken action in British Guiana. (Practically all the press, along with a vast section of public opinion not represented at Margate, has since been worriedly asking for further information before it shares this satisfaction.) The conference also applauded a delegate who said he had just returned from a fact-finding trip to Germany with the alarmed conviction that the Germans were going to be top of the European heap again before you could say "Hitler." When the Prime Minister, in his speech at Saturday's mass meeting, made the statement that has raised temperatures in France—that if the French did not ratify the European Defense Community, the Germans would be armed through NATO anyhow—the conference remained silent. Later, there was an unusually heated fight over tariffs between the platform and the floor, which the floor overwhelmingly won when it adopted an amendment urging modification of the internationally established General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade to permit the United Kingdom to regain some of her old economic suppleness by setting up new Commonwealth preferences. The victory, which the Board of Trade may find embarrassing at Geneva, where the GATT negotiations are still proceeding, was undoubtedly won by a surprise attack on the part of the eighty-year-old statesman Leopold Amery, who popped up like a diminutive crusader, his voice shaking with zeal for the great cause of imperial preference, and was cheered to the echo. On the home side, the farmers served wrathful notice to the Gov-



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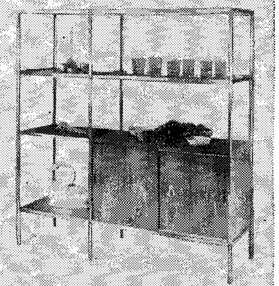

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ernment that if it did not look alive and work out a policy on guaranteed farm prices that would take into account, among other things, the recent steep rise in agricultural wages, rural Parliamentary seats (thirty or forty, according to the blunt reckoning of a delegate from Norfolk) would be lost to the Party at the next election. There were jubilant hallelujahs for Harold Macmillan, the Minister of Housing, and his three hundred thousand new houses a year, but nothing like jubilation over the two hundred thousand (a figure mentioned by one speaker) old rent-controlled houses that are every year rotting into ruined emptiness because landlords are refusing to repair them. Speaker after speaker asked the Government to grasp the nettle of the Rent Restriction Acts boldly during the coming session.

THE excitement and tension in the Winter Gardens on Saturday afternoon when Sir Winston Churchill was about to speak was extraordinary. In the interval before the proceedings started, while reporters and photographers and movie men scrimmaged around the platform and young ladies moved the microphones on the table one inch forward and then two inches back, a harassed official kept repeating his request that on this occasion everyone would please not smoke. A newspaperman who had ambled in to survey the scene with a half-finished cup of coffee in his hand had it whisked away by a jumpy attendant as though it were a bomb. Finally, when the hall was jammed, the Government Ministers took their places on the platform, sitting in a rather self-conscious row with

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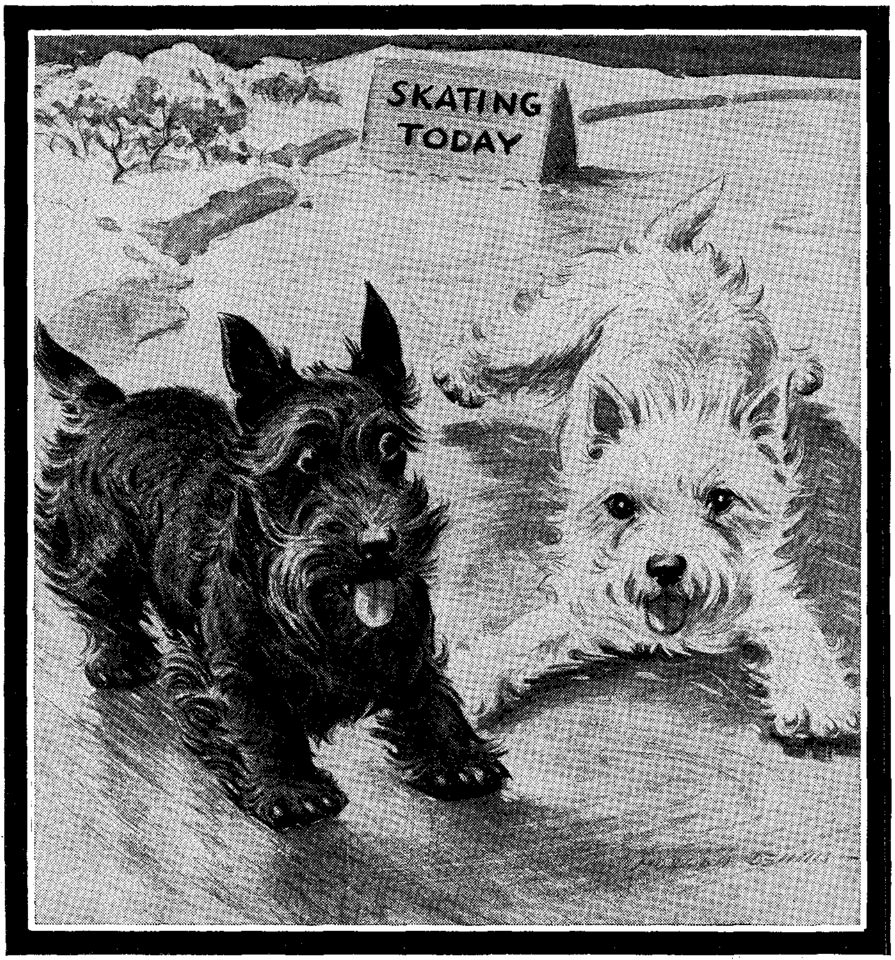
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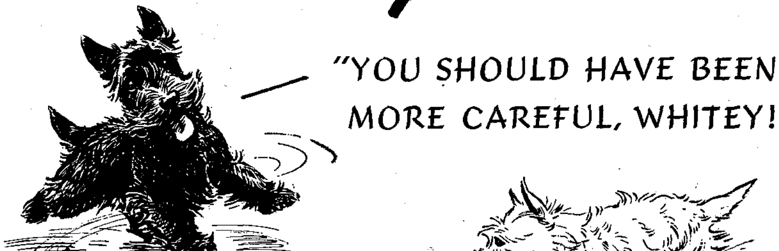

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sternly folded arms, as if posing for a college football photograph. When the Churchills arrived, the anxiety and emotion in the hall could almost be felt groping out in waves toward the old leader, who reached his chair rapidly and with a curious intentness, as though it were the goal in a private game he was having with himself, and sat down abruptly and heavily.

Purely from the Party's point of view, the most popular part of the Prime Minister's speech was certainly his statement that there would be no election this year and probably none next year, either. For a far wider audience than the one in the Winter Gardens, there was disappointment that he did not say something new on foreign policy—perhaps taking up the theme of his speech in May, as all the conference chat, right up to the last moment, had forecast he would. But the conference was obviously concerned less with what Sir Winston said than with his manner of saying it, for fifty minutes, at the age of seventy-eight, after a worrying absence. He scored a resounding, touching triumph. From the talk of the delegates as they began to shuffle slowly out of the hall after he and Lady Churchill had left for a tour through the streets of Margate, one gathered that, for the moment, few Tories cared to think beyond that.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

A huge monarch of the forest that experts and old timbers say was the tallest loblolly pine tree in the world is no longer standing on the lands of the Urania Lumber Company.—*Press release from the Louisiana Forestry Association.*

Old timbers nothing—it's those murmuring pines.

•

Carl R. Perry, Swampscott branch manager of the Lynn Five Cents Savings Bank, received official commendation from the Board of Selectmen today for his outstanding work as treasurer of the recent town-wide campaign to raise funds for victims of the Lynn Five Cents Savings Bank.—*Lynn* (*Mass.*) *Evening Item.*

Playing both ends against the middle?

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Greensboro* (*N. C.*) *Record*]

Creston, Neb.—(AP)—Mrs. J. W. Larson of Creston sat in her rocking chair darning socks.

She reached over to pick up a ball of yarn from the floor.

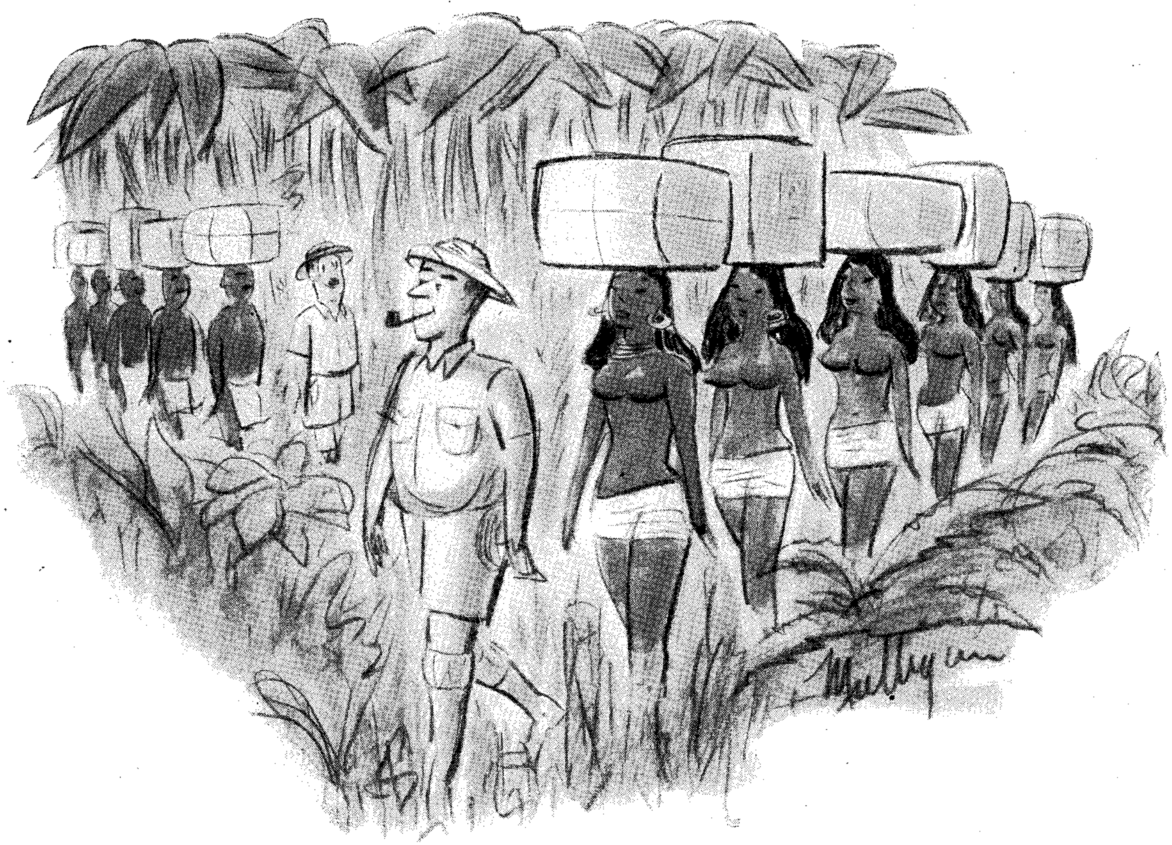
BOOKS

Small Towns

“The Third Angel,” the new novel by Jerome Weidman (Doubleday), is about one of those towns along the Connecticut shore that successful novelists like Mr. Weidman have been moving to in recent years—moving in such numbers that fiction has become the thriving cottage industry of Fairfield County. The most urban of writers, Mr. Weidman has managed to survive his journey to the suburbs. If the fresh air and the old white houses and all that empty space between people have done him no good, they have done him less harm than might have been predicted. In this, his eleventh book, his gusto is unimpaired. He retains his uncanny ear for the different argots in which different classes of people think and speak. He conveys the brutal and dreary without letting the conveyance of them become an end in itself. And he tells his story so well that anyone who reads the first five pages of “The Third Angel” is bound to race on to the four-hundred-and-seventy-seventh. The sorry truth is, however, that he tells his story better than it deserves. For what our brassy and remorseless city gave Mr. Weidman—a theme to pit his talent against—the suburbs, at least in this instance, have failed to give him. “The Third Angel” turns out to be the kind of big, roomy novel, crowded with characters and incidents, that is involved without being complex and ambitious without being serious. Though we are always curious to know what is going to happen next, we are rarely moved by it when it happens. The last snarl of plot having been disentangled, we perceive to our dismay that Mr. Weidman’s heart has not been engaged. With matchless energy and much skill, he has been acting out an immense trifle. We are amused but let down, and we suspect Mr. Weidman of feeling let down, too. Surely he must have begun writing Chapter I with more than this shaky melodrama in mind.

Mr. Weidman calls his Connecticut town Swindon. We see it first through the eyes of a middle-aged widow named Margaret Gendron. Her husband was killed in 1944 at Minitayo, which we are told was one of the crucial battles of the Second World War. Admiral Headland, the man who planned the assault on Minitayo and who, like Roger Gendron, lost his life in the course of achieving our great victory there, was also a resident of Swindon. His wife and daughter still live at Kirkbean, the family estate, which is an island off Swindon. Margaret Gendron has two children: Susan, who is eighteen and in despair partly because she is in love with a member of a lower social order and partly because her mother cannot afford to send her to college, and David, who is fourteen and rising steadily in the hierarchy of the local Boy Scouts. Margaret earns her living selling real estate, and a precarious living it is, for in Swindon in 1952 there are too many real-estate brokers and too few prospects who aren’t “just looking.” Roger had explained to Margaret that “the social structure of Swindon breaks down into three groups. These are: the clam diggers, the commuters, and the geniuses. The clam diggers are everybody from Eli Treadwell, who actually digs clams for a living, up to Herb Dirksen, who soaks you five per cent for your mortgage money at the Swindon Bank and Trust, the people who not only live in this town but also make their livings out of the town. The commuters are guys like me, the boys who catch the eight-twelve to New York every day in order to earn the money with which to be able to live here in Swindon. And the geniuses are the guys like Selwyn Hite Steer up on Matlock Road, the writers and artists who also depend on New York for money with which to live here in Swindon but don’t have to commute daily to earn it.” Margaret’s going to work profoundly alters her status in Swindon. “She had ceased being a commuter’s wife. She had become a clam digger.”

This sketch of the scene and of our heroine’s predicament, coming early in “The Third Angel,” leads us to expect one of those renderings of a contemporary American community—broad in scale, compassionate, yet with every wart carefully painted in—that James Gould Cozzens, almost alone among living authors, has provided, in such



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Edited by Frederick A. Pottle

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But now as he sets out on his long-planned European tour, his spirit is rather more lively than melancholy. In Berlin as a self-appointed Baron he lives with princes and dines on lark. Dressed in his suit of flowered velvet he entertains dukes and dances with duchesses; nor does he forego the pleasures of an occasional amorous escapade. Then on to Switzerland — the high point of his journey — where he meets and talks with Voltaire and Rousseau, and it is as the friend and companion of these great men that he blossoms fully.

Throughout this extraordinary journal Professor Pottle has supplied illuminating notes, and letters Boswell wrote and received (including a hitherto unpublished letter from Voltaire). In every respect this is a captivating book, the intimate diary of a man who could not be dull. *Nine illustrations and endpaper maps.*

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novels as "The Last Adam" and "The Just and the Unjust." We suppose at first that we are to make out Swindon by making out Margaret and her children and the many lives that their lives touch, and that we are to end the book with the conviction, at once rueful and pleasurable, that what poor clam-digging and commuting Swindon is, all is. Why else are we invited to meet Gabe Kishner, who delivers the morning papers, and Clark Tegher, the old Yankee cleaning man, and Annie Vroom, the biggest and noisiest real-estate broker in town, and Dr. Whitsun, a practitioner of the old school, and Julie Bierwirth and Cecil Inch and the rest of a cast of thousands, or what seems like thousands, about the smallest activity of the least of whom our author is so appallingly learned? Why else, indeed, are we willing to meet them? Little by little, we grow impatient to discover the action that is to justify their existence as characters and our presence as readers. What problem of ethics, religion, politics, or what you will are the lot of them to be concerned with that will transform the gross materials of a work of art— these heaped-up and unhandy chunks of sociology and reportorial virtuosity—into the work itself? It is here that Mr. Weidman disappoints us, for in place of an authentic action he offers mere mystification and skulduggery. A New York lawyer named Marcus Moody gets in touch with Margaret Gendron. He claims to be looking for a house, any house, but soon it appears that he is anxious to buy the Headland place, which is not for sale. Next, it appears that Admiral Headland had kept a secret diary, of which the most important pages, jotted down prior to the assault on Minitayo, are missing. It appears also that an unscrupulous newspaper columnist is out to prove that Admiral Headland, far from being a hero, was a scoundrel, personally responsible for the death of the brave men serving under him. The missing papers are thought to be hidden in the Headland house, and the columnist will stop at nothing to obtain them. Marcus Moody is the columnist's agent. Oh, how the plot thickens! But the thickening is paste, and reluctantly we leave off believing and settle for being entertained. The screen is huge, and the chase goes faster and faster.

"THE CATALANS," by Patrick O'Brian (Harcourt, Brace), is a short novel in which everything is always just slightly out of whack. An Irishman living on the southern coast of France, close to the Spanish border,

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Nexter mit laughter geshooken
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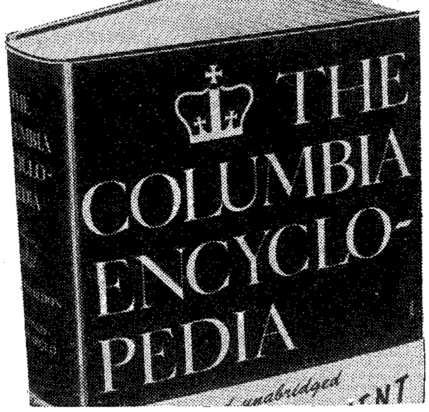

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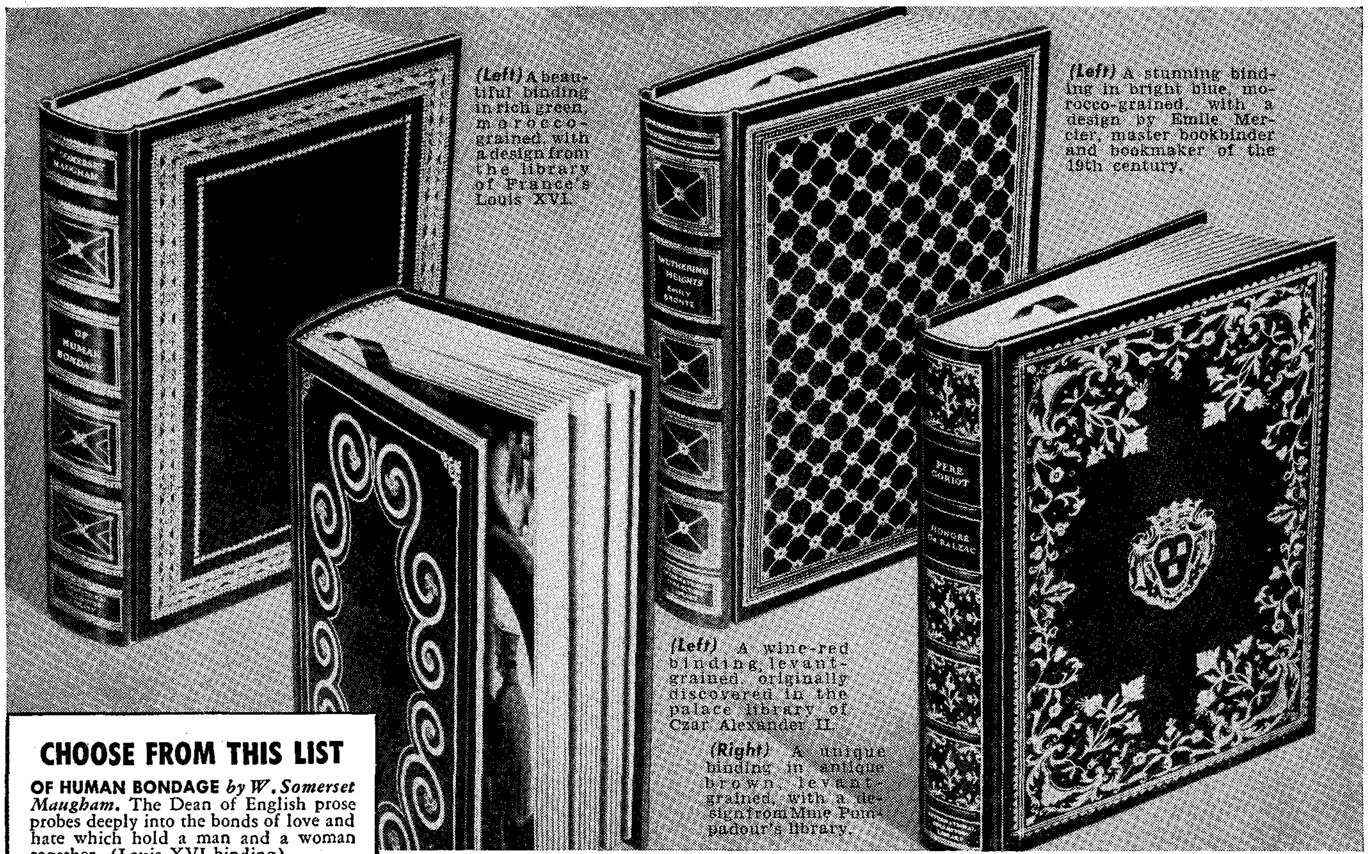

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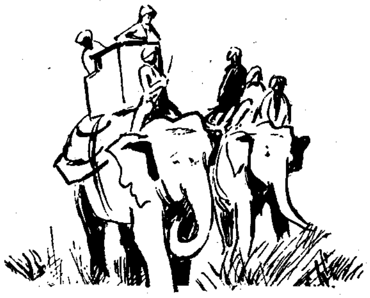

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A STILL briefer but much more successful novel than "The Catalans" is "The Passionate Heart," by Beatrix Beck, translated from the French by Constantine Fitz Gibbon (Messner). Here, too, we have a small town, somewhere south of Paris. The time is late in the Second World War. The town is occupied first by Italians, then by Germans; toward the end it is liberated by Americans, who provide their own moments of terror. The heroine is a young widow. She has a daughter and works in an office that has moved out of Paris for the duration. Born a Catholic, she has married a Jew and now thinks of herself as having no religious beliefs. Indeed, she has been militantly anti-religious. One day, she enters a church and tauntingly challenges a young priest in the confessional to what amounts to a theological debate. To her astonishment, the priest is every bit as tough-minded and wary as she is and is equally contemptuous

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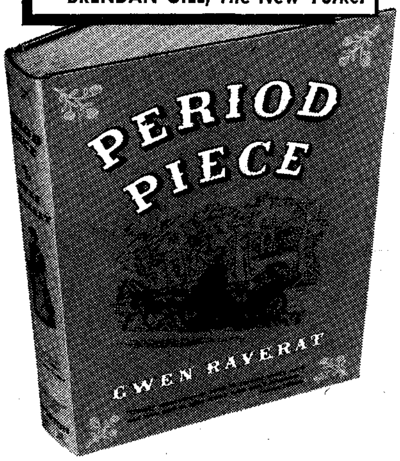

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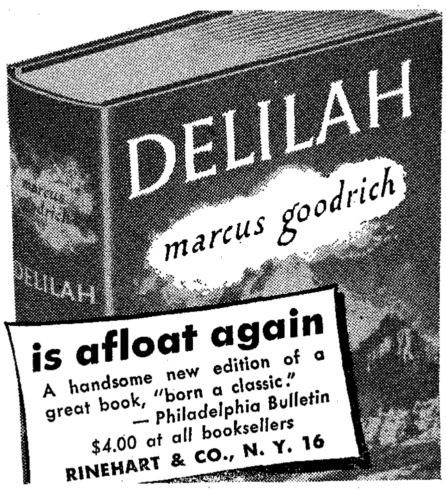

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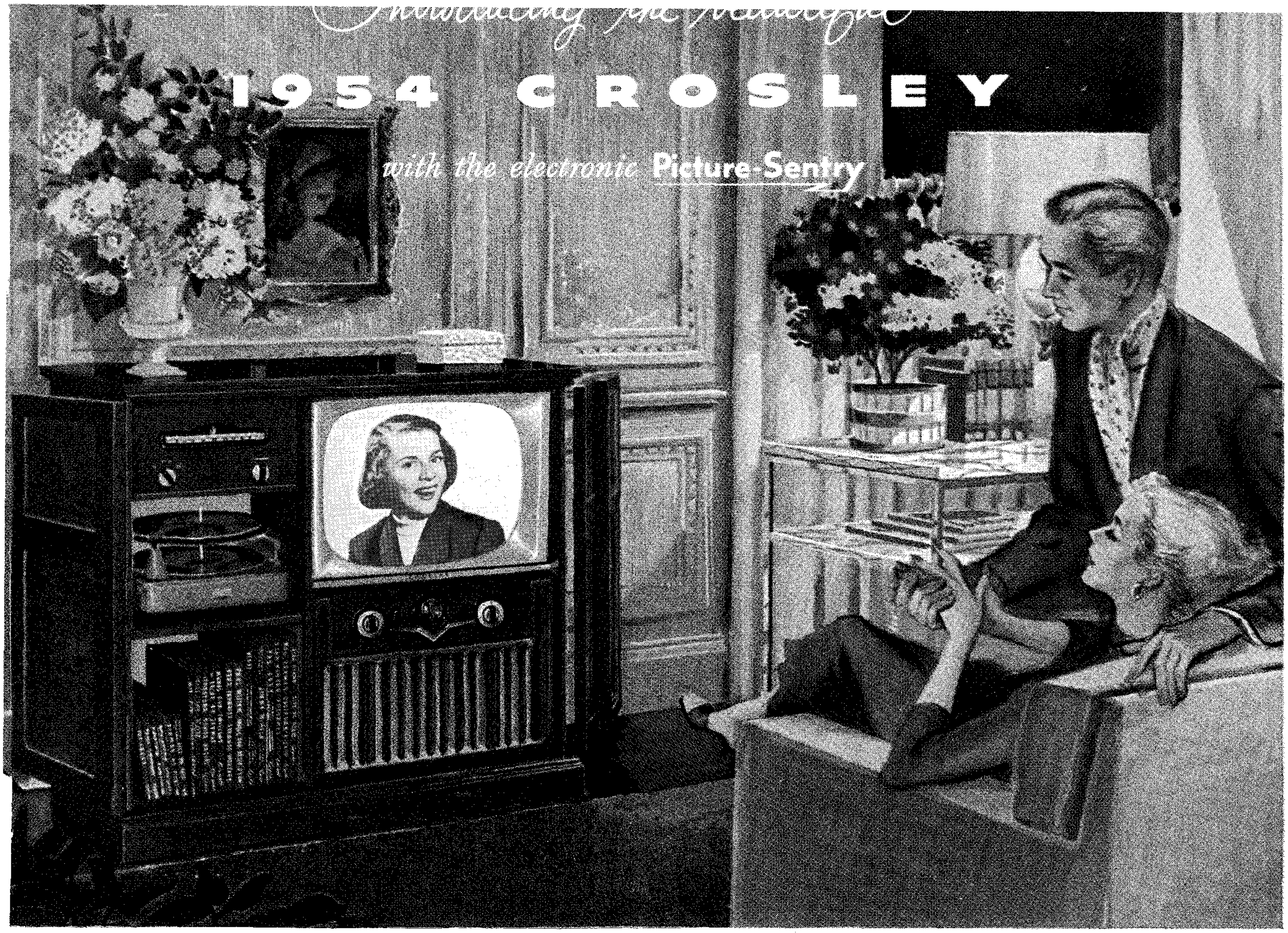

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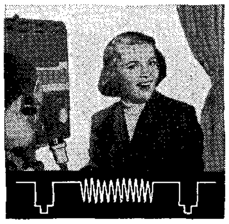
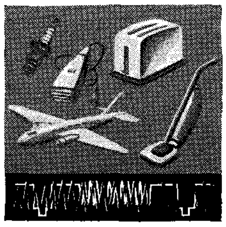
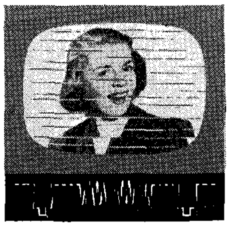


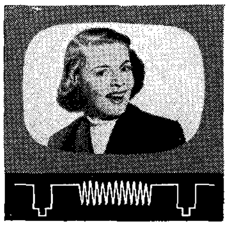
In the studio — cameras pick up perfect image. Diagram represents television wave pattern as it appears on an engineer's oscilloscope.



But man-made interference —a passing truck, a neighbor's vacuum cleaner—can distort TV waves. Such interference scrambles the wave pattern like this.



Scrambled TV waves ruin reception on ordinary TV. Picture becomes streaked and distorted. Crosley tackled wave distortion... developed Picture-Sentry.



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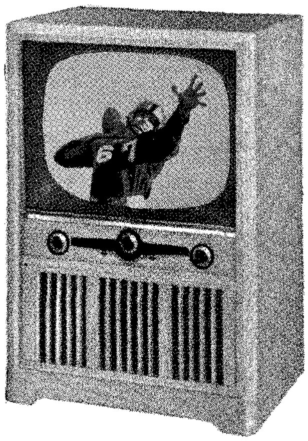

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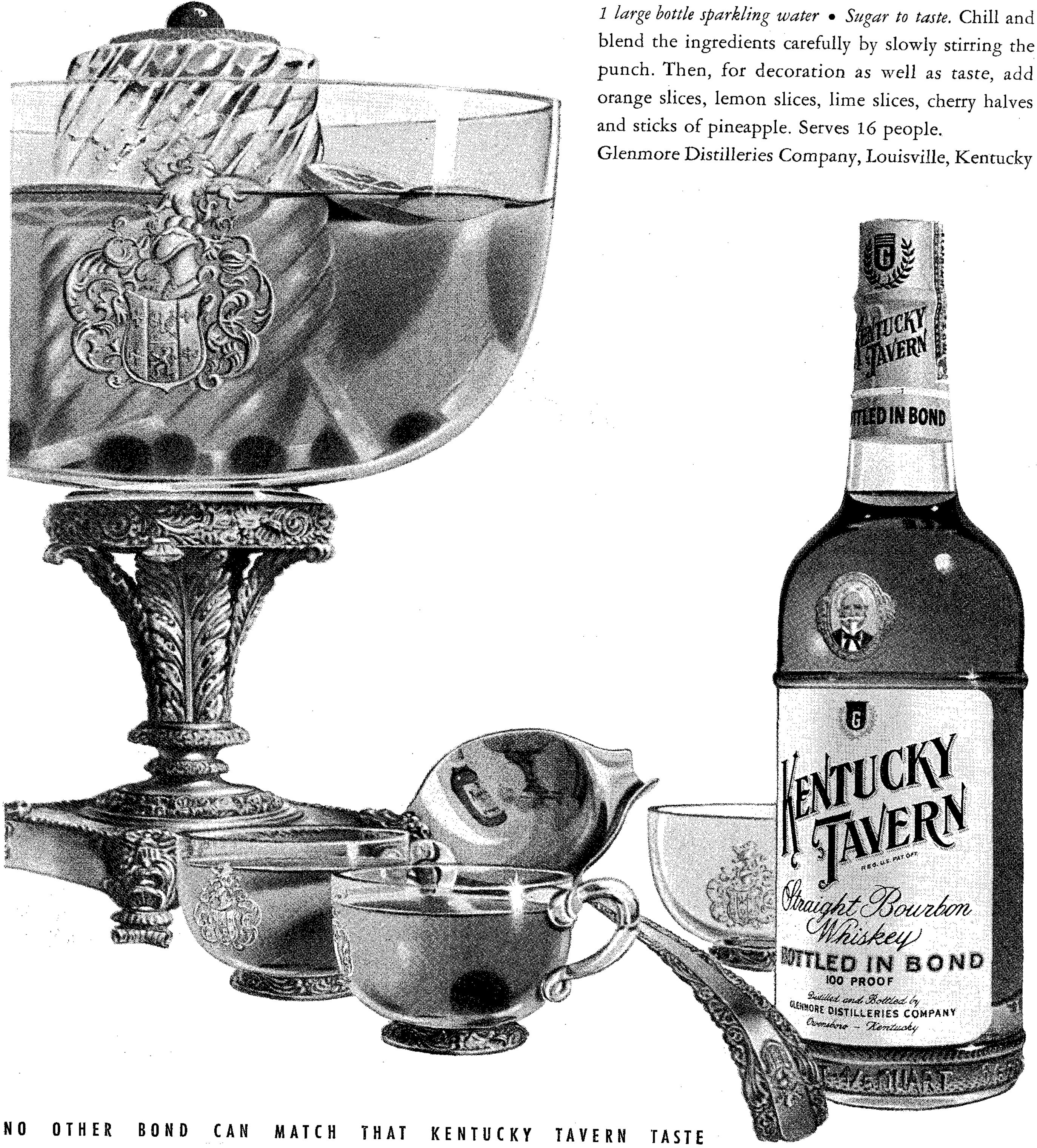
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—Brendan Gill

VERSE

Robert Penn Warren, more than any other member of his generation, has kept a firm grasp, in spite of a highly formal education, upon the American folk inheritance. Born in Kentucky in 1905, Warren has become a student of the history of his region without allowing his sense of the living fact to dry up. He has a perfect ear for folk speech and can reproduce it without slipping into the clichés of dialect, and he describes frontier violence and squalor with an unsentimental realism close to the realism of actual folk tale and ballad. In his new long poem, "Brother to Dragons" (Random House), Warren uses a variety of narrative devices, some of great subtlety, but the final impression is of virtuosity in the use of folk speech. The scene of his story is the Kentucky frontier of 1804, an American wilderness barely touched by man's hand. The terror and beauty of "the wild land" have begun to breed not only violence but—what is more corrupting to men and women who have known civilization—loneliness, boredom, and ennui. It is in the trap of this isolation that Warren's protagonists are caught. Because they are not ordinary settlers but the kin of Thomas Jefferson—his sister Lucy Lewis and her sons, Lilburn and Isham—the collapse in them of civilized values moves Warren to look into Jeffersonian tenets to find the flaw that resulted in a brutal murder committed

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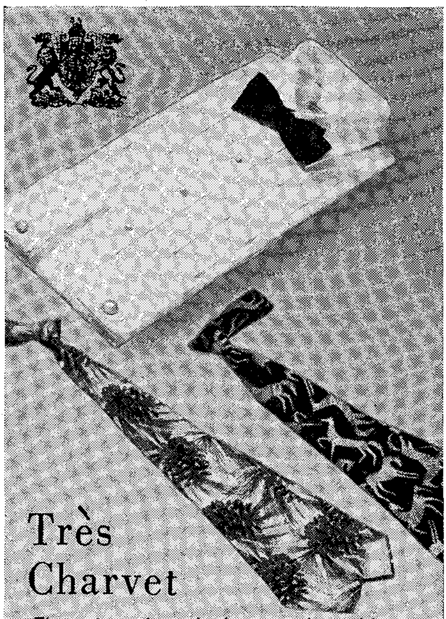
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by one son and condoned by the other. Warren interprets Jefferson's lifelong silence about the crime as a sign of profound moral shock, and he makes Jefferson question his own belief in the innate nobility and goodness of man.

Great care must be taken by writers when they deal with ghosts. The dead can tell their story, but only—as in Dante—within an unbreakable, though often magical, framework. Their destinies are cast, their wills neutralized, and to have them take upon themselves fresh burdens of guilt or to ask them to understand in death what they have not understood in life is unbearable. Here, while the story is in the telling, the tension holds. We share bad season and good in the big house on the hill above the river; we hear the screech owl and the barking dog fox at night; we watch Lilburn's hysteria mount from the persecution of his wife to the butchery of his slave; we listen to several varieties of simple-minded speech, including Aunt Cat's nursery babble and Lilburn's final imitation of affection for his brother, filled with horrible diminutives. But when the ghost of Lucy urges the ghost of her brother to love and forgive her two sons, the tone slips from tragedy into melodrama. And surely Warren is harsh with Jefferson, whose belief in man's inherent virtue was less his own than that of his era. Jefferson's great insight was not that man is naturally good but that, whatever he is, he must be free.

The poem ends with a scene of true reconciliation that has little or nothing to do with the Lewis drama but that is as poignant, in its quiet way. The narrator (Warren himself, who appears as a contemporary figure), evidently compelled more by personal than by historic reasons, returns for a second visit to the scene of the crime at a crucial point in his life. This second journey settles some quarrel between the poet and the place; a healing and restorative current is established between the man returned to his origins and the brooding wilderness. Certain echoes of the later Eliot in these last pages do not make them less moving.

THEODORE ROETHKE, whose book, "The Waking" (Doubleday), is a volume of selections running from 1933 to the present, shares with Warren a strong sense of origins. His descriptions of a childhood spent in and out of his father's greenhouses stand as models of time recaptured without the slightest touch of sentimentality. It was after the delicacy and pathos of these vignettes that Roethke turned to de-

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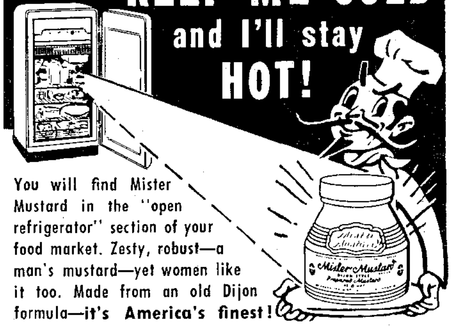

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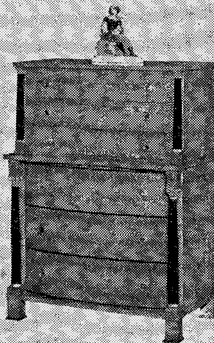

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scribing another kind of journey—his return to the subconscious of child and man. Here again he deals with difficult material in language that renders it exactly; his seemingly irrational lyrics are as neatly put together as sonnets, and we hear the wit and laughter of the subconscious as well as its nightmare mutterings about terror and guilt. The collection ends with several new poems. In them, Roethke goes back to a traditional formality which has reached the point of accomplishment and control that seems effortless but, of course, is not. Amid the dreary and abstract poetry of Roethke's generation, it is a pleasure to come upon such well-made, humane, and wise lyrics.—Louise Bogan

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A Sunset Touch, by Howard Spring (Harper). A modern English melodrama, told gently and with a good deal of charm, about a middle-aged London clerk who is left a fortune and is thus able to make his life's dream come true. The dream—to buy the home of his ancestors in Cornwall—is quickly realized, but the clerk then finds he has other longings that must be satisfied before he can be at peace. Mr. Spring has written a delightful book, bright with affection and humor, and peopled with thoroughly human beings.

Leaving Home, by Elizabeth Janeway (Doubleday). This story—which, though it does not pretend to be new, makes us suspect that it somehow ought to *seem* a little newer than it is—tells of adventurous youth trying to spread its wings but battering them instead against the confining walls of the family and the world. The young people concerned are two sisters and their brother, all average and all full of hope. They emerge from their disappointments and successes a bit paler than when we first saw them but a good deal more self-assured, each having learned, in a different way, some appropriate lesson about life, or about living. It is hard to tell exactly what the talented Mrs. Janeway had in mind when she envisioned this book, but her purpose was evidently very serious.

Jutland Cottage, by Angela Thirkell (Knopf). Most of the more prominent female citizens of Barsetshire chip in to provide a decent outfit for poor, deserving Margot Phelps, the hard-working daughter of a retired admiral. Margot, plain, woolly-

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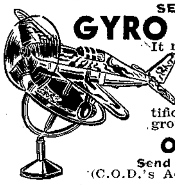

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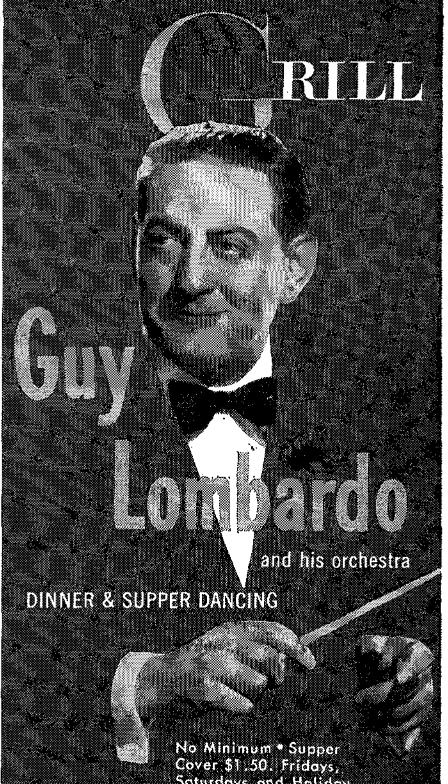
brained, and forty, whose capacity for sopping up charity and then hinting for more is her only fascination, wears the new tweed suit and sweater (she is already equipped with a pair of well-worn but admirable brogues, the five-year-old gift of some early-bird Samaritan) and wins a rich husband. This silly saga is retrieved somewhat by occasional glimpses of Mrs. Thirkell's wit and sympathy, but the dreadful spectacle of Barsetshire's once elegant, careless, sharp-tongued matrons twittering like a group of demented Girl Guides over the selection of a set of "suitable" underwear for a middle-aged wad of human blotting paper is enough to make us slip on our coats and leave quietly, before the homemade tea cozies and pot holders start coming at us.

THE WEB OF TIME, by Josephine Lawrence (Harcourt, Brace). Miss Lawrence here strikes a blow for the men and women in their sixties who are forced to retire from their jobs whether they want to or not. Her central character, Munsey Wills, a spiritless, downtrodden, kindhearted clerk in the complaints department of a large firm, loves his easy, orderly job and is lost when he has to leave. Miss Lawrence's point seems to be that people trained to monotony should be allowed to die with their monotony undisturbed, and she is probably quite right, but her story would have been stronger if she had managed to create some kind of contrast between Munsey's office and his home. As it is, life in both places is mean and routine—in fact, so dull and frightened as to be practically witless.

GENERAL

BOSWELL ON THE GRAND TOUR: GERMANY AND SWITZERLAND, 1764, edited and with an introduction by Frederick A. Pottle (McGraw-Hill). The fourth volume in the projected Yale Editions five-foot shelf of "The Private Papers of James Boswell," and in some respects the most interesting that has so far been given us. A chronological sequel to "Boswell in Holland, 1763-1764," this segment of the "Journals" opens with the Laird—or the Baron, as he chose to call himself on the Continent—of Auchinleck, now aged twenty-three, jogging by coach toward Brunswick ("My blood circulated just as briskly as in the days of my youth") and closes six months later in Geneva ("I was disgusted



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much . . . [by] the manners of republicans"), on the eve of his departure for Italy. In the intervening period, he conceived, and attempted to gratify, three titanic ambitions—a meeting with Frederick the Great, an interview with Rousseau, and the conversion of Voltaire to a belief in the immortality of the soul. Of these, the first was painfully unrealized ("I am quite out of conceit with monarchy"), for in spite of every exertion, including parading near the King in an outlandish Highland bonnet, he failed to excite in him even the faintest interest. In the others, he was more successful. He not only met Rousseau but, after an uneasy start ("Rousseau: 'You are irksome to me. . . .' Boswell: 'Do not stand on ceremony with me.' Rousseau: 'Go away' "), managed to dine with him. His persistence also conquered, if it did not convert, Voltaire: "He [Voltaire] cried, 'Oh, I am very sick; my head turns round,' and he let himself gently fall upon an easy chair. He recovered. I resumed our conversation." The ensuing exchange, as might be expected of a conversation with a cornered giant, was hardly lively. It was, however, like all that he chose to record, satisfying in the extreme to Boswell, and it is perhaps this infinite capacity for exuberant self-deception that makes his personal papers so extraordinarily revealing and, because we have come to know him so well, so engaging. Contemporary portraits and end-paper maps.

RUSSIAN ASSIGNMENT, by Leslie C. Stevens (Little, Brown). Notwithstanding its bleak title, this is one of the very best books written by an American about postwar Russia. The author, a retired vice admiral, was Naval Attaché in Moscow from 1947 to 1950, a period when Americans there were more strictly isolated than ever before. In view of this, it is astonishing how much of Russia and her people he was able to see and report on. Admiral Stevens learned to speak and read the language (and insisted that the members of his staff do the same), and he soaked himself in Russian literature and went to the theatre every chance he got. He travelled whenever he could obtain permission—to Leningrad, to the Crimea, to Siberia—and talked to all sorts of Russians, not only at official functions but on excursion boats, in trains, and in working-class barrooms. His writing is episodic and discursive and he is not afraid of irrele-

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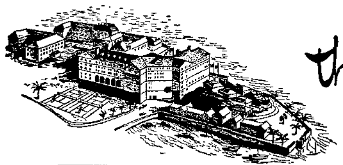

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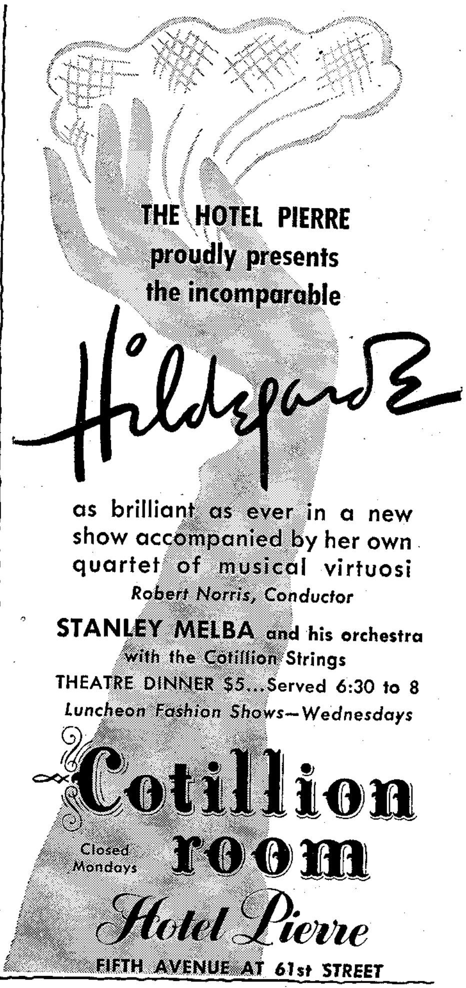
vancies and speculative asides, but what the book lacks in form is made up for by a kaleidoscopic richness.

EUROPEAN COMMUNISM, by Franz Borkenau (Harper). A comprehensive survey of the Communist movement in non-Russian Europe from the middle nineteen-thirties up to the present. (In a previous book, "World Communism," Dr. Borkenau carried the story up through the early thirties.) The author was once a member of the German Communist Party, and he has a profound understanding of the peasant craftiness of the men in the Kremlin. He also has a profound disrespect for them, and one of the unusual things about the book is its insistence that Lenin had certain basic mental limitations—a complete ignorance of the "science" he was always talking about, for one thing, and a total inability to comprehend Europe and the West, for another. (Most writers, no matter how anti-Communist, have felt obliged to pay some lip service to Lenin's intellect.) This book is focussed on the French Communist Party, because, the author says, France has been the stronghold of European Communism since 1934. The whole story is here, though—the war, the capture of the satellites, the emergence of Tito, and all the rest.

WINTER, by Cornelius Osgood (Norton). Early in 1928, Mr. Osgood, an American ethnographer, was dispatched by the Canadian government to the Great Bear Lake country, in the northwestern part of the Mackenzie District, to make a single-handed study of certain Athapaskan Indian tribes that wander up and down that subarctic desolation of wind and ice and stunted spruce. He arrived in the spring, worked through the momentary summer, and in the fall was forced to conclude that the job was beyond his strength. By then, however, it was too late in the season to attempt to return to more hospitable parts, and what had begun as a problem in sociology became, almost overnight, a problem in survival. This book, tightly written out of some twenty-five years of refining reflection, is a record of that wilderness winter of cold and hunger and the stupefying hallucinations produced by solitude. "I have tried to achieve a document that is as accurate as words can be," he tells us in a prefatory note. "If there is also a melody that one can



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hear, so much the better." The melody is there, faint but perceptible, as it is in Richard E. Byrd's antarctic introspection "Alone," and it has the sound of literature.

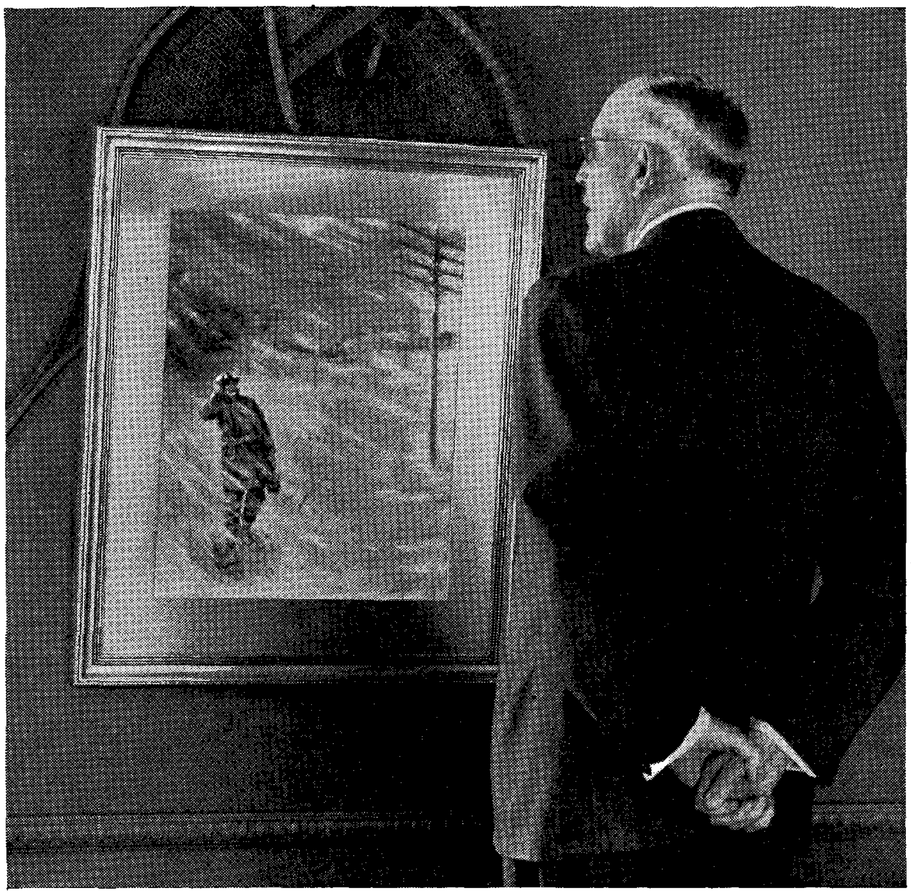
ROUND RIVER, by Aldo Leopold, edited by Luna B. Leopold (Oxford). A posthumous miscellany, largely composed of journal accounts of hunting and fishing rambles in Lower California, New Mexico, Canada, and elsewhere, which antedate the author's incomparable "A Sand County Almanac." While it would be too much to say that these early writings do anything more than approach the force and the felicity that Mr. Leopold achieved in that finished work, we can be grateful for the opportunity they give us to spend another pleasant and profitable hour in the company of a man who was perhaps the most provocative student of land and wildlife conservation that our country has produced. Drawings by Charles W. Schwartz.

NOTE: Two collections of drawings by William Steig have been published—"Dreams of Glory" (Knopf) and "The Steig Album" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A considerable part of the contents of each first appeared in this magazine.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE SKY BLOCK, by Steve Frazee (Rinehart). The enemy this time has invented a cosmic-ray device, installed it inside a mountain, and set it to work causing a drought that is laying waste the Middle West. The Army, the F.B.I., and a few private scientists are aware of the existence of this hellish mechanism, but they can't do much about it until they find the secret tunnel that will lead them to it. (It would be easy to blow the darn thing up, but the idea is to capture it intact and learn the principle on which it works.) Platt Vencel, an engineer familiar with the territory, is pressed into service, and eventually leads his colleagues to their goal, though not before quite a few good men have been knocked off by the ruthless plotters. A combination of spy melodrama and science fiction, but with more attention to character than is usual in such matters, and on the whole a reasonably diverting novelty.

PRESCRIPTION: MURDER, by Doris Miles Disney (Doubleday). Dr. Alice Townes, a competent enough physician but something of a sap for a handsome louse, has an uneasy feel-



This photograph, taken recently, shows Angus Macdonald looking at the famous old painting, "The Spirit of Service," for which he posed after the great blizzard of 1888. Mr. Macdonald, now 88, has been retired on pension for many years.

Angus Macdonald Broke a Trail

Many telephone men and women have known the test of storm and fire and flood. One of the first was a young lineman named Angus Macdonald.

The year was 1888. The telephone was only twelve years old then, and Long Distance lines had just been placed in service between New York and Boston. Angus Macdonald was working on these lines when the great blizzard of '88 struck.

For three days and nights it snowed, piling drifts as high as houses, blocking roads, stalling trains. The wind and cold kept most folks inside their homes.

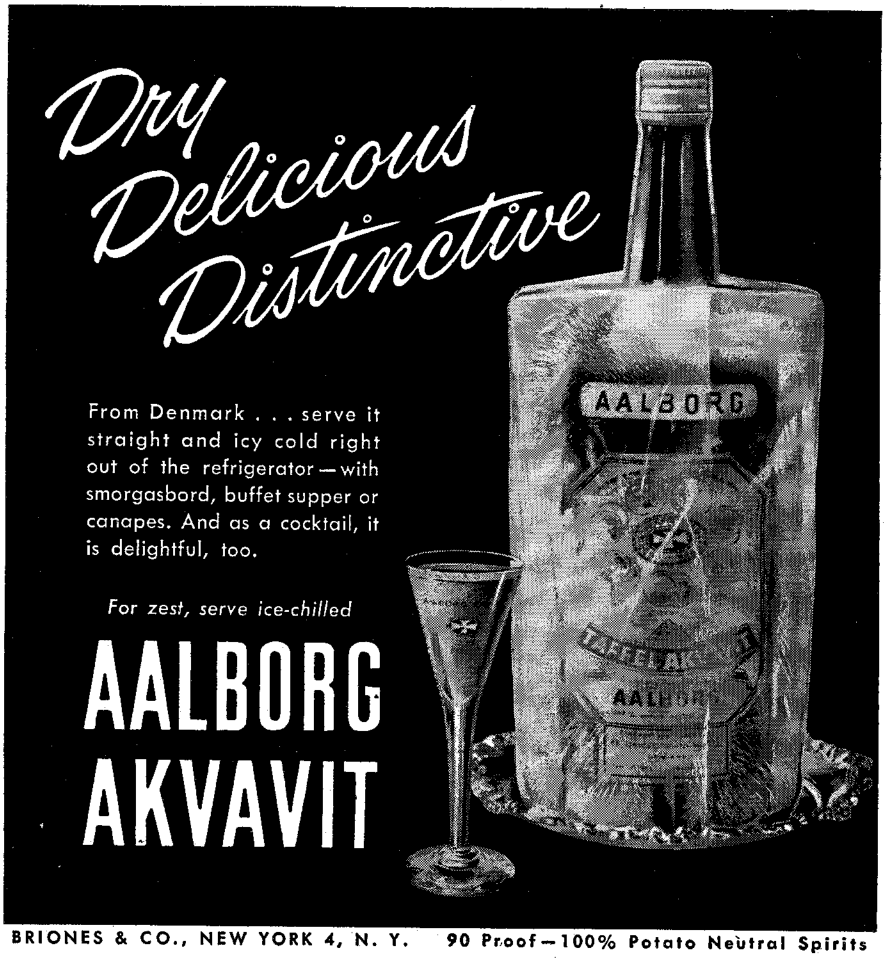
But Angus and other telephone men were out on snowshoes throughout the storm. Day and night they patrolled the lines, climbing poles and mending wires to keep the service going.

Out of their deeds was born a painting and a name for the skill, courage and resourcefulness of telephone men and women. Angus Macdonald was asked to pose for this painting, "The Spirit of Service."

Today you will still see this picture in many telephone buildings.

Today, too, you will still see the determination of telephone people, no matter what problems may arise, to get the message through.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM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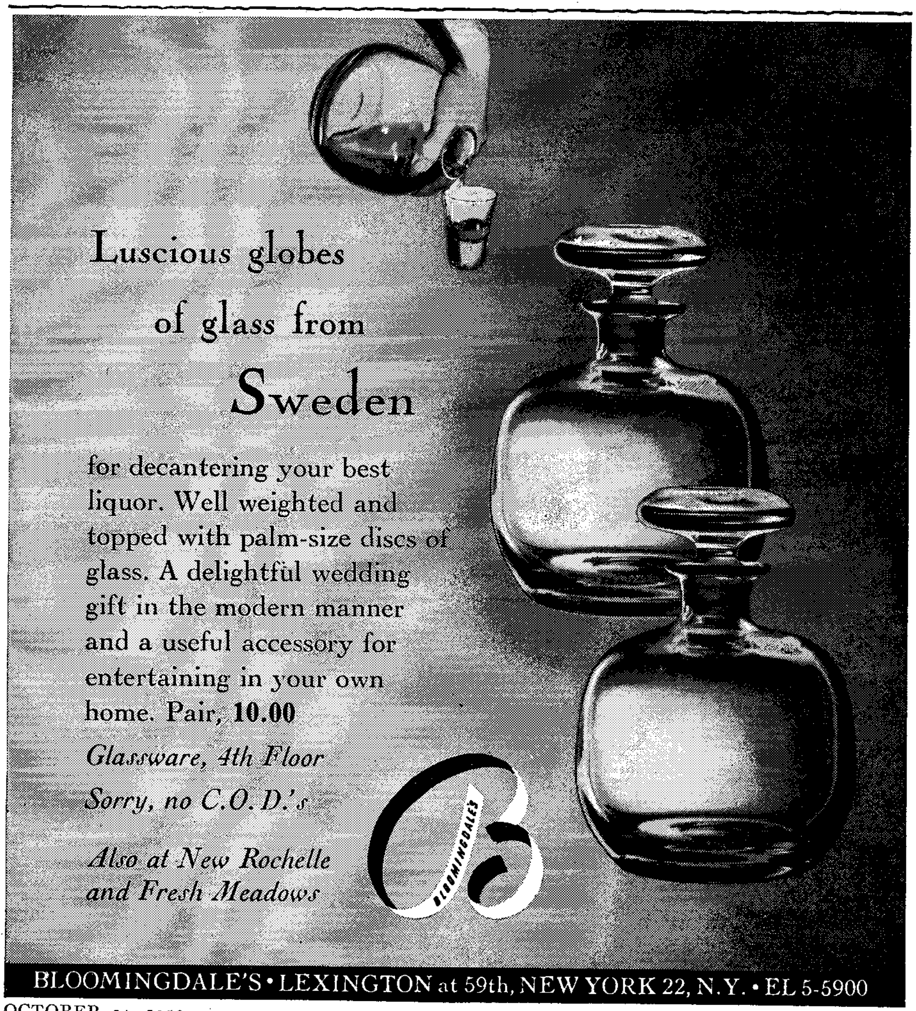
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ing that Clifford Anderson may have had a hand in the murder of a rich old lady, but she marries him just the same. It is a serious mistake, as she finds out practically on her wedding night, but she persists in her folly until his guilt is clear to her beyond a doubt and he has done his best to brain her with a rock. That brings her around, though whether it makes her any brighter is another matter. A pretty routine performance in every way.

THE BROKEN PENNY, by Julian Symons (Harper). Mr. Symons wrote an excellent book called "The Thirty-first of February," but this one is likely to be rather a disappointment to his admirers. The plot has to do with an attempt by a group in Great Britain to restore an old leader to power in one of the satellite countries, and it follows the usual pattern in such matters. ("If anything goes wrong," the hero is told, "we will try to help you privately, but we must disown you publicly.") The action gets spirited now and then, and some of the characters have a kind of roughhouse charm, but altogether you may well get the feeling that you've read the whole thing before and are very apt to do so again.

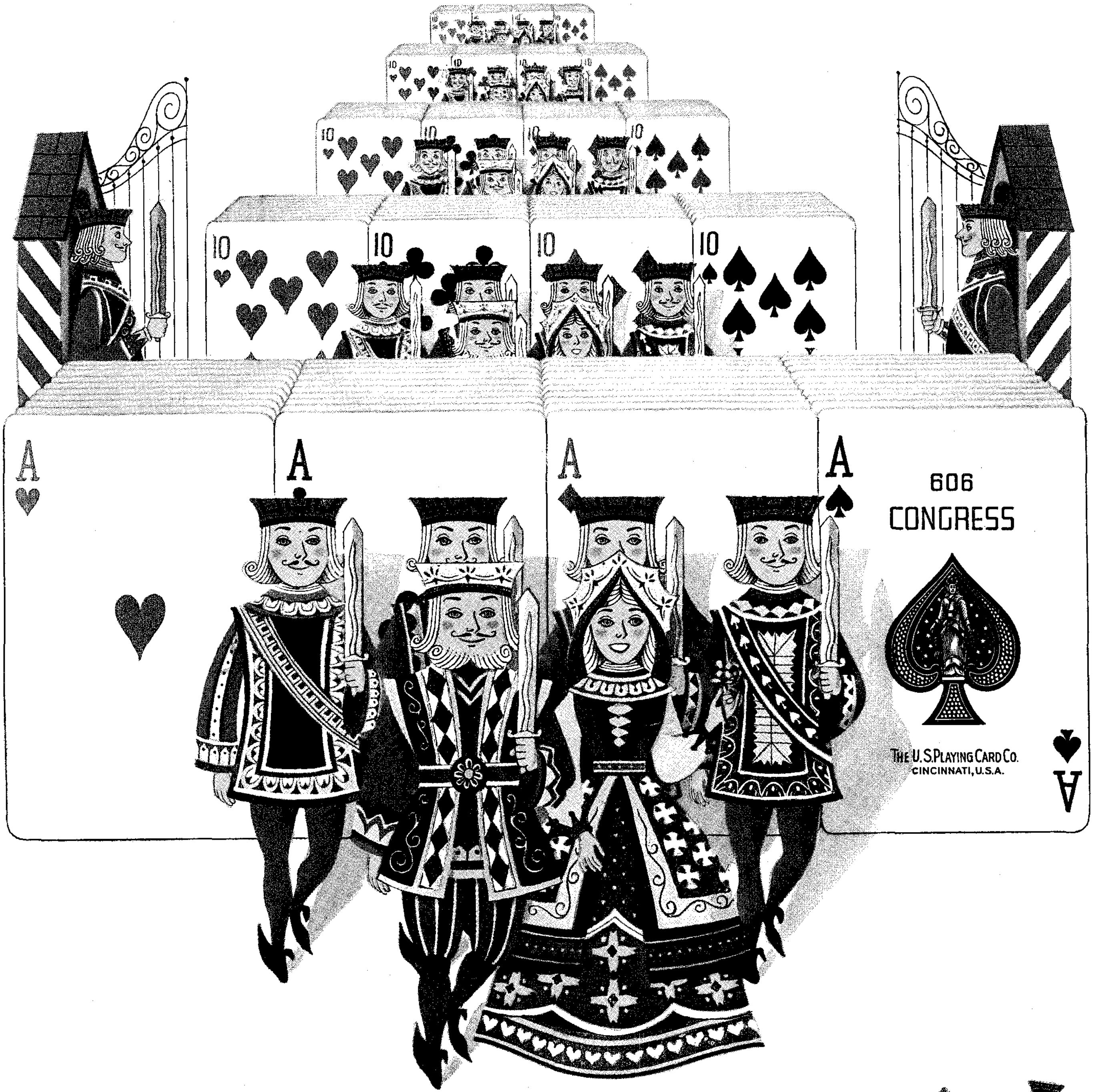
CRIMES OF PASSION, by Edward R. Radin (Putnam). Among the eleven culprits considered here are Fatty Arbuckle, who, you may recall, was charged with the death of a girl named Virginia Rappe; Dr. James Snook, who was certainly responsible for the death of one of his students at Ohio State University; Winnie Ruth Judd, who dismembered two of her friends and shipped them off by express; Toni Jo Henry, who was by way of being a one-woman crime wave; and Madeline Webb, who is described as "the most beautiful woman ever tried for murder in New York State." Mr. Radin's prose seldom rises above the level of the true-detective magazines, but the cases have their points of interest.

•

CRIES WE DOUBT EVER WENT OUT IN PAISLEY

[*From the Glasgow Sunday Mail*]

Cursed by the glitter-without-punch malady that has put so many of our clubs on their back, particularly Celtic and Stirling Albion, the cry has gone out in Paisley, "Give us a bustling, scoring centre like Alec Stott and we'll beat the lot. Without such a man, we'll remain nothing but a whirling, tantalising team that will take many a hiding after outplaying the opposition most of the time."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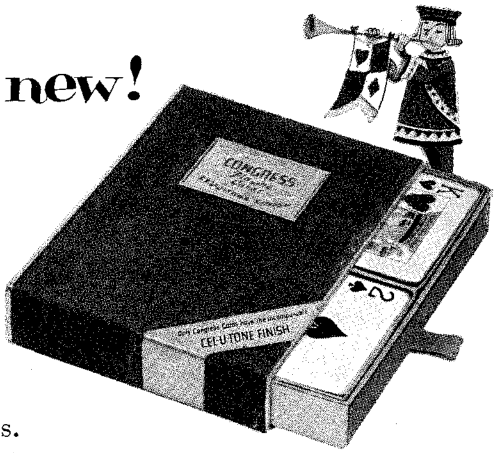
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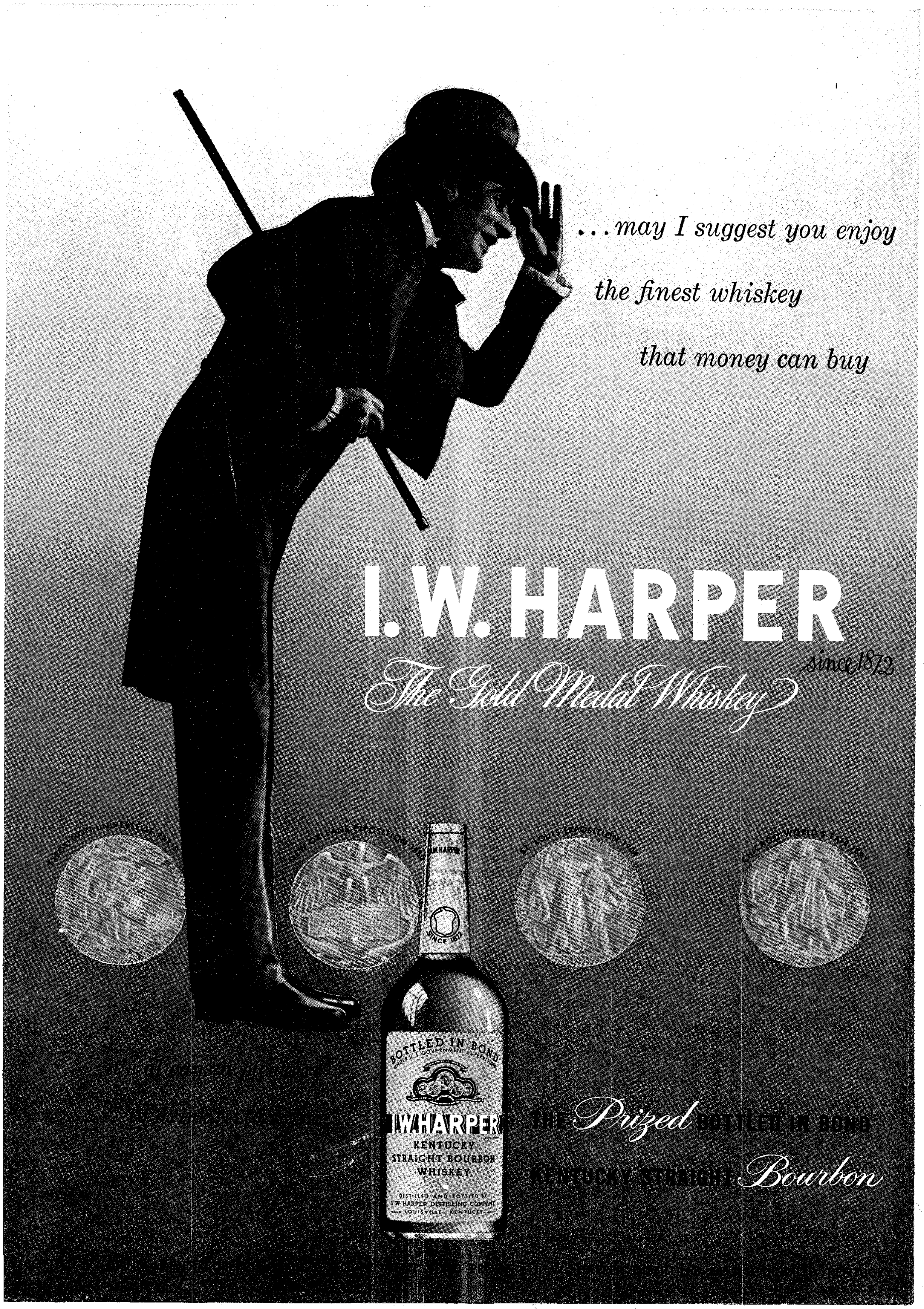
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